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THE WISCONSIN MAGAZINE

Volume X

NOVEMBER, 1912

Number 2

The Story of Wisconsin
Football

Pat O'Dea

The Days of Depression

The Rejuvenation

Wm. L. Loderback

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The Wisconsin Magazine

Successor to THE STUDENT MISCELLANY, Founded 1859

VOL. X.

NOVEMBER, 1912

NO. 2

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TERMS: \$1.50 per year if paid before December 15th. \$2.00 if paid after December 15 of the current year. 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.

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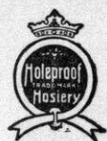
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Reg. U. S.
Pat. Office, 1906

Carl Freschl



Reg. U. S.
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VOL. X.

NOVEMBER, 1912

NO. 2

Chester Caesar Wells, '13, Editor

ASSOCIATES

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Carl Frederick Gustave Wernicke, '13

Roger Dod Wolcott, '13
Euna Murray Ketcham, '13

Belle Fligelman, '13
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Arthur Wood Hallam, '14

Myron Arthur King, '14, Business Manager
Malcolm Carter Bruce, Circulation Manager

CONTROL OF STUDENT PUBLICATIONS

IT HAD been the intention of the editor to present later in the year, a proposal for a Board of Control of Student Publications. This would have naturally followed several proposed editorials on the advertising situation. Inasmuch, however, as all of Wisconsin's publications are at present on the defensive because of circumstances, such as the competition of dailies, the continual appearance of new publications, and a reported impending investigation of business methods in management of publications by a faculty com-

mittee, it seems that the sooner the student body begins to do some constructive thinking on this question, the better.

A Board of Control of Student publications, is therefore suggested at this time, not with the degree of thoroughness and accuracy that a more lengthy study of the situation would have made possible, but in order to start the ball rolling. There may be bad points in the plan which will have to be eliminated. Certainly there are good features which are worth the carefullest consideration. The plan may be out-

lined in brief as follows;

Membership; Equal number of faculty members appointed by the president, and undergraduates, elected by the student body or the conference. No student connected in any way with any publication shall be on the Board of Control. The faculty censor shall be one of the faculty members.

Jurisdiction: Final power in all matters relative to student publications except editorial policy and news policy, which within the limits of decency and honesty, shall be exercised only by the staffs.

Action as follows: The board shall sit as an open court in the following situations:

When a candidate for promotion under the merit system dissents from appointments by the outgoing staff, or in other similar complaints.

Granting or refusing permission to students who desire to launch new publications of any sort which seek either advertising revenue or sales.

Cases or emergency that require action not possible through regular channels, such as the removal of a responsible member of the staff by outside forces.

Further duties of the Board of Control shall be:

Holding in trust any stock of publications, without gaining by such trust any dictatorial power.

Exacting satisfactory financial backing from student managers to enable the Board of Control to stand back of all regularly incurred indebtedness.

Auditing of all books, accounts, contracts and financial records.

Control over financial actions regarding which question is raised by any member of the Board of Control or of the student body.

The Wisconsin Magazine will welcome discussions of this or other plans for publications, provided the length be kept within reasonable bounds.

WHERE WE NEED ALUMNI HELP

Welcome Graduates, Welcome Quittates, and Welcome Lovers of Football. Wisconsin is yours as much to-day as it ever was, if not more so. So take advantage of your opportunities.

You are interested in things Wisconsin. You came here for a good time, but not for that alone. There is a closer tie, and the more interest you take in your Alma Matre, as such, the more she will mean to you.

So in our humble way, may we simply draw your attention to a few things that deserve your attention. First, it is said that Wisconsin is practically without alumni, having thousands in fact, but none in spirit. How do you suppose Michigan, Harvard, Yale, Cornell, and even Illinois, and Minnesota are accomplishing many of the things that bring them to the front without an alumni support such as Wisconsin never as dreamed of.

And then, there is the question of democracy. You want Wisconsin to continue to be the most democratic of state universities. Do you realize that all of the predominating influences that affect the men tend away from democracy? Do you not see the need of a men's Union building, and in it a commons to feed at least a thousand men three times a day. And how

about evening up with the men for Lathrop Hall and the three dormitories that have been appropriated for the women.

Your coming back is a step in the right direction. Now we are not asking you for money. You might talk or drop a note to your assemblyman and your state senator, however.

THE FOOTBALL NUMBER

The Wisconsin Magazine is pleased to present its annual football number. We have departed from precedent, and our football articles are not writeups of the team and the conference situation, and similar overwritten subjects. Rather, we have attempted to tell Wisconsin readers about Wisconsin football history, and there is no subject of greater interest at this time, or less adequately treated in written language. There is no longer need for the terms Phil King, 1901 championship, Yale game, Pat O'Dea, Vanderboom, Ping Pong Hall, reformation, depression, Doc McCarthy, and the present dawn, remaining the mere vague suggestions of those wiser than we in the history of our Alma Mater. The Wisconsin Magazine has attempted a piece of popular work which will have a lasting value to Wisconsin students.

The history of Wisconsin football originally announced for this number from the pen of Cal Chambers, has been replaced by three articles, by C. R. Roter, Roger Wolcott, and Charles T. Anderson. The substitution was made necessary by the failure of Mr. Chambers to return to university, but requires no apology, as our readers will agree.

THE VILAS PRIZES

Some entries have already been received for the 1912 William F. Vilas Memorial Prize Story Contest which is annually conducted through the Wisconsin Magazine. Mrs. Vilas has announced that the Vilas prize will be self perpetuating from now on, by virtue of funds she has placed on deposit in the city, which will annually yield the necessary sums of \$50 and \$25 for the two respective prizes.

The Vilas prize has become of more and more importance in the literary activity of the University. Every undergraduate is eligible to enter original fiction in this contest. It closes the 3rd of December. A faculty committee will judge the pieces and award the prizes. Conditions of the contest were printed in full in the October number of the Wisconsin Magazine.

STUDENTS AND THE ORPHEUM

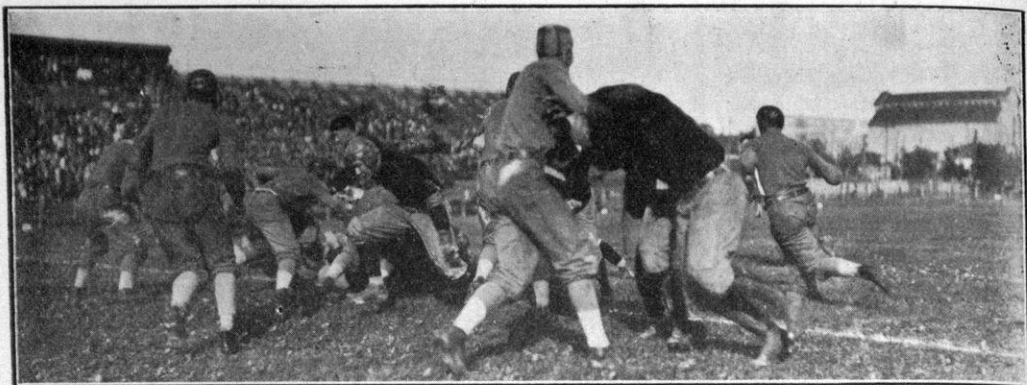
Probably the Wisconsin Magazine is not departing from its province as an organ of the students of the University of Wisconsin when it reminds the managers of the Orpheum of one generally admitted fact, and that is this;

The increasing number of dog acts, acrobatic and contortion acts, and juggling features is beginning to wear pretty poorly with audiences that are composed principally of students.

Whether monopoly is to blame for this year's standards of shows is a question the Wisconsin Magazine is not fitted to answer, nor is it attempting to dictate what the Orpheum shall show. We have seen some mighty good vaudeville bills at the Orpheum, but they have been scarce this year.

To anticipate any question, we explain that the Wisconsin Magazine has solicited no advertising this year from the Orpheum, nor asked any courtesies whatsoever.

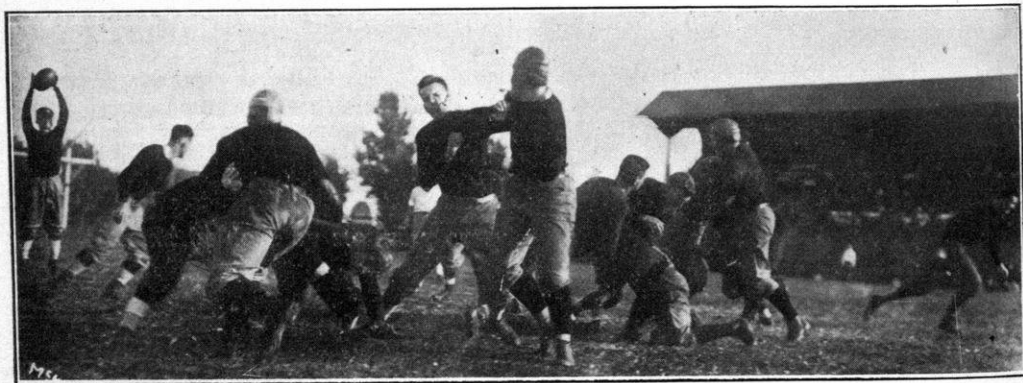
LAWRENCE, NORTHWESTERN AND PURDUE



Pushing through Northwestern for the fifth goal.



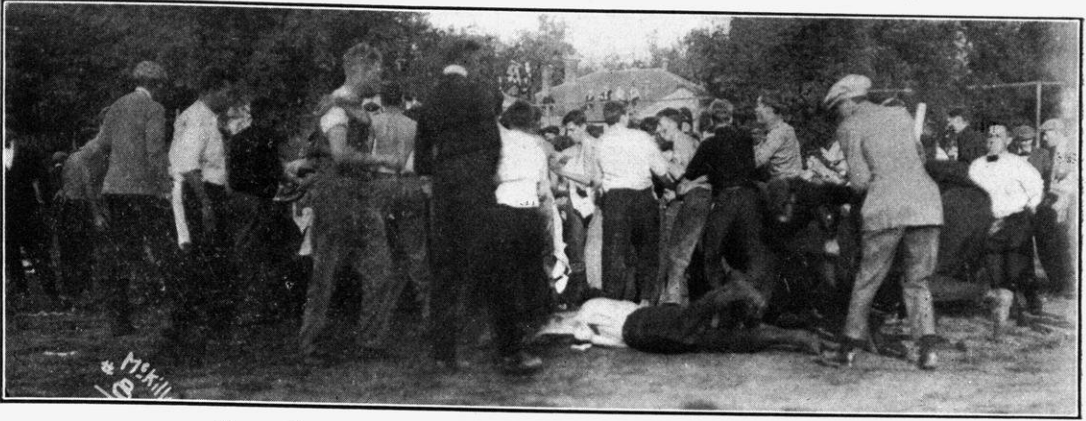
Wisconsin's First Goal Kick in 1912—Lawrence Game.



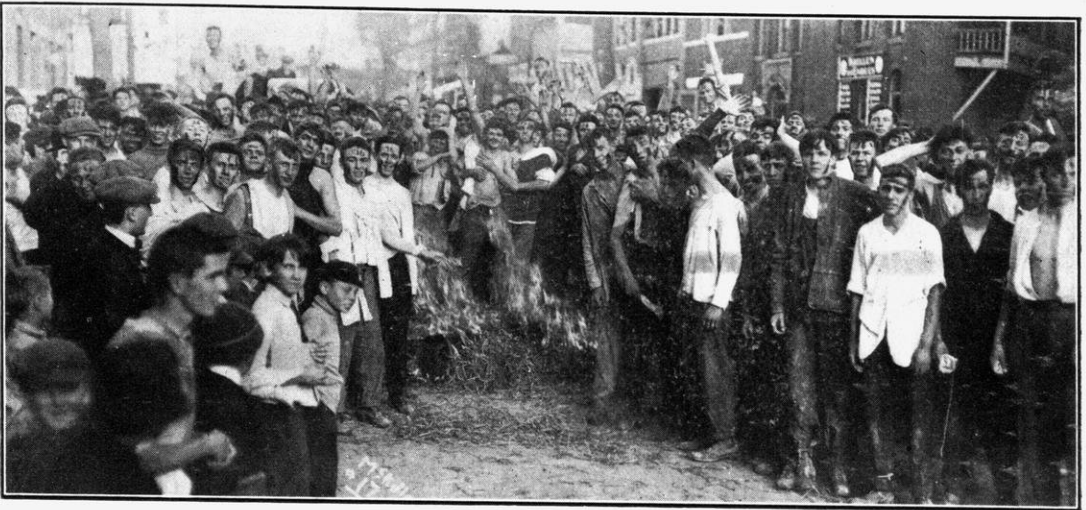
A Pass and some incidental action with Purdue.

McKillop, Photographs.

THE 1915—1916 CLASS RUSH



Struggling around a bag—There were far too many Loafers



A bonfire on the Square enlivens the Parade



After the Battle—Victors and Vanquished Celebrate

Pat O'Dea; Epitome of the "Old Days"

By Charles Robert Ruter, '13

Happily has the writer phrased the period of which this narration treats as "that era when 'Wisconsin' was the catchword of the athletic world." Wisconsin was indeed at the acme of her athletic success when Pat O'Dea and the men who were associated with him on the gridiron preformed their feats of prowess, and when Pat made the kicks that have resounded in their reverberating thuds down through a decade. Just what Pat O'Dea did—where, when, and how he immortalized himself in Wisconsin history, is told you in the following most interesting narrative. You who have worshipped with us before Pat O'Dea's life size portrait in the rooms of the Union, will welcome this narrative as we did.

WITH the return of the football season, with its changed rules and further curtailment of the old time enormous scores, once again we hear of the "good old days", reminiscences of that era when Wisconsin was the catchword in the athletic world, and the period of Pyre, Richards, Cochems, Peele, Rodgers, Wilmarth, the Chamberlain brothers, Norsky Larson, Juneau, Driver, and a host of other football heroes. We think of these names, and many others which must always be associated with that era of supremacy, when Wisconsin met Eastern colleges on terms of equality, wrested frequent victory from the Maroons, and trampled over the Gophers in annual victory. These men are the epitome of the "good old days"; days which were, but which in the natural order of things will not return.

Of all these men, there is none who more fully represents the spirit of the time than "Pat" O'Dea, captain of the Wisconsin football team during the seasons of 1898 and 1899, and holder of the world's record for long distance punting and goals from the field. The Wisconsin student has heard in a vague intangible fashion of "Pat" O'Dea, the Wisconsin fullback, who dropped the ball between the Northwestern

goal posts from the sixty yard line, but, knowing but little of the story of the "kangaroo athlete", regards him as some superhuman form of giant, whose single mission in life was to boot a football for Wisconsin.

There is more to the story of "Pat" O'Dea. Wisconsin knew him first, when in 1896, he came to the University to complete the education begun at Krew College, Melbourne, Australia, where he was born and spent the first twenty odd years of his life. And let it be understood, the completion of his education was his purpose in coming to the university, all hints of commercial professionalism to the contrary. Then, as now the one year rule was in effect, and O'Dea did not report as a candidate for the team until the fall of 1897, when under the captaincy of Jerry Riordan the team played through a season of nine games, piling up a total score of 210 points against the opponents' 14, and establishing claim to the western championship. At this time O'Dea was twenty-four years of age, stood five feet, eleven inches in height and weighed 165 pounds. No giant at all. From the day of his first appearance upon the field, his place upon the team was almost assured. In defensive play he was no

better than the average, in line plunging, to use the phrase of a team mate, "he usually made no more impression than a rubber ball in a tub of butter." But whatever he may have lacked in these departments, his powerful toe, and steady eye, and his excellent judgment more than supplied. Throughout the season of 1897 he played his position as fullback, acquitting himself with credit, but attaining no such fame as he was to bring to himself and to his college during the following year. Playing beside such men as Hazzard, Comstock, Riordan, Forrest, Holmes, Anderson, H. F. Cochems, Peele, and Joliffe, he did work that earned for him, a first year man, the captaincy of the team for the following season.

That year he lead the team through a collegiate season with but one defeat, when Coach Phil King's team went down before the Chicago squad by a score of 6 to 0. Coming as it did almost at the end of a season without defeat, in which the team had rolled up a total score of 250 points against 17, the 1500 rooters who accompanied the team to Chicago could not believe it, and even after the teams had trotted to the dressing room, remained seated, stupified, refusing to believe that their team was beaten. Chicago's victory was not without its explanation, for the game was played upon a muddy slippery field, on which the mighty swings of O'Dea's toe could not be brought to bear. Wisconsin, relying upon the kicking of their captain, failed to even the score which Chicago earned early in the game, and confident and hopeful even to the very last, knew that defeat had come only when the

whistle sounded ending the game. Still it was in this game that O'Dea sent the ball, punted high and fair a good seventy yards toward Chicago's goal. Had he been satisfied to try to kick, the result might have been different, but knowing the treachery of the ground, he essayed time after time to run with punts, which he received, when upon a firm field he would undoubtedly have matched the punts of Herschberger with his own.

The Famous Drop-kick

But the season was not to end without its own reward to the Wisconsin captain, for two weeks later, at Evanston, O'Dea performed the feat which placed his name foremost among all the heroes of football fame. It was early in the game, and the Purple, confident of their own strength and encouraged by Chicago's victory two weeks before, was pressing the Cardinal players hard, when O'Dea without warning effected the play that took the heart out of the Northwestern men, and gave the game to Wisconsin. The story of the wonderful play is told by the Milwaukee Sentinel; "Bethne kicked to O'Dea, who was downed before he had gained ten yards. Almost before the two teams were mobilized, the lightning toe of O'Dea had sent the ball fifty yards down the field. Bethne returned the kick, and the ball was carried to the Wisconsin fifty yard line. Two tries at the line netted no gain, and O'Dea dropped back. The Northwestern backs scattered for the expected kick. Then the oval rose lazily from the hard ground and moving end over end dropped just over the bars. The purple players were

dazed, and though they returned to the field with plenty of fight, Wisconsin had the game all one way and time closed the score 47 to 0. What of it, that O'Dea failed repeatedly thereafter during the game to kick from even shorter distances? The kick from the sixty-two yard line was enough. It had won the game for Wisconsin, and had established a world's record for drop-kicking which has never been equaled. O'Dea, himself in speaking of the feat, said to a Sentinel correspondent: "The goal from the sixty yard line was the best I have made in America. In Australia in association football, the only way to score is to kick from the field, and players become very proficient in drop kicking. In several games at Melbourne, I did drop-kicking from about the same distance. I was not surprised and would try a drop from the seventy yard line on a decent field."

The Northwestern game closed the season of 1898, but the work of O'Dea throughout the year again earned for him his place as captain. To his kicking belongs most of the credit, for although he was a lightning runner in the open field, and a good man at safety, still his weaknesses were evident in line bucking and general ordinary football. He was no disciplinarian, and trained about as he wished. The team practiced, of course, every night, but O'Dea was not the team. He would cut Monday and Tuesday, appear Wednesday or perhaps Thursday and Friday, and play Saturday. But despite these irregularities, his kicking ability more than made up, and the only game of which there is record of his not playing was the Minne-

sota game of 1898, when he was out of the lineup with two broken ribs, but in which despite his absence the Cardinals romped the field in the hardest game of the season for a 28 to 0 victory. "Slam" Anderson, acting as captain, played O'Dea's position, starring in a game in which but four of the Wisconsin men who began the game were in the lineup when the final whistle blew.

The Season of 1899.

The season of 1899 is perhaps the most famous of Wisconsin football history. It was the season of the long remembered Yale game, of O'Dea's kick from placement on the 57 yard line in the Illinois game at Milwaukee, and of his freak drop kick in the Minnesota game a week later.

The season opened with several minor games, Wisconsin defeating successfully Madison High School, Lake Forrest, and Beloit by monstrous scores. Northwestern fell by score of 38 to 0 on October 13, and the ever victorious squad left to play Yale at New Haven on October 21. With O'Dea went Juneau, just out from South Division High School, and right end on the Cardinal team, Curtiss, Rodgers, Lon and Roy Chamberlain, Blair, Ed Cochems, Wilmarth, Paul Tratt, and a number of subs.

Playing football such as the East had seldom seen, and certainly did not expect from a western team, Wisconsin held Yale scoreless throughout the first half and up to the last four minutes of play. Then wearied by the driving rushes of the sons of Eli, the Cardinals permitted Richards to evade them all for the single winning touchdown. The play that scored was a

fluke—or at least a double shift that fortunately went wrong. The signal had been called, and the play completed, Richards receiving the ball. Suddenly he shot out from the tangle of Cardinal players that was upon him, and ran backwards. Immediately there were four Wisconsin backs at him. Almost by a miracle he evaded one, stiff armed another and another, and got away, eluding even O'Dea, who in hot pursuit was gaining rapidly when Richards planted the ball between the posts. The game was a defeat, 6 to 0, but the fame that Wisconsin carried back with her was almost victory in itself. O'Dea's kicking was declared to be without equal in the East, and the work of the entire team established Western teams, for the time, as worthy contenders for Eastern honors.

The Kick From Placement

Three weeks later Wisconsin met Illinois at Milwaukee, and it was in this game that O'Dea made his famous kick from placement, on the fifty-seven yard line. It was early in the game, and it had been give and take throughout, neither side gaining the advantage, but with the odds a shade in favor of Illinois. Illinois punted from her own territory, and Juneau receiving the punt made it a fair catch. With Juneau holding the ball for a free kick, O'Dea measured the distance, fifty-seven yards, and let drive. The ball, kicked from near the side line passed over the middle of the bar, scoring five points. As in the Northwestern game in '98, the game was then all for Wisconsin, and the final score was 23 to 0.

The following week, in the Minnesota

game, the ball was on Minnesota's forty-five yard line, and no scores made, when O'Dea signaled for a dropkick. The ball was passed, but before he could kick, the Gopher ends were upon him. O'Dea started to circle the end, and getting in the clear for an instant, dropped the ball fair and square between the posts while still on a dead run. With five points lead, the Badgers gained steadily upon Minnesota and the game ended 19 to 0 for Wisconsin. With the defeat of Michigan on Thanksgiving Day, Wisconsin was the champion of the West, and O'Dea left the field, as he thought, for the last time, the captain of a champion team. But Wisconsin finances were in straightened circumstances, and when from Chicago, whom Wisconsin had not yet met that year, came an offer for a post season game, the manager was glad to accept it, in hopes of decreasing the deficit. And so it was, that upon the return of the team from Thanksgiving, they found another game scheduled for December 9th. Training had been broken, and none of the members of the team were in shape to play the game. But the date was scheduled and there was nothing to do, but play. The two teams met on a muddy slippery field, and the story of 1898 was repeated. On the treacherous field O'Dea could not bring his kicking ability into play, and his last game was a bitter defeat, Chicago winning, 17 to 0. That Wisconsin retrieved the defeat the following year by an overwhelming score, is nothing in the story of Pat O'Dea. In the reviews of the game, the Chicago newspapers referred to him, as the fallen idol of Wisconsin. O'Dea, himself said

nothing. But it was not so. Wisconsin knew its captain, and his strength and weakness, and when they learned of the circumstances under which he played, they did not "quit", but accepted him as we know him, probably the most brilliant captain or player that Wisconsin, and possibly the entire country ever knew.

O'Dea finished his course in the Law

School and graduated in the class of 1900. After completing his work here, he went to San Francisco, where he engaged in the practice of law, and is now secretary of the Agent Company of that city, a firm which acts as agent for lawyers, corporations and business houses in transactions of a legitimate nature.

HAVING FUN WITH JOHNSON

"The Yale Record", has a laugh over Oven Johnson's "Stover at Yale", in the following parody:

Evening in Lawrence. The fire in the fireplace was sparkling like the Apollinaris at the Lit. banquet. Across the Campus, the Freshman Glee was chirping spasmodically.

Dink Stover sat looking desperately at Dink Stover.

"All alone", babbled the abecedarians in Dwight.

"Yes, Dink, we're alone at last," remarked Dink Stover keenly, taking his cue from the rack in Dwight Hall.

"Well," replied the other, in his most artesian manner, "you've got to decide it for yourself."

"Great God!" cried Dink flippantly, "it's too much to expect of me."

Dink was in agony. Not that he was one of the Norwich Minstrels, but a great problem had slapped him on the wrist. Should he resign from the Elizabethan

Club? Could he give up those delightful evenings around the merry ginger-beer bowl infinitesimally dipping a tentative straw into its vivacious nepenthe?

"I suppose for the sake of dear old Yale I must make the sacrifice," he clamored to himself.

Dink Stover overheard him.

"Good old Dink," he whispered unsympathetically.

"Mory's must be saved," suspired the other. "The spiritual interests of the College, Lenox Hall, drinking, the glad hand, the convivial board, these must not fail because of the riotous amusement of a few low-brows in a Club!"

Stover applied a T square to his jaw. Opening his mouth, he wound up his teeth and set them.

"By God, Dink, I'll do it!" he admitted weakly.

"Good old Dink," murmured Stover splenetically.

PURITY ENTERS THE ATHLETIC LISTS

By Roger Dod Wolcott, '13

It was not a happy subject to investigate and write about—this battle between faculty and certain student forces to purge Wisconsin football of the corrupting stain of commercialism. Wisconsin was not rotten because of inherent elements making it so, but in self defense against its similarly corrupt opponents of both East and West. The men who stood for the commercial policy in gauging football standard were not bad men, are not to be looked down upon. To-day we see that they were but misguided in their efforts to serve Wisconsin. But we are proud that Wisconsin awoke first, and was the leader in the purity crusade that installed conference football as a manly sport conducted on principles of manhood.

IT WAS after the close of the 1904 football season that trouble began at Wisconsin. Till then things had gone smoothly, few questions were asked and the commercialism of our athletics and the general rottenness of the situation was unknown to the outside world, or at least passed unnoticed. Perhaps this was because the situation was just as bad at Minnesota, at Michigan and Chicago, as here; present-day purity standards were not even dreamed of.

At length, however, the inevitable happened, and the faculty and outside world began to wonder at the disgraceful conditions existent in the university. Wonder changed to indignation and the president decided to wipe out the stain as rapidly as possible. First, however, the students had to be brought back to a sane view-point, then slowly, from the foundations up, the whole system of athletics at Wisconsin had to be renovated. This was the task which confronted President Van Hise. His advances were welcomed by all the student body only at first, it being split into two sharp divisions, the "athletic-reform party" and the "stand-patters". Captain

Vanderboom was the leader of the "grand old party", and Albion Findlay, Dick Remp, "Cady" Clark and Tom Sealy were his right-hand men. It is hard to realize how firmly entrenched these men were. Vanderboom was president and complete owner of the athletic association and captain of the football team, and great was his power and glory and that of his associates. What these men said was law, and they were the idols of the students. Special examinations were tendered to them; they went to classes once in a while, that is if nothing interfered. One thing only was expected of them, namely to win victories for Wisconsin, and this they undoubtedly did. But now that the storm has blown over and we can look back at the situation impassionately, it is questionable whether tainted victories are worse than honest defeats.

Up through the season of 1904 Professor C. S. Schlichter was Supervisor of Athletics, a man who believed absolutely in athletic decency but for some reason failed to make his nominal power absolute. The real power lay in the hands of Prof. R. M. Bashford, who was elected by the

student body. Professor Bashford wanted winning teams for Wisconsin, and found the means to procure them. It was only natural that corruption resulted from many of the methods employed.

After the season of 1904, reform-measures took away from the student body the right to elect the faculty representative and gave it to the faculty. Also the president was given power to appoint the graduate manager of athletics, and the Athletic Association was reorganized so that the faculty could defend their new rights.

It was interesting to note that on March 11th, 1904, the "W" men met and organized a club to further clean athletics in the University. This was the beginning of the student fight, and must have encouraged President Van Hise greatly.

The most important meeting of the year, however, was a special convocation called by President Van Hise in Library Hall, at noon on May 25th, 1904. This was the jubilee year, the fiftieth anniversary of the first commencement exercises of the University of Wisconsin, consequently commencement week was to be a gala week; the campus was to be decorated and Madison was to take on a festive air. There had been some talk of omitting examinations in June, and word got around that Prexy had called this special convocation to talk to the students about this. Over 2,000 men crowded into Library Hall and spirit ran high. Prexy, instead of dispensing the joyful news that there would be no examinations, began to speak of Jubilee plans and the decoration of the lower campus. Then he took up hazing, and the disregarding of faculty control.

What was said was deserved, but the mob spirit arose and the orderly convocation was transformed into a riot. Shameful scenes were enacted and hasty speeches made. That evening the Daily Cardinal featured public apology to Prexy in the form of an editorial, and things seemed to quiet down.

A few mornings later, however, the attention of students on their way to "eight-o'clock" was arrested by a monster sign painted on the gym wall, which read "Ping Pong Hall". The lower campus was ridiculously decorated, being laid out by some student joker into a formal garden, containing a miniature baseball diamond and many illustrated jokes at the expense of those working to purify athletics at Wisconsin. This was really a master stroke, and good fun, but probably represented the viewpoint of the minority.

The process of purification went on very slowly but surely. It was on October 23, 1905, that President Van Hise published the following bulletin, which brought final victory to athletic purity.

"OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT"
"UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN"
"MADISON"

"As a partial remedy for the present unfortunate condition which exists in Collegiate and University athletics, I strongly favor the adoption of the following additional regulations:

"1. No student should be allowed to participate in an intercollegiate game who has not completely filled the requirements for admission to the College of Liberal Arts, or their full equivalent; this to apply to all schools and colleges.

"2. No student should be allowed to participate in intercollegiate athletics until he shall have done a full year's work and received credit for the same.

"3. After a student has participated in an intercollegiate game, in any sport, in any year,

he should not be allowed to participate in that sport or any other sport, another year until he shall have full credit for all scholastic work intervening between the two participations.

"In short, it seems to me the most hopeful remedy for athletic abuses is emphasis of, and insistence upon the idea that men enter colleges and universities for scholastic work, and that athletics be subordinate to such work.

"CHARLES R. VAN HISE,

"President of University of Wisconsin.

"Madison, Wis., October 23, 1905."

These clauses form the rough nucleus of our present conference eligibility rules, written seven years ago. They aimed the deathblow at paid athletics, by doing away with the circumstances under which such a system thrives. Thus it was that under the guidance of President Van Hise, Wisconsin's escutcheon was swept clean of the last dirty stain before the opening of the season of 1906.

Wisconsin was never any worse than the other members of the "Big Eight;" throughout the country standards of ath-

letic purity seem to have been rotten to the core. Let us be proud, however, that it was Wisconsin, our Alma Mater, under the guidance of President Van Hise, who started the reform by cleaning house herself, thus leading the crusade for purity in athletics and real college honor in the Middle West.

Professor Bashford was removed and George F. Downer was appointed as Graduate Manager, by President Van Hise, Manager Kilpatrick, having resigned, Downer immediately led the purity party in a desperate fight against the mercenary interests, but Downer was worsted the first year. Vanderboom, Remp and Clark continued to run things to suit themselves, but this was their last fling. In September 1906 matters were reversed, and athletic purity was established at Wisconsin. Coach Curtis was gone, and Hutchins, and McCarthy were in control of the situation.

IN PROF. SHARP'S PSYCHOLOGY CLASS

Q. How would you define the term "College bred?"

A. A four-year's loaf.

SENT SO FAR

By Bedros Hagopian

THINK not, my Love, that space can e're divide
 My heart from thine, or time destroy at all
 Thy gilt graved image at my heart's patrol.
 Oh, ev'n if you never become my bride
 The more I will worship thee, dear, and bide
 In sweet suspense, the more become thy thrall
 And, Oh, the more you'll be my all in all,
 And off the grave my beatitude beside.
 Dear, yet I wish we could meet once again
 To quench this mortal thirst, as men we are:
 The world has many blisses, many charms
 For lovers, whom cruel Fate exiles in chain
 Of circumstance, Alas, why sent so far!
 Oh God, may we die in each others arms!

THE DARKNESS AND THE DAWN

By Charles Thomas Anderson, '14

No more glorious chapter has ever been written in the history of the University of Wisconsin than that embodied in the splendid article here presented. The dark days of depression that followed the athletic reformation, the unselfish, self sacrificing service of our own "Doc" McCarthy, the heroism of the few players of the time of Wilce and Culver, and the final saving of Football as a Wisconsin institution, for the generations that are to come, present a story too vivid to tell in words, one which burns into the mind the everlasting slogan, "There are no Quitters at Wisconsin". Those men braved the darkness that to-day we might bask in the sunshine of the dawn.

FEW KNOW the story of Wisconsin football, that institution cherished by all true Wisconsin students. An institution whose purpose is honor, but which at one time in its history held only the shell of honor, and a shell filled with greed and corruption. It has had many ups and downs in its career of over twenty-five years at Wisconsin, but the supreme test came during the years of 1906, '07, and '08.

It was in the early part of 1905 that Wisconsin awoke to find that she was not maintaining the high standard with which football had been started.

In the later part of the nineties Wisconsin football reached its height, and the Badgers were shoved up to a place which to maintain, they must win. Thus, blind winning became the goal, and win they would at any cost. Elated by this brimming cup of victory, support for football came in all forms, but perhaps in no more conspicuous and greater form than an inexhausting role of money. As the lure of the goal became stronger, and the competition for team material grew fiercer, Wisconsin began, very slowly at first, and cautiously, to offer financial aid to such men who would attend school and play on the

football team.

The method proved very profitable. Games were won, and the Badgers, downing their opponents, held their own. Gradually the method was enlarged upon, and a complete system of buying was worked out. No attempt was made to hide the iniquitous practices, and graft cropped out in the perfectly apparent form of a training table and rooming house for the football men, which was conducted for the greater part of the year.

In the fall of 1905, the decadent condition of athletics and football in particular had reached its depths. At this time, Phil King held down the position of head coach. The faculty representative on the athletic council, who was, at that time, elected by the students, was R. M. Bashford of the law school, who was also a very prominent man in state politics. Kilpatrick, who was manager of athletics, Ed. Vanderboon, who was captain of the football team and member of the athletic board. Tom Leahy, who was captain of the baseball team and also member of the athletic board, and George R. Keachie, a track man, formed a ring, whose purpose was to get absolute control.

After the season of 1903, the financial support began to wane somewhat, and the men in charge of football were forced to take players who demanded less money and were also inferior to the lot which they already had. As a result a pandemonium of graft arose, which broke out in every conceivable form. Each man vied with the other for petty graft positions, and some even went so far as to demand of the faculty a certain amount for their remaining in school. To satisfy some of the more riotous, political connections were used to create sinecures in the capital for several of the leaders, who in return were to do political jobbing among the students for some city politicians. Scholastic standings were entirely forgotten; in fact some men were allowed to stay in school on less than ten fifths work, none of which they ever fairly passed. And, as a climax to the graft, it is even hinted that the high salaried coaches did not receive the entire amount of their wage, but that some of it found its way back into the pockets of the men who had charge.

Thus, with conditions so decadent, with graft so openly carried on, and with men representing Wisconsin on the football team, whom some of the professors were ashamed to admit into their classes, it is not surprising that Wisconsin came to her own, and that when she awoke from this nightmare it was with a terrible wrath. Also, late in the season of 1905, Ned Jordan's articles appeared in Collier's magazine, describing the rotten conditions of sport in the western colleges, and the spirit of reform spread country wide.

Thus, football at Wisconsin had come to

the point where the burden of keeping it in its old high position had become too great for its constituents, and, besmirched by the corruption of its supporters, it came to stand for a supreme test before the critical eye of the faculty. A faculty which a short time before was blind to the situation, but which now had become so wrought up and so bent upon clearing the pernicious system of its putrescent practices, that its policy became destruction. The bell was rung, and football came for its last stand. On the other hand, the procedure brought the students together, and from the excitement came petitions, letters, and every form of request asking for the retention of that one institution, so cherished even in its twisted form of corruption. It was at this point that the two forces of destruction and construction, which played with the tattered pigskin for the next four years came into existence.

Backed by the student body, a few men, who during the coming years were to stand by football, through thick and thin, succeeded in getting the game past the faculty on the narrow margin of three votes. It was also voted at the meeting to secure a new director of athletics and a special coach for football. The extent to which this was carried out was that Dr. Hutchins was obtained for the former position, but no effort was made to fill the latter.

Thus, the season of 1906 opened with a situation which had never been confronted before in the history of football. The two forces came openly into the field. The one, whose policy was the complete obliteration of all inter-college sport, especially football, led by Professor Smith of the Law

School, who was a leader in faculty politics, made a strategic move and secured a change in the mode of choosing the athletic council, whereby it was taken out of the hands of the president and made elective by the faculty. By this one move alone, the funds were so tied up that not even enough to keep the necessary machinery going could be gotten, and without some financial support there could be no form of athletic sport. But, butted against this colossal force of the faculty, were a few men, who, backed at times by the student body, opened the fight to put football back in its place as a legitimate sport. Of this latter group, President Charles R. Van Hise, George F. Downer, newly appointed graduate manager, Jimmy Bush, of the football team, and three men who voluntarily offered their services, Doctor Charles McCarthy, S. E. Driver, and A. F. Larson, were the leaders.

On the opening day of practice of that same year, Director Hutchins issued a call for candidates, and in response to his efforts, fifteen men, whose weight did not average over 165 pounds, appeared, and this was the maximum number with which he worked for the next two years. Conditions were deplorable. Some professors even went so far as to announce to their classes that the men who went out for football stood very little chance of passing the course. But to top the situation, all football facilities were entirely lacking. Director Hutchins was in the field entirely by himself, without aid of any kind. The funds which had been appropriated for the athletic department by the regents, were securely tied up by the faculty henchmen

on the athletic council, and there were absolutely no supplies. It is said that if a man could find a suit around the gym, which was fit to put on his back, he was lucky. At Camp Randall conditions were even worse. No care taker was in charge and the field stood obliterated under several inches of water. In addition, the faculty had made the formidable move of stamping out the football spirit among the students by cutting the schedule down to four games; Chicago and Minnesota were both cut out.

Out of these sixteen men, however, Director Hutchins, aided by McCarthy, Larson, and Driver, turned out a team, which, by sheer force of fighting spirit alone, won the four games. But nevertheless, football spirit at Wisconsin was waning. To the men on the team, football was a pure fight, void of all pleasure; and for their efforts they received very little applause from the student body. Thus the first year of reform closed, with the destructive forces of the faculty gloating over the fact that football was slowly but surely dying out.

The football season of 1907 opened with conditions even worse, if possible, than the year before. Doctor McCarthy, who had voluntarily given his help the year before, again offered his services, and, without any remuneration, was put in charge of the team. To this man, who took charge of the squad only through his desire to see football put back in a place of honor, and who with the aid of Driver actually put the field in shape for play, football at Wisconsin owes its standing of to-day. It was he, who through almost superhuman efforts,

pulled the game through its darkest period and saved it for the athletics of the future.

The first game of this darkest time was with Illinois, and when the team came back from Urbana the losers' spirit ran so low that the students threw taunts at the players for sticking with the game. But undaunted, Doc. McCarthy kept his squad together and drilled them for the coming game with Iowa, on the second of November. Friday night, November 1, the little band of fifteen men left Madison for Iowa City. The team had a car almost entirely to itself, and before the train had gotten over five miles from Madison, the coach grouped his followers together for a last heart to heart talk before the game, which was to determine whether or not football was to continue at Wisconsin. For over four hours, until the train pulled into the station at Chicago, McCarthy talked football and every phase of sport known. To-day, the men who took that trip relate the supreme appeal which McCarthy made, of his plea of darkness before the dawn, and of that frenzied fighting spirit which beat in the heart of every man, when the coach ended his speech with one last plea for the men to play the game for victory.

The afternoon of the next day was cold and cloudy, with a gale blowing straight down the field. Wisconsin lost the toss and was forced to start the battle in the face of a stiff wind on ground two inches in mud. It was a squad of men, who, lacking all support except the excellent spirit of their coach, came out upon the field that

day determined to win on their fighting spirit alone. The whistle blew for the kick-off. Wisconsin secured the ball and, by hard line plunges, carried the oval down the field to within one yard of their goal, when Culver fumbled and the opponents recovered. For fifteen minutes the two teams worked the ball up and down, until in the latter part of the first half, when Iowa, coming within striking distance of her goal, put the pig-skin over. But they failed on the kick, and the score stood 5 to 0. The first part of the game ended and the time came for the second half. Undaunted, the team lined up for the initial kick-off, but just before the whistle blew, a rabbit came running down under the fence and starting straight down the field went between the Wisconsin goal posts. It was the one bright spot of the day, and with the words of Jack Wilce, "there goes our good omen," the team was off for the last part of the struggle. The same tactics kept the pig skin moving up and down the field, until within two minutes of the final whistle, "Biddy" Rogers, recovering Wilce's onside kick, placed the ball back of the Wisconsin goal line. The kick was successful and the score stood 6 to 5.

That game was the climax in Wisconsin football. On sheer fighting spirit alone the game had been won, and the omen of that rabbit proved true, for, from that day, the constructive forces gained the upper hand, and slowly but surely football moved into its own at Wisconsin. But the task



Captain Hoeffel

DEEPEST CONSPIRACIES OFTEN FAIL

By Chester Caesar Wells

Frantically he searched through his pockets for the fourth time. If ever he needed that pin, it was to-night. He would be a broiler in the Haresfoot show, and would wear her dress. And if he could wear her Pi Psi pin too, what a splendid pin, though, and it took longer to find it than all the rest of the preparation together. Only finally did he locate it in the place that had been next to his heart on the B. V. D. suit just discarded. Finally the curtain went up, and Jack's

SUNSET

By Howard Jones, '14

See! In the golden west,
Sailing, sailing,
Floats the firewinged sun to rest,
Crimson curtains trailing
In a sea of ruby splendor
While the earth is touched with tender
Glowing hues the sunsets lend her
For an even-veil.

Say! In that gorgeous ship
Sailing, sailing,
On their happy heavenward trip
To the west wind's wailing
Do the souls of the departed
Travel deeps as yet uncharted
To the shores of the true-hearted
Past the twilight's pale?

Look! How the vessel burns,
Sailing, sailing,
Earth and sorrow how it spurns,
On our vision paling,

Cloudy cliff and headland passing,
Flaming canvas far surpassing
Self in airy ocean glassing
Power of mortal sail.

Hark! On the evening air,
Sailing, sailing,
Floats a soft melodic prayer,
Throbbing, rising, failing,
Whence is that ecstatic singing,
Choirs aerial skyward winging,
Hill and valley faintly ringing
With the rapturous tale?

Now doth the sunlight die,
Sailing, sailing,
Deeper in the fading sky;
Night is slowly veiling
Earth and heaven with its curtain,
Gone is ship and ghostly burden
And the distant stars uncertain
Light the glimmering vale.

joke it would be for the girls who recognized the dress, and recognized him. She had not worn that Pi Psi pin for weeks, but she had simply told the girls it was lost, and Jack had been forbidden to show it to a single soul.

But Alice had been peevish him just a little lately, and he had prepared one grand revenge. He would publicly wear her Pi Psi pin at the first show of the Haresfoot club and expose her "to lasting jolly of all their" mutual friends. He had mislaid the

chorus made its opening debut. As soon as he could, he located Alice in the fourth row. The house was in utter darkness, and he could only very dimly discern her, but he knew that the Pi Psi pin on his bosom was radiating like a tantalum.

Suddenly the lights switched on in the house. Jack looked at Alice with a supreme grin of triumph, but it froze solid in foiled exasperation.

Alice, too wore a Pi Psi pin on her bosom.

A QUESTION OF PREFERMENT

By Charles Nicholls Webb, '15

THERE WAS little life on the main thoroughfare of Grantville, as young Tom Hampton viewed it from the post office steps. The noon mail had been distributed an hour ago, and, except for a few groups of somnolent loafers seated on the steps of the several saloons and grocery stores, the business portion of the river village was almost deserted. The day was oppressively hot, and Tom decided mentally to wait until the cool of the evening before starting on his long walk to the county seat. In the meantime he could enjoy a refreshing dip in the Mississippi. At the moment he came to this decision, a stout figure appeared on the steps of the hotel, down towards the river, and started up the street in his direction. Tom stared at the approaching man several minutes before he recognized undersheriff, Buck Peters. Then he scowled sulkily and dodged back into the post office. But by this time the officer was close enough to recognize the brawny young fellow, and hastening to the door called him from his retreat in the rural carriers' department.

"Hello Tom. Just the man I was looking for. Got a few minutes to spare?"

Tom walked slowly to the door.

"Got some time to spare?" repeated Peters. "If you have I'd like your help after while."

"A little," replied Hampton, coldly. "I walked over on some business this morning, and I'll have to start back about five o'clock. Who you after to-day?"

"Guess," said the undersheriff.

"Tim Harding or Perry Marks, for larceny, I suppose," ventured Hampton.

Peters shook his head.

"Not this time. You couldn't guess in a hundred years. I'm after Sumner."

"Sumner!" shouted Hampton. "Not Jim Sumner?"

The undersheriff nodded affirmatively.

"Well, for the love of Mike! What's Jim done?"

"Jim Sumner is a slicker customer than you or I thought for, Tom. He's covered up them big horse deals and real estate transfers of his with the nicest little collection of forged notes you ever see. I've come after him alone to-day, and when I got here I found Hank Jones, the local deputy, out of town. That's why I'd like to have you help me and drive home with me to-night."

The young man assented with rather ill grace. Peters was a candidate for sheriff, and since he had refused to appoint him undersheriff in event of his election, Hampton had evinced no desire to continue the friendship which had hitherto existed between them. The officer did not appear to notice this sullenness, but proceeded to outline his plans.

"Just come with me while I serve these papers on Sumner. Then I'll 'tend to some other business around town, and I want you to take care of him in the meantime."

Hampton accompanied Peters to the forger's office where the necessary business

was transacted without delay. Sumner, a frank faced, well groomed young man, did not lose his self possession when the warrant was served on him. Early in his career he had learned the necessity of disguising his character with consummate craft. Both Peters and Hampton had valued his friendship enormously during the few months they had known him.

"Well, boys," he said quietly when they prepared to leave the office, "I'm ready to go with you. I'll admit this looks bad, and I can only hope to prove my innocence in court."

"I hope you can, Jim," said the undersheriff, and Hampton echoed the sentiment.

After Sumner had made all necessary preparations to accompany the officer to the county seat, he was left in Hampton's charge while Peters busied himself elsewhere in the village. The two young men sat together on a bench in front of the village hotel. Sumner's arrest had been made quietly, and the little town enjoyed its daily siesta in blissful ignorance of an event of great local importance.

"You're surely in bad, Jim," exclaimed Hampton, breaking a long, awkward silence.

Sumner nodded, but made no reply.

"If they find you guilty you'll get ten years, at least."

"I'm not guilty," declared Sumner, "but I'll admit it looks bad."

Another long period of silence ensued. Suddenly an idea occurred to Hampton, which he at first dismissed, disgusted with himself for harboring it an instant. But it promised such sweet revenge upon Peters, that, in spite of his better inclination, he

considered it a second time. By allowing Sumner to escape, he could expose the undersheriff's carelessness in leaving a prisoner, held on a serious charge, in the care of a person who was unarmed and not even deputized. This afforded endless possibilities. It could easily be used to prevent Peters' election. Hampton turned again to Sumner.

"Think there's any use to fight your case?"

"I don't know, Tom," replied the forger frankly.

Uncertain and half hesitating, Hampton ventured a daring suggestion.

"Why don't you beat it, Jim?"

The forger looked at him searchingly, then asked with unrestrained eagerness, "Try to get away? Why, do you think —?"

"I think it would be dead easy. Look here. You ask me to go with you down to Frank Jordan's to pay for that jag of hay you got from him a week ago. I go with you. Then, when you get to Jordan's house, leaving me at the gate—understand —, you beat it through the back yard down to the river. Then you follow the river road to Manchester, and take the evening passenger on the Burlington. That will get you in St. Louis by to-morrow morning. I'll do my part to throw them off the trail at this end. Do you get me?"

From the expression on his face, the feasibility of the plan appealed to Sumner, but he regarded Hampton half suspiciously.

"Is it on the level, Tom?" he demanded.

"Have I ever been crooked with you?" asked Hampton in return, and then he

added with just a trace of nervousness in his voice, "Will you try it?"

"I'll try anything," said the prisoner, exhibiting a desperation he had hitherto concealed.

The two young men arose quietly and walked slowly down the road which wound between a series of precipitous bluffs, until it reached the broad, level valley of the Mississippi. At the gate of Frank Jordan's place, a wretched, neglected farm on the river bank, Sumner turned to Hampton with a crafty smile.

"Well, so long, old scout. Many thanks for what you've done. It's not safe to shake hands for the Jordans may be home to-day and watching."

Erect and self-confident, he entered the yard, leaving Hampton staring after him with a peculiar expression of indecision and regret. When he passed the corner of the house, Tom threw open the gate with a sudden exclamation, and strode after him. The forger heard his footsteps, and swung about in surprise.

"You'll have to come back, Jim," panted Hampton, "I'm not enough of a crook to put this through."

Sumner reddened with anger. He lost his valued self-possession, and exclaimed, "Not much, you chicken hearted boob. You framed up this deal, and by God, you're going to put it through."

Hampton grasped the smaller man's arm

with a powerful grip.

"Sumner," he commanded, "You come with me. When I called this deal off, I meant what I said. Come on."

Scarcely relaxing his hold on the prisoner, Hampton marched him into the village. Near the hotel they met Peters, who watched their approach curiously.

"Where you been?" he asked, as they stood before him.

Hampton glanced at Sumner, increased the pressure on the forger's arm for a second, and then turned to Peters with a smile.

"Jim wanted to settle a little debt at Frank Jordan's before he left, so I walked down to the farm with him while you were gone. Ready to start home, Buck?"

* * *

After placing Sumner in the county jail at Medford that evening, Peters and Hampton left the place together.

"Tom," said the undersheriff, as they reached the street, "I've done you a rank injustice, and I want to apologize right now. I planned to give the job you asked for to that con man inside. But, if you'll overlook it, I'll promise to appoint you undersheriff, providin', of course, I'm elected."

Hampton swallowed, then spoke with difficulty.

"I've done you an injustice too, Buck, and,—well, I ain't the man for the job, anyway, so we'll let it go at that."



Mr. Freshman--College Dramatics

By Harry Jefferson Koch

In this article, the writer introduces Wisconsin freshmen to the great field of college dramatics and kindred activities which is about to open up for the present collegiate year. A word about each of the clubs, defining their particular functions, and a word on the status of such things as Union Vodvil and Biennial Circus cannot come amiss. There will probably be two hundred different Wisconsin men and some women connected with the various dramatic ventures of the year, and what is more important, there is room for every one who wants a place.

FRESHMEN, those of you who are not getting into the various fields of college activities which are open to you are missing the opportunity of a lifetime. Each day that slips by without your entering into something which will allow you to test your abilities allows the fellow who has already gone out to secure so much more advantage over you. Remember this, that a university is but a miniature world where every man is on equal footing with his fellows and where every man may try out his talents in any line to which he considers himself adapted. Consider that the University offers the last chance that you will have to test your abilities before you rub up against men in the cruel, cold world where money, greed, and power are everything and where you will find no one to give you a few words of cheer, and, if need be lend a helping hand. What you do here is in the nature of experimental work for your future career, and one cannot emphasize too strongly the advantages of getting into things. Let no undertaking appear too great for you, but consider that others have done the same things before you, and remember that there are any number of people in this university who always stand ready to guide you in any

line in which you may need advice.

Another caution, don't be a quitter. Just because you do not happen to make good immediately is all the more reason why you should stick to it. Eventually, you cannot help making good; so keep everlastingly at it.

At present there opens up for you one of the most productive fields of college activities, that of college dramatics. The college dramatic field resolves itself into the work done by the dramatic societies, the Edwin Booth, the Haresfoot, and the Red Domino Clubs; the independent productions staged annually and biennially, such as the Union Vodvil, the engineers minstrels, and the university circus and the plays given annually under the auspices of the Wisconsin Dramatic society.

Edwin Booth.

The Edwin Booth club productions represent the more serious element in dramatic effort, and present exceptional opportunities for freshmen with or without previous dramatic experience to exercise their talent. The annual play has already been chosen, and tryouts for places in the cast are now being held. Freshmen and others desirous of trying out should consult with

L. A. Zollner, president of the club or any of the members of the club.

Haresfoot

The Haresfoot club occupies the same position in musical comedy productions that the Edwin Booth club does in the standard drama. Every spring the club produces a musical comedy of its own which is staged entirely by the male students of the university. Tryouts for this play will be held sometime in February, and all freshmen who have had any experience in singing and dancing will be expected to try out. The cast for their plays includes comedienues, leading ladies, broilers, chorus girls, and chorus men. As their advertisements last year read "every one is a lady, yet every one a man."

Red Domino

The Red Domino club is the women's dramatic society. It produces a play every other year, and, as this is the odd year, no play will be given. The club, however, will put on a sketch at the Union Vodvil, and freshmen will be given the opportunity to take part. The regular tryout for the club will as usual be held next spring, and at that time any freshmen who desire may tryout.

Union Vodvil

The Union Vodvil, presented in January of each year, under the auspices of the Wisconsin Union, consists of song stunts, character sketches, playlets, and feature acts which would not be considered for the legitimate productions, but which have enough originality and distinctiveness

about them to admit their staging. The Union Vodvil committee will be appointed by the Wisconsin Union in the near future, and any freshmen who are desirous of trying for places on the bill would do well to communicate with members of the committee.

University Circus.

The university circus is staged biennially by the students of the university, under the direction of the athletic department. Arrangements for the circus are made entirely by a student committee of about 60 men, who will be appointed in the near future. Many men will be needed to carry on the work of the circus committee, the desire being to have as many freshmen as possible on the committee in order that they may be better fitted to handle the circus in their junior and senior years.

The circus consists principally of an enormous Zoo, containing many unique animals of distinctive shape, which usually represent the only ones of their kind in captivity, a special side show, and numerous hair raising and thrilling features. Many novel ideas are needed to make this show a success, and the committee will greatly appreciate suggestions.

Wisconsin Dramatic Society.

Each year the Wisconsin Dramatic society, composed of the University and Madison people, produces several cost price plays. They are usually of the comedy type, and produced as they are under the direction of Professor T. H. Dickinson, offer admirable advantages for freshmen desiring to cultivate their dramatic talent. Their first plays of the year have already

been presented, but university students may arrange for tryouts by communicating with Professor Dickinson.

Miscellaneous

Numerous plays are given throughout the school year by societies, such as the Germanistische Gesellschaft and Le Cercle Francais which, although they are not considered in the light of all-university affairs, serve as mediums by which the modest freshman may cultivate his or her dramatic ability before trying out for the larger university productions.

Athletics

Within the next three weeks, the call for candidates for the Freshman basketball team will be sounded by Coach McChesney.

Whether you have had any previous experience at the game or not, be sure to report for practice. Many of the best basketball shooters in the West have never touched a basketball until they entered college, and still more of the college stars have been players of mediocre quality in high school. Perhaps you are one of these men with latent ability. At any rate, try out for the team and let us see what you can do.

Although conference rules prevent them from swimming on the varsity team, freshmen "water dogs" will have ample opportunity to display their prowess in the inter-class meets. Freshmen should report to Coach Hyatt for practice in order that they may gain the experience of a season's work under the varsity coach.

THE FATHER OF FOOTBALL AT WISCONSIN

The man who introduced football to the University of Wisconsin was elevated to the supreme bench of the state of North Dakota in November, 1911. It was Andrew A. Bruce, and this honor was the culmination of a most interesting career. He was born in India, the son of a British general. Financial reverses threw him on his own resources. Of his university career, the Wisconsin Alumni Magazine, December, 1911, said;

"Bruce came to Madison and entered the University in the fall of 1886 as an ancient classical student. He was poor, but he had a sturdy constitution and a spirit which knew no defeat. He had many intimate friends—more, perhaps, than any man in college in his time.

"Bruce overcame every obstacle; he managed a students' club; he found employment throughout all his student course, at shorthand and at bookkeeping, and was able, we never knew how, to find time to participate in about every form of student activity. He introduced football into the University. I remember him well, with his thin black and red sweater, running with the ball down the lower campus, past crowds of students unacquainted with the sport, who were unable to stop him on his way. He ought to be called the father of Wisconsin football. He was interested in sports; he was an excellent tennis player, but base ball was to him an unknown quantity."

STORY OF THE THREE SCHWEITZERS

TWO YEARS have passed since I first spoke to my friend about the three Schweitzers. I think, however, that the details of the interview are still in my mind and I shall try to state everything with the accuracy demanded by my friend's ability as a musical critic and as a teller of tales.

We were seated in my living room, smoking before an energetic wood fire.

I handed my friend first one violin, then a second. He examined each carefully, tapping the wood, scrutinizing the grain and varnish and finally playing upon them while taking careful note of the tone in both low and high pitches. I had intentionally left the room in a more or less obscure condition so that the labels on the inside of the instruments would not be visible. My friend accepted the situation without comment, and it could easily be seen that he was pleased with the progress of the examination.

"Do you find the violins to your liking?" I asked.

"Perfectly," said he.

"How old do you call them?"

"I can tell within ten years, I think. How near is two hundred and twenty?"

This was a remarkable guess, for the date inside was 1703. I was so surprised that my friend became a little nettled.

"You underestimate my ability as a student of this subject," said he.

"Not at all, my dear friend," I hastened to assure him. "Your name is everywhere known and recognized." (And this is true, for who has not heard of Von Bohnsen

and the New Antonio violin of which he is the maker?) "But tell me, how it is possible to make such an accurate estimate?"

"As you know, my instruments are made after the plan so successfully followed out by Stradivari, and, in order to follow in his footsteps, I have made a careful study of nearly all the Stradivarious violins in existence. These two I easily recognize as Long Strads, made between 1680 and 1700."

"But," I cried, "look at the label." And I ran to turn on more light. The name he found was "Jean Babtiste Schweitzer."

For an hour we talked the matter over. I told him of the chance meeting with John Jones, a negro sailor, how I had offered my services as a physician to the old man, and how, the day before yesterday, the violins had arrived with no explanation except a card on which was written, "From John Jones."

Von Bohnsen did not give way in the slightest degree. Though the woodwork of my newly appreciated treasure did not shine with the lustre common to all the other Strads one sees, and though the label bore the name of Schweitzer, the tone convinced him that no maker other than Stradivari could have reached such a height of perfection.

As for my own opinion, I had none. A few hours before, my interest in the instruments had been chiefly a matter of curiosity and pleasure in possessing two antiques of such a desirable type. I did not suppose for a moment that the curios might have a money value greater than perhaps fifty

dollars. Evidently my darkey friend had gladly got rid of the responsibility of owning ill gotten gains, realizing that I, as an innocent party, might be greatly pleased by his gift. Surely he did not realize the importance of the favor. On the other hand, my friend's final opinion on the subject was my only reliable guide. If he called them Stradivarious, Stradivarious they were as far as I was concerned.

All this time I had forgotten the third Schweitzer. I now showed it to him. He looked it over, playing it and examining it carefully, and finally, handing it back with a laugh.

"That must be an authentic Schweitzer," said he. "It seems to me to prove my point."

Even my untrained ear had detected the difference in tone.

"I wonder if there was a man named Schweitzer living in Cremona in 1703. The label reads, 'done in Cremona in the year of our Lord, 1703'."

"Oh, probably," replied Von Bohnsen. "Why not? Our history of the period is very incomplete."

"Tell me then, what is your idea of the matter?"

"Well, here is Schweitzer, a German, at least in part, living in an Italian town; I should say first of all, that he is likely to be unpopular and, consequently, unhappy."

"If so, why does he stay?"

"He probably finds it profitable to make violins inscribed with the three words we have just read—"done in Cremona." At any rate he does stay, living a lonely and, I should judge from his ability, a miserable life. He has no friends and many enemies.

The success of the Stradivarian following must be hard for him to endure. It seems probable to me, that under the conditions he was forced to submit to, he should develop a very strong dislike for every one connected with Stradivari's success. Perhaps Stradivari insults him. Perhaps the feeling grows to hate. Indeed, I strongly believe that the maker of this third violin was an enemy of the great master. He was surely not a pupil or friend, or the label would have said as much on the top line."

"Pray proceed," said I. "Your deductions are of the greatest interest."

"Well, it is certainly obvious what happened next. Here are two instruments in the possession of one man but made by his enemy. The most logical sequence of events that occurs to me is this: Schweitzer has long been planning to strike some revengeful blow at the one who has caused him so much unhappy reflection. He is, however, not the man to clearly map out a plan of action and then execute it with energy and determination. He fails to discover a good method of procedure; and when he does take advantage of a fete day to enter the workshop of Stradivari, he is glad to escape with a stolen violin under each arm."

"Excellent," said I, "but you must take another cigar before describing the next step."

I handed him the box.

"Surely you have guessed what my next deduction must be," said Von Bohnsen, biting off the end of a Perfectos.

"No, I assure you, I can not imagine what he might do with the trophies or how

three instruments could manage to remain together for so long a time."

"You mention important points," replied my friend, "but first let us consider the immediate result of stealing the violins. Although at that time none of the Strads ever sold for more than about seventy-five dollars, it cannot be supposed that the theft remained unnoticed. Probably a thorough search was made by the town authorities, by the guild, and by Stradivari himself. Schweitzer's home must have been openly or secretly examined; and as the violins were not found, we will assume that they were not there.

"As soon as Schweitzer had obtained possession, he must have realized the danger of his position. In fact, the fear of detection must have led him to think seriously of destroying the two objects that might at any moment be used as testimony against him. On the other hand, he did not wish to lose the revenue to be obtained by selling the instruments under his own name. Perhaps a little later such action would be safe, and, in the meantime, he would try to discover the secret of his enemy's success. With this object in view, he must select a suitable place to work, somewhere easily accessible and safe from intrusion. Of course there is no way of telling where he did go; at least, none that I can see.

"The fact that there have been three violins traveling together for so long a time, not separated from each other even a couple of centuries later, implies two things to my mind. First, it seems very unlikely that Schweitzer ever sold them, though he must have wished to do so.

Second, the probabilities are strongly in favor of their having been in the possession of some church or monastery, or perhaps they were kept in some collection of violins. They may have been held by Saint Dominico in Cremona. Not long ago they were sold or stolen, and you are fortunate enough to have been the first appreciative person to have seen them. John Jones evidently did not realize how old they are; you see the date is written in Roman numerals."

"That is very possible," said I, "but you are surely not going to leave me in doubt as to how the church, or whatever it was, got hold of the three Schweitzers."

"The third violin was made by Schweitzer with the two Long Strads as models. The difference is in the quality of wood used. All the while he worked on this copy, he must have been in hiding and, I think, underground, for the wood was never very well dried after being shaped."

"Perhaps he was in a tomb," I suggested.

"That is quite possible," agreed Von Bohnsen. "That may be how the church became the owner of the instruments."

"Oh, you've read Berrot's *Tapon Rouge*."

But my friend insisted that he had never heard of it.

"That being the case I am sure that you would like to close our reconstruction of this story by reading Berrot's opinion."

I crossed the room and took the book from a shelf.

"Here, I will begin in the middle of chapter seven and read to the end. The scene is in Parma in early May. He has been describing the cathedral.

"In the south transept a group of three

wardens were talking in undertones.

"“I can never believe it,” said one.

"“I swear it by all the saints,” whispered another angrily.

"“Hush; such talk in the blessed church.”

"The three walked silently out the portal.

"“Climb on this wall. Do you see the last vault on the far side? It was there, just at midnight. I was crossing here. I stood up. There was the light. I could see clearly.”

"“Bah.”

"“It is there that we buried Gonzolo, the Spaniard, who——.”

"“I will tell you, brother,” interrupted the third warden, “Let us watch to-night.”

"“What is the use of that?”

"“Yes, watch. We will all watch. You shall see, too. Then you may believe or not.” He strode off.

"“At midnight, here,” cried the other after him.

"At midnight the three were again standing on the wall at the end of the South transept. They kept close together, talking in undertones. The night was very dark. Inside the cathedral the choir was singing.

"They waited for ten minutes.

"“I told you as much before,” said the doubter for the seventh time, but he had hardly uttered the words when the three startled watchers saw a flicker, then a bright line of fire appear against the dark background of the night. It was the last tomb on the far side. The three men drew back shuddering.

"“Santamaria. What is it?”

"“Let us call the priest.”

"“Ha! No,” said one, straightening himself as he spoke. “Let us go out. It is a grave robber.” He jumped off the wall.

"“Yes, go you first.”

"“No; don’t go, you fool.”

"But the other did go, while his companions cried to him to come back. He stepped out with a joy in the danger of which he was far from unconscious. He had a contempt for these men of Emilia. He would show them that he was a Corsican and not afraid of man or devil. He made his way carefully between two rows of vaults, taking great care that whoever or whatever it was that burnt the light should not see or hear him. The last door on the right was open just a crack; a beam of yellow light shot out from behind it. He came up on tiptoe, stopping a few yards away to listen. A strange scraping noise issued from within the tomb. He stepped up quickly, thrusting his head in front of the opening. He saw a hand reach toward him.

"With a tremendous crash the iron door closed, and the bar fell into place. The brave Corsican, his mission performed, took to his heels.

"The next morning a dead man was dragged out of the vault, suffocated in the tomb he has tried to rob—at least that was the decision of the church.”

I closed the book. Von Bohnsen burst into a loud, unfeeling laugh.

"Good, my friend,” he cried. “Good. Between us we have got the whole story, the story of the three Schweitzers. Will you take five hundred for this one?”

WHAT YOUR EDUCATION IS COSTING

By Edwin Stanley Hollen

Dealing with the means by which the University is supported, this is the first of two short articles presenting in a general way a few facts concerning the finances drawn upon in the maintenance of Wisconsin. The material has been gleaned from the annual report of the business manager, Dr. H. C. Bumpus, who has, to an extent, co-operated in the preparation of these articles. The average student, it may safely be affirmed, little realizes the stupendous proportions to which the cost of education mounts.

THE SUBJECT of tuition and incidental fees and whether or not they are too high, awakened this year the usual discussions. These annual "mutterings" came, as heretofore, at just about that period in the first two weeks of school when every new assault upon the paternal bank-roll is viewed with much apprehension. The "will-the-fees-be-raised" bugbear assumes considerably more importance with each succeeding fall.

You think the non-resident fee is too high? But do you know just how much more than the thirty-five dollars the University expends upon you? A host of questions concerning university finances are raised every year and all sorts of misbeliefs result from the universal ignorance of "whence the money comes" and where the money goes. Without attempting to make any startling deductions the writer will endeavor to present some facts that may aid you in answering the question—"Am I paying too much?"

The University is supported by receipts from several sources. The state, the federal government and the students help pay the running expenses of the six colleges, but there are also lesser sources of income. Certain investments of the University yield

\$30,000 while live stock inspections, which several of the departments carry on, and the gross sales of produce bring five times as much. "Friends of the university" have made gifts somewhat less in amount.

The receipts from the people of Wisconsin are, however, the chief factor in paying the yearly bills. The state appropriates annually nearly a million and a quarter for the university. Of this, about \$200,000 is spent on permanent construction leaving over a million dollars toward the current expenses. The amounts which do not come from the state, including what you and I pay and what the federal government pays, total about \$575,000. To put it more forcefully: of every three dollars spent to educate you and me, the state contributes two.

But what do the students pay? Exactly—\$315,418.87 which equals one third of what it costs to maintain the University for a single year. The report of the business manager, presented to the Board of Regents last June, declares that 4,132 students in Madison were taught at the expense of \$1,010,000. These four thousand students do not include those in the summer and short course sessions, nor those in the Extension Division.

Other than the receipts of the University from the state and the students are those funds classed as secondary. These include interest on investments, resulting from government land grants, which amounts to \$30,000. The smaller sums presented by individuals to the university and made available for annual expenses aggregate nearly \$14,000. The federal government pays \$75,000 annually in order that Wisconsin may contribute to agricultural science and the mechanics arts.

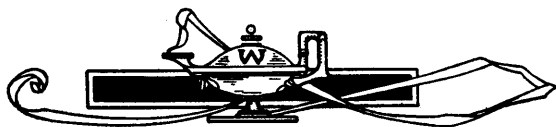
Besides these three minor sources of income, the sum of \$150,000 is realized annually through transactions of purely business nature. These include sales of products and by-products which result chiefly from experimentation and also technical inspections. These transactions are not carried on as the result of "commercial initiative" but are caused by the opportunity which the university has, to sell the things produced in experimental and educational work. For instance, large quantities of cinders and scraps are disposed of every year. The receipts from technical inspection are gained through dairy tests, nursery inspection, water analysis, and so on.

So much for the entire receipts of the University. It is often stated that Wisconsin is not an endowed institution. That is a mistaken idea, though in fact, the interest-bearing funds held in trust by the Board of Regents are not commensurate with the

university's age and importance. There are three interest-bearing funds. "The University Fund" and "The Agricultural College Fund" both result from federal land grants. Together they amount to more than \$500,000. The third of the three is the "University Trust Funds" which consists of the gifts of individuals aggregating \$125,000. Wisconsin is therefore, an endowed institution to the amount of over \$600,000.

What part of the million or more yearly is spent directly for the instruction of students here in Madison and what portion for other purposes, like the University Extension Division? The Extension Division caters to people in whom we have little interest, people throughout the world. Should that department consume money that ought to be expended directly for the benefit of resident students? Well, it does not. The Extension Division, the Forestry Products Laboratory and the various agricultural experimental stations are supported by separate appropriations from the state and the federal government. Seven hundred thousand dollars worth of this secondary work is accomplished during the year.

That other million is spent wholly and solely for the operating and instructional purposes of the university, while you are engaged in annexing "fifteen-fifths"—and of that million, we students pay only one third.



THE RED LEAVES

Life is doing; and Death the absence of doing

By Murray Ketcham, '13

Autumn, with its magnificent verdure of red and brown, and its harvest field of gold, enthuses all mankind with a love of nature, but even at its height, this love undergoes a change, just as the leaves fall and dry and the fields become barren brown under the fall plow. Nature steps down from her princely seat of autumnal splendor, and the on-coming monarchs of snow and ice and wind bring beauty, but with them bring the horrible reckoning for hundreds of God's poorer creatures. But in this tale of a conquered but conquering financial warrior, it is autumn, not winter, that goes hand in hand with the dread old man of the scythe.

THE HOUR hand of the miniature clock pointed to three, but the man in the swivel chair had not stirred. The packet of papers bearing the special delivery stamp, lay unopened upon his desk, although the paper knife was close beside them, and its thin blade was pointed with seeming significance toward the red seal, gilt-edged, but unbroken. One firm hand with little hollows of bluish-gray sunk between the knuckles, was clasped about the walnut arm of the chair with a tightness that gave the fingers the semblance of clinging to it. A loose wrinkle ran unevenly in a creased fold across the back of his rough tweed coat, and his shoulders were slouched heavily to one side as if bearing the weight of his whole body. His chin was thrust forward and buried in the hollow of his palm.

Outside, just beyond the thick door marked "J. C. Minard, Private," the rush of the day wore on in a volume of discordant sound. The adding machines crashed back and forth, sending long streams of ribbon-paper down upon the floor; the typewriters clicked and banged back over the length of their carriages with nerve breaking regularity; and a tall man with a green shade across his eyes bent, as if

in deep study, over the columns of figures inked upon the pages of a huge, brass-bound ledger. The telephones rang: the buzzers summoned loudly and harshly: and some few men and women, each allotted to a separate task, worked together like the moving of the parts of a great machine, out there. And every now and then a message just taken from the wires was hastily brought in and its answer flashed out across the country to some distant branch office of the firm.

But, the man in the swivel chair, behind the closed door, might not have been a part of the life of the day around him, for he was doing nothing at all. Instead, he sat very still, so still that though the minutes ticked on and on he did not lift his face from the hollow of his hand. The moments, crowded with the labor of his subordinates seemed suddenly to have lessened in value for him. Had their slipping away been meaningless to him, he could not have let them lengthen into periods of time with less consciousness of their loss. For a full half hour he had scarcely relaxed a muscle. A certain fevered tension seemed to have stiffened his body into its fixed position, and a stranger entering the room would have been struck, first, by the

strained, unnatural attitude of his long frame, and then by the weariness of it, depicted in its every line. Yet he would have known that the man was not physically tired or overcome with mere bodily exhaustion, for he was not resting.

The light that burned in the red leaves where the great forest crept along the horizon and across the hills seemed painted upon his cheeks and lips with a crimson stain. His eyes shone like wells of darkness, and were fixed, not upon the sealed papers in front of him, but upon the clock.

Its tiny bell chimed out harshly, One—Two—Three. He started as the hour was numbered off, slowly but exactly, and he counted the strokes noiselessly, to himself, as they fell. There was a slight buzzing sound and then the quiet that ticked on again without a pause or variation in its ceaseless measurement. He passed his hand hurriedly over his forehead. As he drew it away the dampness glistened along his fingers. He looked at it and shivered slightly. Then his eyes went back to the silver toy upon his desk. It was still doling out the seconds, the minutes, that made up the hours, and it would mark the end of days in the years that would go on—when he—

His mind refused to picture the enormity of the fact, but he knew it was there, changeless and unexplainable. It had been thrust upon him with its certainty a half an hour ago. The half hour had passed, but the portent of the unconceivable message it had brought to him was so great that the remainder of his life, measured off by the small hands of the clock, and the years that were gone, were lost in its infinite

meaning. He realized in the first shock of his understanding that all of his years were as nothing to the vast spaces which it had unlocked before his mind's eye and spread out in endless circles, without either a beginning or an end.

He turned his face toward the window, his full under lip drawn in fiercely between his teeth. He closed his square jaw with the dogged defiance that men, who had confronted him and opposed his will in this new country, had learned after a time to submit to and not to question. The scene before him stretched out like a changing panorama but he placed it fixedly in his vision, and a cold challenge looked out of his dark eyes. The autumn sunshine, clear and dazzling, flooded the yards, the steel tracks, the great piles of cedar, and crept in with unbroken splendor to a wide spot of gold upon the rug. His eyes traveled to the distant sky-line where a faint white band of light had been dropped down upon the holocaust of a million flaming oaks and maples.

Then, the glory of the hills, in their hectic beauty, swam suddenly before his searching gaze like a confusion of scattered lines and broken sun-lit waves dyed crimson.

For one brief second his eyelids dropped down and shut out the Thing that had blinded him. But, they unclosed again and he saw it once more. It was blazoned and pictured with a wealth of color and clear light, as if fresh from the hand of the Master Artist. It looked out at him from every crimsoned oak and glided maple that flaunted its transformation before the dead world. He caught his breath

hoarsely. Something clicked, sharply, in his throat; and a word with a single syllable died unspoken before it escaped his lips. It was there. Death was written in varied lights and fevered beauty and he read the meaning of its handiwork to himself, painted upon the leaves of the trees in the forest, just as he saw it. In that brief moment he felt he had known it was there always. The world was dying; and the great change that had come in a single night was from the touch of a wizard hand. All Nature knew that hand and her creature shrank away from it, fearfully, but not one of them had ever escaped it. The old earth was not broad enough to outreach it, and the sea was not deep enough to hide them from it: and sometime, at some time, the shadow of its mark fell upon them. Then it claimed them, and they were changed, while the years went on—when they—

Again, something within himself essayed to keep the truth from overwhelming him, but it tore itself from his inner being in a burst of unutterable pain. And, he finished the sentence his brain had rejected before because of his refusal to acknowledge the vastness of what it meant to him.

“—When he should know no more the meaning of the passing of time.”

Time! He stared uncomprehendingly at the littered papers, the piles of unanswered letters, and the packet of sealed documents upon his desk. They cried out for time, more time than there were hours in the day. His work was a gigantic undertaking and time was of more value to him than uncounted pieces of gold. He should know no more the passing of time? For him

time would not go on any longer? The utter folly of the thing, his complete failure to accept or to realize this sudden awful knowledge, left nothing but its great absurdity fixed in his mind. There must be time! There must be time for him, for him, for he more than any of the others out there in the room beyond, must have time to work. The great task he had begun must go on and the minutes of each day be strained to the utmost to accomplish it. The hour that he had wasted to-day must be accounted for to-morrow. Somehow it must be crowded in, and the coming moments stretched out over greater accomplishments than he had allotted to them.

He could have laughed aloud at his lack of understanding. In the middle of one of the busiest days of the year, in the very heart of the season, in the fresh, active years of his youth, he was suddenly called upon to put down his life work, to leave half-finished the things that he had begun; to stop doing—to rest. He told himself, again, that he did not believe it because he could not understand it. A ripple of quiet scorn passed over his face. Surely his quick perceptive sense must have failed him. But, dimly he knew that it had not. Something within himself whispered the truth. He knew what he would not acknowledge, that it was his lack of power to cope with the situation or to devise some way in which to escape from it. The blank, vacant spaces that had opened that up before him had numbed his faculties and left him, for the first time in his life, helpless in bewilderment.

The verdict of the high priced medical

man whom he had left a little over a half an hour ago echoed above the noise of his racing thoughts. He had gone to the man intending to ask advice, to get a written prescription, for some small phial of tonic, perhaps; something to throw off the unnatural lassitude that lately he had felt coming over him sometimes in the busiest part of the day. On a few damp days in the early fall, it had crept into his limbs and almost overpowered his will with its demand for rest, even in the first hours of the morning. The physician had given him, instead of a written order for the phial of medicine, the verdict.

The slight cold that he had taken in the spring while he was sleeping upon the ground, with several companions, in one of the cedar swamps a few miles from the city, had eaten into his frame and become a parasite that now fed upon his whole body. The man of science had told him the truth unflinchingly: and had measured off the days of his life by the length of two seasons, if he stayed at his desk during the coming winter, and worked. He had told him that he must never do anything again; that he must leave the cedar swamps and hemlock marshes where the mills were located, within a few days, before the first snow came, and spend the remainder of his life in a warm climate, where there was no frost. He could prolong the years there into indefinite periods. Here, they were measured by a single winter and summer. The old man had searched the clear cut face and the slender but powerfully built body with his keen gaze and said:

"I will give you until the oaks shed their leaves, next fall,—they are among the first,

—if you **will stay** here."

He had replied emphatically again that he could not go. He could not leave his work just at the beginning of the season. It was impossible and wholly out of the question. He did not have the time to go this year. Perhaps next year he should have the time to go.

"Time?" The other had looked quietly into the defiant, startled eyes of the younger man. "Not time to go this year? Then, next year when the leaves fall, you will not know the meaning of the passing of time." The words had burned themselves into his brain and he could not rid himself of them.

He was a strong man with all his power and subtleness of mind, and save for that unaccountable weariness that, at times, he could not throw off, possessed of a splendid vitality. The disease had not, as yet, ravaged his body outwardly. Its path was that of the canker-worm which eats at the heart of the fruit while its outside bloom grows fuller and richer. He looked the model of youth and health, for a warm color was dyed in his cheek and his dark eyes shone with striking clarity and brilliancy.

He struck his hand upon the desk with a quick blow. He closed it into a broad fist, and it lay strong and shapely in the reflection upon the dark wood. A smile hovered about the corners of his lips and he laughed softly. What a fool that old man was! What a Prince of fools he, himself, was. He had taken a man's word as a fact. He had never done so before even in matters of small significance, and now at the most vital crisis of his life he had

taken a man's mere statement, unquestioningly and at its whole worth.

A wave of bitter anger surged over him. Contempt of self and of the man who had duped him, condemned him, leaving but one avenue of escape and that impossible for him to take, choked in his throat. The suggested power of so small a thing disgusted him. He would rid himself of that weak cough. It tickled in his throat at rare intervals and to-day its burning sensation had scarcely troubled him. Its hollow sound had not escaped his lips more than half a dozen time. It should not to-morrow, he told himself, savagely, nor the next day, nor the next. He would spur his body on with the relentless force of his will, until it overcame its baffling inability and its daily recoil from the tasks it was called upon to perform. He should be adamant to its demands for rest, until it ceased to clamor for it; until it became firm and strong again under the stimulus of his success which had from the first, incited him to reach out for wealth and to make a great name for himself and for his infant son. He was not ill. He was only tired. To-day, he had began his work with all his former zest. He had never suffered any bodily pain, and he felt that he had only been almost exhausted, physically and mentally with the strain of his labors.

He unclosed his clenched fingers and picked up the paper cutter. He bent forward quickly. A quarter to four, and the papers were not even opened. They had lain upon his desk, untouched, since the messenger had brought them, and it was the tribute to his genius, that he, alone, had

secured them.

The muscles across the back of his hand moved slowly and his glance, strangely defiant, followed them. The flesh upon them was pallid and there were ridges that stood out where the veins were puffed up beneath the skin. His sharp eyes saw the sunken hollows, blue-gray and dark, between the sharpened knuckles. The heavy ring upon his third finger was loose and it slipped down to the first joint. As he jerked the knot of the twine in two, it spun around easily in a series of revolutions. The monogram upon it twisted suddenly out of sight. For some seconds he looked quietly at the spot where the carved name had been. Then he turned the gold band about stealthily. The letters blurred before his sight and he stared at them unseeingly.

The slim knife dropped between his shrunk fingers and a faint ringing sound filled the room as it struck the desk. For a long time the stillness was broken by nothing but the ceaseless ticking of the clock.

A sickening nausea swept over him, and he flung his arm across the piles of papers as if to gather them into his hands, because they were his. He buried his head in them, and the thoughts that he could not silence took advantage of his weakness and forced themselves in upon him. He acknowledged that he could not exterminate his enemy, he could not conquer it himself, but—one idea was seared upon his brain; something must be done. Something must be done at once, for the great work he had built up could not crumble to pieces for the lack of a few years in which to finish

it. The means to bring it up to permanent standing and success were held tightly in his hands. When once those sealed papers, contracts for millions of feet of cut cedar, were fulfilled, the creation of his genius would be out of the power of its rival competitors who had waited and waited for the opportunity that had not come to tear it to pieces. Physically, he could not grapple with the Thing that had come to him. Mentally, his mind reeled with its strange weariness, in sick despair. He realized also that his body would no longer obey his will. But one thing was impressed more deeply upon his mind than all the rest. He could not leave his work to be destroyed. It must live after him, if it could not live with him. He could not go just at this critical time when the fulfilling of those contracts meant not only crowning of his own accomplishment, but the future of his son. What did it matter if a million of oaks were shedding their red leaves and lighting up the hills with their holocaust all around him?

His mind went out over the coming year. The contracts called for two seasons. It was an enormous undertaking, but the work of two seasons must be done in one.

With machine-like rapidity he planned out how it could be done. A double force must be put on; the hours must be lengthened, more camps built immediately, the night must be changed into day. Yes, he knew it could be done by straining every effort to the utmost. Now, it needed the guiding of a Master hand, and he knew that hand was his own. After the groove of this first year's work had been followed and the contracts renewed for an indefinite

time, he could go away, to any part of the globe and entrust the rest to Will. He could rest, until little Jack became a man and took his place and inherited his name. Winifred and little Jack could go with him, anywhere, next year for there would be money enough for them all. Will was Winifred's brother, the man with the green shade across his eyes, and even now he was computing with careful admiration the gain of the last year over the two preceeding ones, and listing the coming quotations and prices. He was a clever young man, but he was incapable of taking the initiative in so great a task as that first year called for.

He lifted his head from his arm and a great thankfulness rushed over him. It could be done. He would work this year, but next year he would go South and rest. Heaven only knew how tired he was. But next year he should not have to work. Next year?—a cold fear stopped his thoughts. Something snapped in his overpowering bewilderment. A man who knew had looked calmly into his eyes and told him there was to be no next year, if he waited. The magnitude of his suddenly acquired knowledge was so new that in the mechanical working of his brain, as it planned out the details of the labors for the coming season, he had allowed himself to forget it. Now, he remembered. If he waited until next year—he looked with unseeing eyes out into the yards—he would not be here at his desk, nor there in the South; he would be somewhere, at a great distance, beyond the passing of time. There would never be the beginning of a year nor the end of a season. There would

never be anything but Eternity. Life without Time. The toy upon his desk and the great timepieces all over the world would go on measuring off the days and the years, but for him only endless cycles with never a tick of the clock. For him the revolving hands would have stopped, and they would never go forward again though the sun grew old in its shining. His work would be finished by another, while he would never be doing at all, for Life was doing and Death the absence of doing.

He turned his questioning gaze once more to the window. The splendor of the afternoon sun filled the earth with a new wonder. The hills shone with a myriad of changeful lights and trembling tints. How far away and how quietly they were crouched against the distant skyline. Something from beyond them, out in the places where he had never travelled called to him. The giant oaks burned like a living flame, but he looked at them without any blinding terror now scarcely wondering at their fevered beauty and their majesty. The Voice spoke to him again, and he did not fear it; for it was one that he knew. The anger and the rage that had surged through in his refusal to accept the message of the dying world to himself did not come back to him. Instead, a languor and a longing that he could not resist. A love of Nature that he had not known was a part of himself, stole over him. In that love, something of the Infinite Love, the quiet, and the rest, that fills the places where time is not, opened up the beauty of the things his mind had rejected, because they had been sealed to him.

He leaned against the sill of the window and said slowly: "Some day, next fall, when the leaves are red—I shall not work." Then he closed his eyes and rested.

The last rays of the sun lengthened across the floor and crept in among the things upon his desk. They fell upon the bright seal and lit up its gilded edges with a dull glow. It shone like a gem and flashed into his eyes as he opened them.

He crossed the room with long strides and ran his hand along the edges of the packet and picking up the knife, he slid it through the edges and broke the seal. He took out the thick documents, one by one, and read the words that were written upon them with shining eyes. Seizing the pen he wrote his name in clear, round letters across the face of every one of them, and held them up in the fading light in triumph. They were saved, the great firm, Winifred, and little Jack. And he—he did not know what the future held for him, but he was no longer defiant nor afraid. He knew now that he must stay at his desk and work.

He pulled his coat from the rack and pressed his soft hat down over his forehead. Still holding the papers in his hand, he went out through the general office with its familiar sounds and faces. As he passed by the tall young man still bending over the ledger, he paused for a brief moment.

"Will," he said, "I shall want you here early tomorrow morning. Those contracts are to be filled in one season instead of two."

The other looked up in swift surprise and unexpected pleasure. His ill-concealed

admiration of the man before him filled his path. He stepped on them in his haste and went on. One brilliant, wanton leaf flew up from in under his feet and struck his in the face. He started as it touched him and brushed it away, quickly. A capricious blast took them all in wild abandonment toward the river that was already swollen with floating logs and pieces of driftwood as it roared along at the end of the street.

his answer.
"I will not fail you, Minard. I shall be here."

Minard smiled the ghost of a smile.

"I am taking the contracts over to Mack, now, to have them recorded. He walked toward the door with no further explanation.

The gusts of wind were tearing madly down the street and their cold breath was touched with the first chill of the frosts. A handful of dead leaves whirling in the dust of the road, threw themselves across

He went on with a firm step, his bent head facing the wind, but a crimson stain caught like the imprint of a red leaf, burned in his cheek.

ADOLESCENCE

By Ruth Boyle

Dreaming broken dreams of power,
Catching fleeting gleams of God;
Fiercely stating the next hour
The gross craving of a clod;
At morn to splendid heights aspiring,
Glimpsing visions, grand, immense;
By night, the physical alone desiring,
Surrend'ring soul to savage sense.
Bowed in frenzied bursts of prayer,
Clinging to time-hallowed thot;
Swept by stormy doubts that dare
Demand the new, untried, unsought
Battle ground of Lie and Truth,
Much-sung, longed-for, terrible Youth.



THE DARKNESS AND THE DAWN

(Continued from Page 17)

was not easy. Spirit did not revive again on the moment, and when Minnesota came down on November 26, offering six to one that they would wipe the earth with the Badgers by a score of forty to nothing, support of the team ran pretty low. It was at this time that the alumni came back, and wearing the ironical badge of "Smile, Damn You, Smile" on their hats, were preparing a mass meeting of protest to the faculty, with the overwhelming defeat of the team as an appropriate setting. But when that little band of players, worked to a frenzy by the spirit of their coach, came off the field with a tie of 17 to 17 to their credit, the protesting band of students felt more the spirit of shame than fight. There in the face of every conceivable form of opposition, one man, through the force of his personality, working with a small squad of students who dared the ostracism of their friends, turned what appeared to be hopeless defeat into a victory. Those were victories and victories which were never won upon a Wisconsin field before and have never been repeated since. That team and their coach not only won from Minnesota, but they pulled the muck bespattered game of football from the feet of its opponents and made it a possible activity in the curriculum of Wisconsin athletics to-day.

The next year, 1908, the fight to secure a special coach was resumed. The question came up before the regents, and a faculty member, who was one of the old school, secured a statement from the state attorney that the rules of the board did not

allow a football coach. But through the shrewdness of "Doc" McCarthy, who obtained a signed interpretation of the rule from the state attorney, that a coach for outdoor athletics was permissible, the regents were induced to vote favorably, and Tom Barry was secured to take charge of the work.

However, dissension in the faculty was still at its height, and when Barry appeared to assume his duties, he found almost every football man ineligible. But not to be totally defeated, the new coach got what men he could, to come out, and from a squad of sixteen men whose weight did not average over 165 pounds, he built a team, which although it was downed by Chicago, came out victorious over the Gophers. It was a fairly successful year, and in spite of the strong opposition of the faculty, it marked a step forward.

The next year it was the same story, ineligible men, lack of supplies, no help for the coach, and faculty politics. However, out of this chaotic condition, Coach Barry pulled together an aggregation which, although it suffered defeat at the hands of Minnesota by a score of 34 to 0, held its time eternal foes, the Maroons, to a tie of 6 to 6, which was the closest the Badgers had come to a victory in eight years.

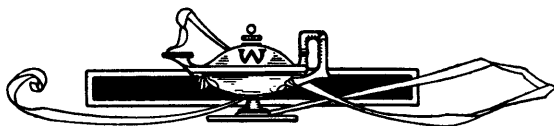
The season of 1910, brought in two changes which mark the beginning of the present football era. Mr. Ehler was secured to fill the position of director of athletics, which had been vacated by the resignation of Doctor Hutchins, and a change was made in the mode of choosing the athletic council, whereby the members became appointive by the president. This

latter move put some of the radically opposed faculty men out of the game, and made it possible to secure the necessary funds for putting the run-down facilities into shape. However, the ineligibility "jinx", which was to make its last stand, was still pressing hard, and many of the best men were kept on the side lines. This season marked the defeat of Chicago by a score of 10 to 0, which was Wisconsin's first victory over its bitterest foe in a period of nine years, and what is more remarkable, it came just after Minnesota had trodden over the Badgers in a total defeat of 28 to 0.

Thus, after one long period of struggle, of opposition and oftentimes defeat, the season of 1911 opened with the sun on the horizon, and the dawn which Doc McCarthy had worked for had at last arrived. John R. Richards was made football coach, the regents increased the budget for athletics to over \$50,000, the facilities at Camp Randall were put in shape and new apparatus was installed, and, above all, when the call was issued for candidates, thirty-seven eligible men appeared for the first practice, which was the largest number ever known to have come out in the history of this game at Wisconsin. The career of this memorable aggregation is familiar to all. Made up of some of the finest

material Wisconsin ever produced and, given every possible advantage in the way of supplies and facilities, the team held its own until the very last when it appeared on the field against the Maroons. Sapped of their strength through over training, the Badgers went down beneath the rush of Stagg's aggregation and lost the championship, which but a week before they could almost lay their hands upon.

Thus, one period of this game passed and a new era has begun. From a game of honor, and victory based on honor, it became the tool of a ring of selfish grafters, where corrupted and twisted from a game of honor to a scramble for money, it became the target of a destructive faculty. Then, tossed between two forces, whose purpose was on the one hand complete obliteration and on the other an effort to reinhibit with a purpose of true sport, its continuance became a question, until finally, through the efforts of a few men and a squad of loyal students, it was brought into a new era, a game in its best light. Where this era leads to no one knows, but it is here offering every possible advantage, and, what it will stand for when time brings on the inevitable changes, is to be determined by the character of the men who now support the game.



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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.

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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.**

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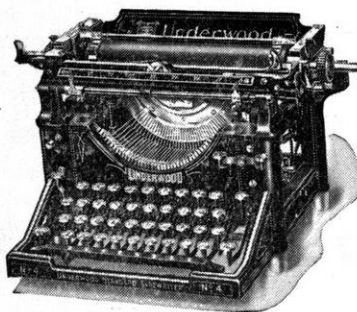


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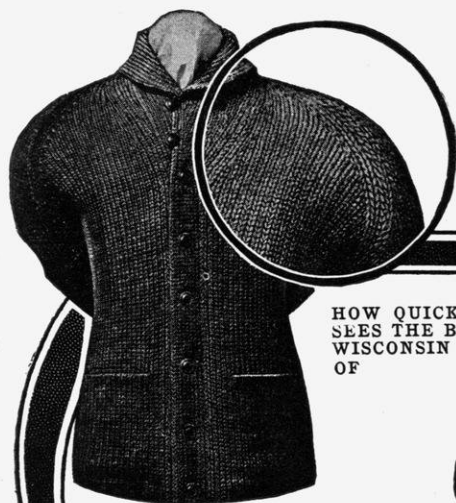
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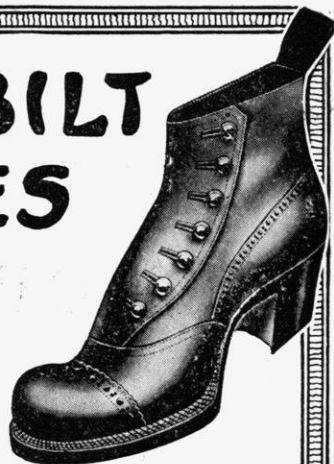
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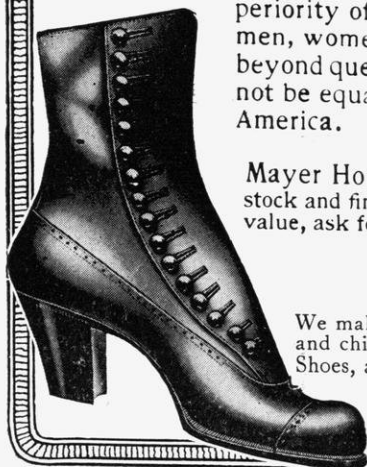


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