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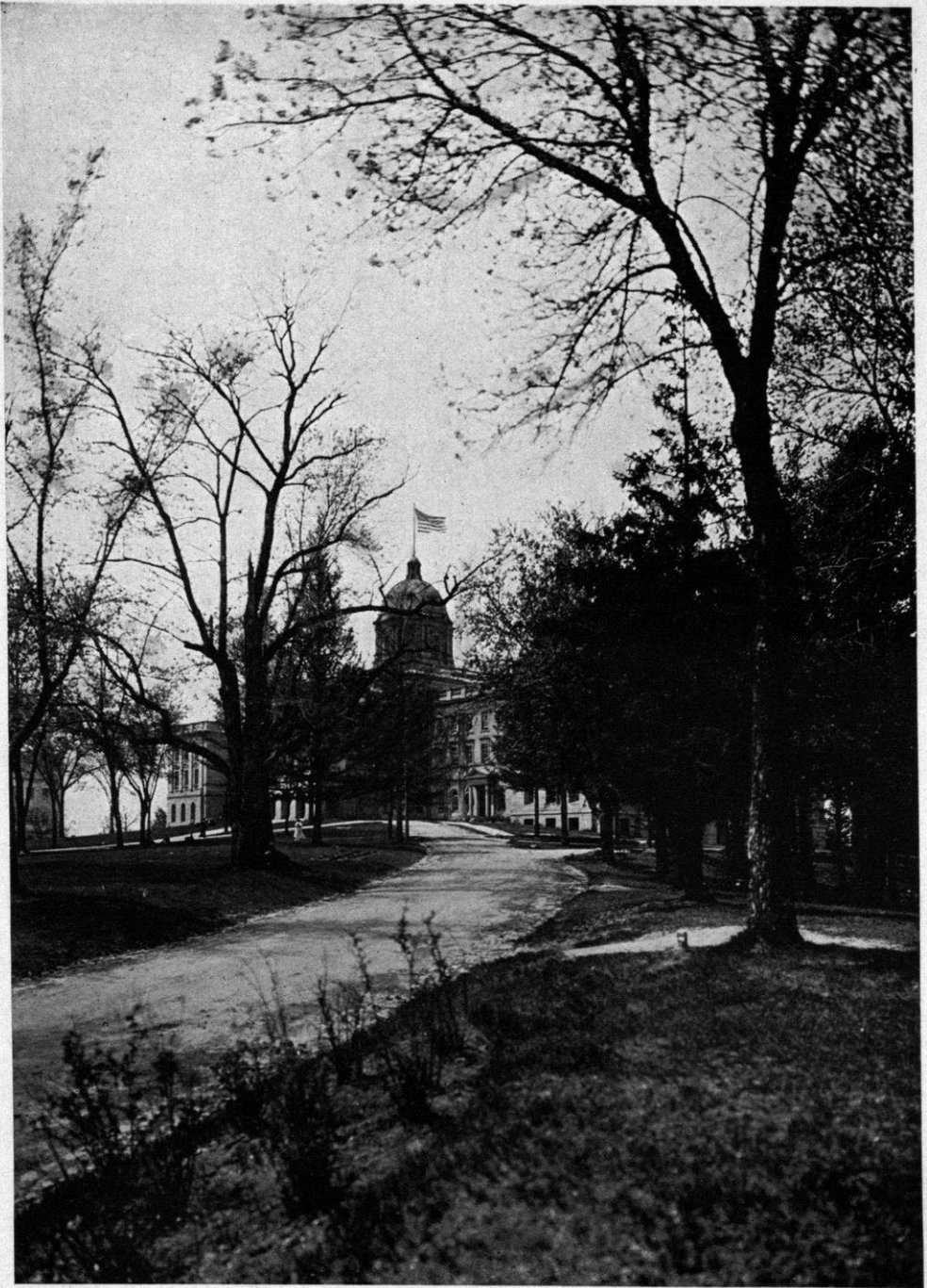
THE  
WISCONSIN  
MAGAZINE

Volume XIII

December, 1915

Number 3





**THE IDEAL CHRISTMAS GIFT**

A GOOD PICTURE WELL FRAMED

**The McKillop Art Company, 527 State St.**

# THE WISCONSIN MAGAZINE

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**EDITOR'S NOTE**—The Wisconsin Magazine invites literary contributions, whether special articles interesting to Wisconsin students, stories of quality, poems, comment or discussion on university life and affairs. The editor reserves the right to decline any manuscript which is not considered suitable. All communications should be addressed to the editorial office. The price of the magazine is one dollar for the school year payable in advance or fifteen cents for the single copy.

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## I am the Christmas Spirit

*I visualize in bright green and vivid red the color and radiance of love and good cheer.*

*I fill the air with a sense of friendliness and peace, and the light reflects from my smooth leaves with peculiar sheen.*

*I decorate arch and mantel and add color and design to the light of candelabra and the leaping flame of logs.*

*I hang in windows, signifying that the Christmas spirit has entered there.*

*I gleam on the muffs of bright-eyed girls whose lips rival my berries, and against the flat white of the snow I checker Christmas with my brilliant beauty.*

*I wreath the old Santa, and in my twisted twigs are entwined the memories of Christmas seasons end on end.*

*The red of my fruit is hot like life; the green of my leaves is restful like death.*

*In me Life and Death join hands.*

*I symbolize the eternal varieties.*

*Also I am joy and peace and good cheer incarnate. The whole of Christmas is bound in my spell.*

*I am the Holly!*

—By Fred M. Hall.



*The*  
**WISCONSIN  
 MAGAZINE**

*"Ipsa scientia potestas est"*

**VOL. XIII**

**DECEMBER, 1915**

**NUMBER 3**

## QUIGLEY'S MAN

A Football Story

**M**ORE than Branyon's captain, Quigley was the idol of Purple rooters. Never a game but which added to his glory and the prestige of his team. Newspapers repeatedly used pictures showing him in action poses. Coaches of rival colleges prayed for men of Quigley's caliber. If their charges were to do battle with Branyon, they devoted weeks to the teaching of tactics calculated to check his brilliant dashes. And so it came that Branyon entered the pet game of the year a favorite over her old rival. The Purple players, filled with the confidence of conquerors, followed Quigley without doubting their success.

It was not astounding therefore,

when, early in the second quarter, Branyon pushed the ball over Cromwell's goal. The kick went wrong and the score stood 6 to 0 in favor of Quigley's team. In the joy of the moment the more sanguine Purple followers lavished predictions as to the final score of their champions. But the real struggle had just begun, for the Cromwell eleven, smarting under the sting and thoroughly aroused now to the necessity of fighting, proceeded to drive the enemy back after the kick-off, rushing the ball three times to Branyon's ten yard line, only to be denied by magnificent defense at the last moments of their successive advances.

Men were injured. Once the Cromwell right half, Gould, dazed by a hard

fall, lay on the field for two minutes. During the brief respite Quigley—who played the left tackle position—extended his hand to the man who played against him and said: “Hector, I don’t know if you remember me, but we played against each other five or six years ago in an academy game.”

“Surely, I remember,” replied Hector, who was impressed by the modesty and frankness of the other man. “The game was a tie.”

For a little while the two men chatted, each taking measure of the other.

Such is the renown of great football heroes that upon the field of battle their every action is closely observed. If a celebrity affects a mannerism, every schoolboy player immediately acquires the same habit. And it is not to be expected that the incident of Quigley’s cordial exchange of courtesies with his rival went unnoticed. Correspondents wrote of his gallantry for the Sunday morning papers.

Toward the close of the second quarter, Branyon resumed her attack on Cromwell’s line, for Cromwell had failed to reach the goal. Three times in succession, as fast as the team could prepare, Branyon’s heavy backfield charged on Quigley’s side of the line. But her punter was finally forced to kick.

Followed a counter attack by Cromwell, another determined stand by Branyon when her goal posts loomed close behind. Regaining the ball Branyon sent one play, two plays, three plays, all at Cromwell’s right tackle. Still there was no weakness and the Purple punted again. The call of time for the first half saw Cromwell attempting forward passes in mid-field.

Coach Putman, a man of inspiring personality, drew Hector aside when the team reached quarters for the interval of rest. Throwing an arm over the right tackle’s shoulders he said, slowly, “‘Nig’, this game depends upon you.” His voice softened. “I couldn’t ask any man to do more than you have done, but from now on Quigley is going to hammer away at you. If they can use you up they will hold us back. He mauled you three or four times during the last five minutes. By the way, Nig, did you ever play against ‘Quig’ before this game ”

“Yes,” answered Hector, “in an academy game.”

“Were you injured that time?”

“Yes, I finished the game with two fractured ribs.”

“Did Quigley know about that?”

“It came out in the accounts of the game.”

Putman frowned; then, quite naturally, he swore to himself.

After a moment’s thought he turned to his right tackle and said: Hector, I know the stuff you’re made of. I want you to rest during the third quarter, and then I’ll send you in to finish the game. Keep your head, no matter what happens.” He slapped Hector gently on the back. The player, burning with a strange fever of gratification over his tutor’s confidence, and a determination to face the final assault like a man, submitted to a rubber who massaged a bruised thigh muscle.

It was early in the second half, following an exchange of punts, when Branyon took up another stubborn fight toward Cromwell’s territory, Quigley himself calling the signals. The Purple attack followed Quigley

over Cromwell's substitute right tackle for three yards. The same play, repeated, gave another three yards. A third time Quigley methodically threw his fighting army at Cromwell's right tackle. With first down gained, Quigley disguised his signals, surprising Cromwell with another play at the same point. The audacious captain bombarded the Cromwell right with telling effect; his steady gains caused a tumult of cheering in the south stands. Ever so bitterly, but regularly, Cromwell gave ground.

On the field, with the cold turf underfoot, with white lines reaching far in front and far behind, the players were unmindful of the commotion in the stands; they saw only each other, heard only the captain's commands, thought only of overcoming or defending the precious white lines which barred the way to either goal. Captain Perry went from man to man in the Cromwell line, patting the bent backs, giving words of encouragement to his men. And always his clear call fired his men so that with the snap of the ball there came the quick crash. But as brilliantly as the Purple attacked, just as stubbornly did the Crimson resist.

Yet there came a turn in the tide, for when Branyon attempted a forward pass over Cromwell's goal line, Captain Perry caught the ball and ran it out to the twenty yard line. Thus the game shifted from an advantage for one side to an advantage for the other. Just before the close of the third quarter, however, Quigley succeeded in placing a drop kick between Cromwell's goal. Then the score stood Branyon 9, Cromwell 0.

On the second play after the kick-off the substitute right tackle was badly in-

jured, and was ordered from the field by Putman. Hector was sent out to his old place in the line.

In the last quarter Cromwell came back at the enemy with all the desperation of eleven maddened fighters. Slashing across Branyon's line, circling the ends, tearing great gaps through center, bowling over the opposition like so many trees before a tidal wave, the Crimson players fought their way toward the Purple goal-posts. The Purple hosts stood up, crying wildly to their champions to stem the sweeping assault. But the Cromwell rush in six minutes went over the goal line and Captain Perry kicked goal, making the score 9 to 7 in favor of Branyon.

When the teams squared away for the final struggle the spectators were in a delirium of excitement. The players, grim, silent, had eyes only for the ball and for each other, had ears only for commands and signals.

Resorting to its recent maneuvers, Cromwell encountered stiffer opposition. In mid-field Branyon held like a wall of adamant.

Once more on the offensive, Captain Quigley resumed his vicious attack on the Cromwell right. He showed no mercy, smashing his forces relentlessly against the Cromwell line, most often at Hector. His quarterback made an occasional short forward pass, but whenever a short gain was necessary on the last down he pounded at Hector, and whenever the opportunity permitted, Quigley planted an unseen blow on Hector's ribs until the Cromwell right tackle could no longer conceal the torture. Twice time was taken out for him; his face showed suppressed suffer-



ing; his breathing was not free; his resistance diminished in force, little by little. Only the confidence of the coach who inspired his men served to keep Hector in the fight.

Cromwell's right halfback, Gould, was taken from the game. A few minutes later, Captain Perry, the quarterback, was forced to withdraw. Branyon's astute coach immediately made two substitutions to secure fresh men against Cromwell. Quigley's brilliant attack, as often as it varied to Cromwell's ends, or to a forward pass, came back at Hector. Before long Cromwell's center was also replaced by a new man. The substitute brought word to Hector that Putman wanted him to take command of the team.

With an excellent chance to try another kick for goal from Cromwell's thirty yard line, Quigley disdained anything less than another touchdown. In due time Branyon reached the twenty yard line. But there Cromwell held for three downs. A forward pass took the ball to the five yard mark. Then, with their backs close to their goal, Cromwell's weary defenders held the assault in check. The tired linesmen, playing from instinct chiefly, threw Branyon backward each time. On the fourth play Quigley attempted the belated kick.

The crucial moment of a struggle is not always the moment of a dazzling effort. It was not a spectacular play when Hector, breaking through the line, flung himself in front of Quigley, blocked the kick and fell to earth with the ball in his arms.

Limping, grimy with dirt and gore, ragged from hard usage, Hector turned to his comrades and said, "Dig in fellows,"—his voice strangely vibrant, in-

spiring to his mates—"Let's dig in once more, for Cromwell." And in the absence of Captain Perry he called the signals. Indistinctly as if from the back of his head, came the words of his coach—"Keep your head, no matter what happens."

The substitute quarter gained twenty yards on the first play which Hector ordered him to make. Immediately Hector called for the same play around the other end. A forward pass then gave fifteen yards, and a fake end run was good for another twenty. The next play, aimed audaciously at the enraged Quigley, was futile. In four more desperate attacks the ball was carried to Branyon's twenty-yard line, and there remained a brief minute of play.

The even gray dome overhead seemed near to the earth, the afternoon light was giving way to the mellowness of an autumn twilight; in the west was a faint coloring of gold. The two teams on the darkening gridiron between opposite stands faced each other wearily, one filled with a determination to defend its goal at any cost, the other intent only on finishing the onward march with such glory as unquenchable spirit might earn. Thirty thousand people watched the dying struggle in silence, deeply moved by what they saw.

Again it was the limping lineman, Hector, who instilled his comrades with the courage of great deeds—Hector, who received his inspiration from the warm-hearted man who coached the team. Once more he stepped back of his line and the backfield players, obeying instinctively this new spirit of leadership, took their places to defend the kicker. It was a new role for him to play.

The tall brown form of Hector, head-

gear cast aside, eyes fast upon the ball, arms extended toward the center, stood for a moment clear and distinct against the fading western light. The coaches wondered at his move. It was too late to care.

His hands moved. The ball came back to them. With a last mustering of strength into his supreme effort, Quigley's man kicked a goal from the field.

## FORENSICS BEFORE THE CIVIL WAR

By S. D. Stephens.



OLDER than any other student activity in the University of Wisconsin is forensics. While the institution which later became the University was teaching only preparatory subjects to a group of young men in a little two-story brick building located where the Madison High school now stands, the students had their University exhibitions, designed to exhibit the quality of work done, and the intellectual progress made by those who were attending the new educational institution. These exhibitions were held in the little church which still stands on Webster street, south of Washington avenue. "It was chosen", says George Stoner, "because it was the largest meeting place which Madison possessed."

In the fall of 1850 there began an agitation for a literary society, and on October 24, a number of students met with Professor Sterling and discussed the advisability of organizing. Committees were appointed and on November 4, the organization was completed. Chancellor Lathrop was appealed to for a name, and he christened the new organization the Athenaeum society. It held its meetings in the building on Wisconsin avenue until the University

moved to North Hall in February of 1851, when the Athenaeum society was given a place in Professor Conover's recitation room. All went well until the spring of 1852, when dissension arose. The older members of Athenaeum were conservative; those more recently received had decidedly radical tendencies, and after a series of unpleasant sessions some of the members withdrew. Those who remained, the conservatives, seemed to feel it a beneficial riddance. Though they numbered only ten or twelve, we find them boasting of the society that—"It shall yet become the monarch of the forest, beneath whose shade many a student shall delight to bow before the shrine of mental improvement." The new organization also had great difficulties, and seems to have been re-organized many times. We find it as the Oratorical Society, the Society of the Friendly Brothers, and then as the Polymnian Society. The last name had to be abandoned because the Athenaeum twisted its etymology and claimed it was derived from *polys*, many, and *lymos*, mud, so that it was known as the society of Many Mud Heads. Finally sometime in November or December of 1854 the name Hesperian was chosen and the Hesperian society, it has remained to

this day. The Athenaeon and Hesperian societies are the old rivals and, similar in traditions and similar in aims; they have both profited by their rivalry.

Exhibitions of various sorts were fairly frequent in the first decade of University history. The name exhibition was applied to all forensic affairs and, in fact, to many non-academic things, for we find exhibitions of boshes, exhibitions of dress goods, and exhibitions of snakes. The University exhibition of those days was a sort of intellectual dress parade, at which the members of the two societies displayed their best talent. Prizes were unknown, and no winner was ever chosen. Joint exhibitions were planned as soon as the new society was begun, though the first, in June, 1853, was held by Athenae alone, for the Society of the Friendly Brothers, after some disagreement, sent a childish impertinent resolution that "we, as members of the secret order of the Friendly Brothers, as members of the said order and as individual persons, refuse either directly or indirectly to have anything to do with declaiming in the contemplated exhibition in the middle of the trem." Athenae made secret arrangements and the surprise of the new society upon the successful outcome of the exhibition was one of the much talked of things in the early history of forensics.

The only institution which preserves the original name is the junior exhibition. It was begun in 1855, and has had an almost continuous existence until the present time. When only two societies took part they alternated in the choice of a chairman, and each was represented by two or three speakers. There was usually music, both vocal

and instrumental, for these functions, and sometimes a whole band was secured. The meetings were held in the City Hall or the Assembly Chamber, and always attracted great crowds of townsmen, as did everything of an intellectual nature in those days. Publicity, also, was not wanting, and two or three columns in *The State Journal* was by no means an extravagantly large article for one of these affairs.

In the joint exhibition of 1857 it was proposed to hold a debate between the two societies. Plans were made but apparently never carried out. In 1858, however, according to the Athenaeon records, a committee was appointed by the Athenaeon society to try to make plans for a joint-debate with the Hesperian society. A week later it reported that the chapel had been secured and that the Athenaeon society was to choose five men to debate with the Hesperians on the question "Should a legal rate of interest be fixed by law?" The five men were chosen at once and both societies repaired to the chapel, located in the same building, where "the debate was prosecuted with great earnestness by both sides" and then the societies returned to their own rooms and,—again to quote the Athenaeon record—"the bills of exercise for the next meeting were read and the society adjourned." No decision was given; probably it was never thought of, for the idea of winning was not necessary in those days to spur the students on. The first joint-debate was an exceedingly calm affair. It was evidently impromptu. From this humble position it has risen to a place at the very summit of University forensics, and has become the envy of colleges all over the country. Another debate was planned

a few months later, but failed to materialize on account of the resignation of some of the members of the Hesperian team. From that time on the joint debate project lay dormant until after the war, when there was a great increase in all student activities, intellectual and otherwise. But those are outside the bounds of this article.

In those days another duty the literary societies took upon themselves was the supplying of a speaker at commencement time. We find them arranging each year to secure "a lecturer or a poet" to address the students and townspeople. The address to the literary societies was always one of the important events of the commencement. This custom was continued for many years, but died out as the Alumni banquets and addresses grew in importance with the growth of the Alumni association.

Before libraries became as plentiful as they are today, each college literary society had a collection of books. The Athenaeum founded her library in 1851, soon after she moved into North hall, and in a short time we find the members applying to the faculty for an extra room to be used as a library. The Hesperians also began a library soon after their society was organized. Each member was required to contribute a book or books to the amount of one dollar or more each college term, or three times a year. Books could be drawn out only by the society members at first, but later arrangements were made for the members of either society to use both libraries. The librarians, the members of the societies, were on duty at a certain hour once a week, usually before or after the society meetings, so that books could be borrowed only at

that time. Evidently, however, the books could be read in the room at other times. The libraries were kept up until 1879 when, on account of the University library they were not so much needed. The societies appointed auctioneers and the books were sold to the members.

Any attempt to characterize the students of ante-bellum days would require much more space than can be given here. The saying that they were much more serious than the student of today is trite and very misunderstood. They played student pranks much as the modern student does. They made a raid on the shop of a State street blacksmith who refused to take his wagons from the path leading from the city to the college, and the wagons found a resting place in the lake. They put large snowballs on top of the North hall—then the North dormitory door in preparation for the homecoming of the fusser who happened to be visiting his fair one down town, though it is recorded that once Professor Sterling instead of the student received the avalanche. They struck in a body when a popular student was expelled for refusing to give information on his fellows. They did these things and probably hundreds more which have been forgotten, so it seems that in these matters they were little different from the student of today, except that they may have had less fertile imaginations for concocting new schemes. The great difference is to be found in their different ideals of an education. We find no carefully prepared charts of those days, showing how much more a college graduate could earn than another person. The village was, to most of them, not primarily a place where they could in-

crease their earning power. The student of that day thought in ethical and moral terms, not in financial ones. Their orations and debates were attempts to decide questions of right and wrong in conduct, either by a discussion of abstract propositions or of the acts of historical characters. The historical question in debate was very popular. The students seemed to be trying to insure their stability by rooting their actions in the past. Religious questions were discussed freely, and likewise questions of moral conduct. The most concise way of summing up their attitude is to say that they sought, in history and philosophy, a guide for their lives.

It was this sort of training which produced such men as William F. Vilas of the Hesperian, or Bishop Samuel Fallows of the Athenaeum society,

the two graduates of the period before the war who have become most prominent. Of those of less prominence much could be said. Some achieved fame in various vocations in this and other lands, some became wealthy, some lived obscurely and have left no history. We who are in the great University of Wisconsin now may sometimes be inclined to depreciate the little institution of those days. It was small, its equipment was meagre, and its teachers were few. It might not be amiss, however, to judge it by its results, by the many leaders produced from its few score of men. Can the present institution do as well, proportionately, with its thousands?

Editor's Note: Mr. Stephen's next paper will deal with forensics—and Wisconsin history—during the Civil War period.

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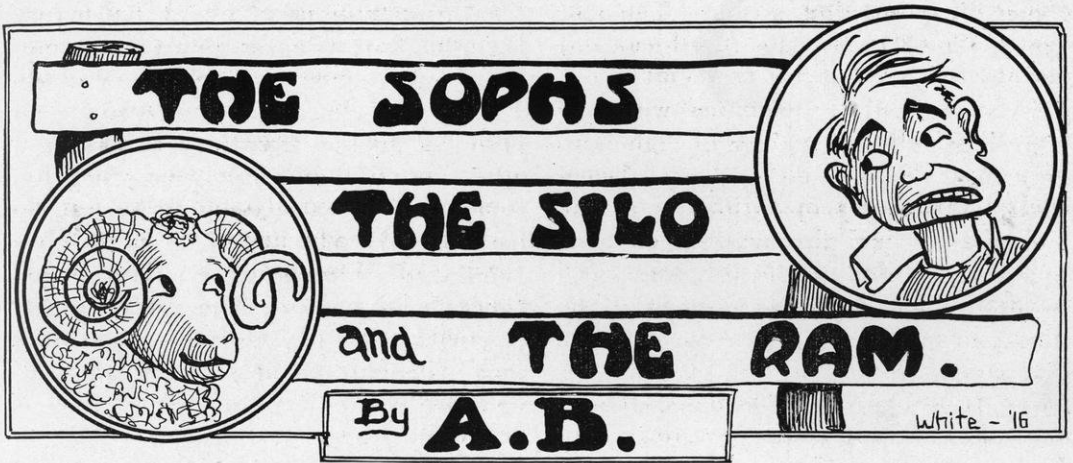
### REMEMBERING

The fire glows like some red heart,  
 The shadows sift like wind-blown  
 sands,  
 They beckon me along the walls  
 With soft, caressing, touchless hands.

O shy, gray shadows of the past,  
 Why do you slip like mist away,  
 When I stretch out my hungry arms  
 To hold you,—dreams of yesterday?

The fire grows gray as some cold heart,  
 The shadows fall like falling sands—  
 They all are gone—but I can feel  
 A child's soft kiss within my hand.

—George Anundsen.



**T**HEY caught me in the presence of thoughtless, laughing co-eds the morning of the Rush, while I was trying to reach my room after attending a class. Then they gave me a ride in a crowded auto truck with many other freshmen.

"Welcome to our city," was the greeting I received when the sophomores unloaded me with the other freshmen at the silo which they had rented in the country for detention purposes.

Presently the silo was so crowded that another "frosh" could not have been wedged in with a sledge hammer.

As time went on, and our yells for help brought no answer, not even an echo from the cheerless walls of concrete, we realized sensations of hunger, of cold, of anger, of resentment, and of intense longing to get back to town in time to participate in that Rush, where we might at least meet our captors face to face.

No one could figure out a means of escape until a big fellow, slapping me on the shoulder, exclaimed: "Say, here's a chap that can probably crawl

through that window." Looking up I saw a little round shaped window about fifteen feet above the ground.

"Sure, let's try it," was the willing response, for the confinement was making them desperate. One fellow asked everyone to stand back—though there was no room to stand back in—so that he could throw his pocket knife through the window—if only he had a string to tie to it. Whereupon another man with an idea offered his trousers to be unravelled for a string, although even now I cannot imagine how anyone could have expected me to pull myself up to the window on a string. So many queer ideas were suggested, however, that at one time I feared lest they should want to throw me through the window bodily.

At last a sturdy engineer, who has since become a great friend of mine, asked another big man, an agric, to stand beside him, and then the tallest, lightest fellow was finally selected to stand on their shoulders. When this was done another fellow hoisted me up and I carefully scrambled to the top of this human pyramid, while I grasped

the narrow concrete window ledge at the top and broke the dirty window pane with my elbow.

"The ground is only a few feet below me," I shouted down to my companions in great glee. But my joy soon disappeared, for there in the barnyard, looking up at me in surprise, was a flock of sheep. Now I am from Chicago and never saw sheep before, except fleeting glances through train windows. I had also read pastoral poetry written about 300 B. C., concerning shepherds who sat on mountain tops discussing learned topics while their snow-white flocks fed peacefully below. So I had acquired the idea that the sheep is a very gentle, docile, and thoroughly domesticated animal. But now it occurred to me that those ancient shepherds viewed their flocks from an advantageous position so far as their own safety was concerned, and, moreover, they carried stout staffs. Consequently I hesitated before I let my companions know that I could squeeze through the small window.

"How about sheep?" I called back again. "Will they attack one?"

"No they won't hurt you. Gentle as kittens. Won't even look at you," replied a fellow whom I afterwards found to be a farmer boy from the northern part of the state.

In the exigency of the situation I took him at his word, squirmed through the window; and with a twist to right myself on the other side, I fell rather than jumped to the yard below. Before I could rise to my feet, there came the largest, wooliest, and most redoubtable member of that flock, charging with lowered head, straight at me. I scrambled to my feet and ran as fast as I could to the nearest protection—a

fragile enough rack, about three feet high, made evidently to contain hay. On the farther side of this small affair I turned to survey my antagonist who had just missed boosting me over the rack. He was certainly worse than the Sophs, for they did have hearts after all, no matter if they did throw one into the lake, tie one up, and haul one through the country over rough roads; they did not show glaring angry eyes, or tousled heads, or stamp their feet, or wear wicked looking horns.

I wished heartily that I was back in the silo. I despised myself for being the smallest one of the prisoners, and I wished that that reassuring fellow who said sheep would not molest one were in my place and I inside the protecting walls of the silo. I was afraid to shout, for fear of starting a destructive move on the part of my new adversary. A shout might infuriate him to the point of demolishing my frail protection, and to butting the life out of me. Therefore I settled down flat on the bottom of the rack and tried to cover myself with the few handfuls of clover hay left in the rack, while the big ram planted himself in a commanding position to watch for my first move from cover, stamping his foot at intervals.

Though I heard the shouts of my forsaken comrades, I remained discreetly quiet. I knew what they wanted—they wanted me to help them out, but unfortunately, I was not in a position to help anyone just then. I was completely absorbed in watching that he-sheep with the spiral curved horns, and wondering if his hornless companions, who crowded around him, were likewise disposed to militancy.

Finally a startling shout from the silo window caused me to take my eyes

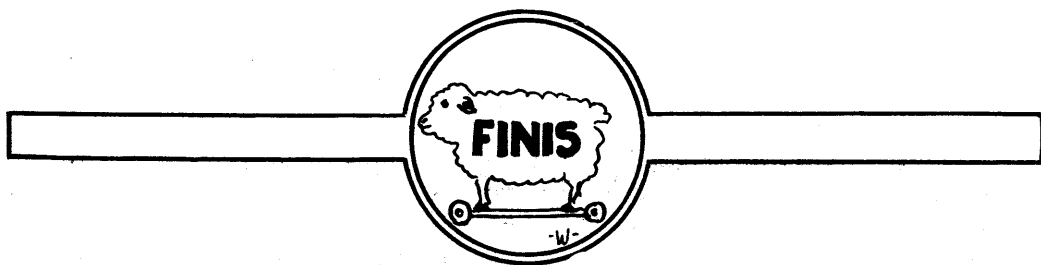
from my menacing foe, and there I saw another fellow, too big to get through the window opening.

"Say," he called to me, as he espied me crouching in the hay-rack, "have the sheep started to eat you up O say, fellows," he called to his fellow prisoners, "you ought to see this!" And he began to laugh and shake so with merriment that he must have shaken loose from his support, for he was gone presently like a shot and I heard scrambling and then loud laughter within the silo. Presently his face appeared again in the window, and this time, carefully, he proceeded to pull one green cap after another out of his pockets and lay them on the narrow sill.

"Now," he called to me, "I'm going to attract the attention of that old ram. The others won't hurt you, and when he's looking at me you beat it for the nearest fence. Even during our conversation the old ram's attention seemed to be divided between me and the window, and as soon as the fellow up there began throwing the green caps the ram forgot all about me in his sur-

prise. I guess he thought that the greenest, freshest ensilage he ever saw was being dropped down to him from the silo. I got up stealthily, crawled over the edge of the rack, and made for the nearest fence like a streak of lightning—I thought. And to my surprise the members of the flock scattered pell-mell before my rush and I was safe over the fence before the ram knew where his victim had fled. I fairly flew around to the barn door, for fear that if the horned one ever did take a notion to start he would come snorting through that board fence without pausing, and with all the rest of his cohorts pounding along behind him. But nothing of the sort happened, and once inside the barn I unclanked the chain and let my comrades out of the silo-prison.

They were so glad to be free once more that they did not criticize my caution in dealing with the ram, but slapped me on the back, and congratulated me and each other on again attaining freedom. But now they call me "Schafskopf."





## THE START OF A STADIUM.

By C. J.

A new university stadium for athletic contests is to be begun at once in the hope of having it ready for use next fall. The contracts for excavating and grading are the only ones which have been let thus far, but university officials have expressed themselves as doubtful whether even this preliminary work can be completed during the winter. The other contracts probably will not be let until spring. The dedication of the new stadium, which was originally planned for the morning of the Minnesota football game has been indefinitely postponed, and it is probable that there will be no ceremony until the formal opening of the field next year.

This new athletic field will be located in the southwest part of Camp Randall, along Breeze Terrace, and will probably comprise about ten acres. The old Camp Randall field will be maintained for practice games and scrimmages, although the permanent stands will doubtless be removed.

The \$20,000 appropriation which the last legislature granted will be sufficient only to prepare the ground and to

build a concrete stand capable of seating 5,000 persons. The field itself will contain a football gridiron and a quarter mile cinder track. The concrete stand will extend along one side of the field, and the architect's plan permits of a similar stand being built on the other side of the field. Thus, in time, the permanent stands will be able to seat 10,000 persons. But it is practically certain that next fall there will be permanent seating arrangements for only 5,000 persons, and with two big games here instead of one, as was the case this year, the temporary bleacher problem will be just twice as serious. Even if a second concrete section capable of holding 5,000 persons should be built in time, making the total seating capacity of the permanent stands, yet the temporary bleachers would have to be used for the big games at least.

The collapse of the temporary bleachers during the game with Minnesota will probably not lead to any increase in the seating capacity of the new concrete stands, for next year at least, as the legislature will not convene until a year from this winter. The accident simply emphasize the fact once more that concrete stands alone are reliable.



## NEW WAYS FOR WISCONSIN MEN TO MAKE GOOD\*

### Charles Coolidge Parlin, '93 Hill Man, Explains Commercial Research Work In Which He Is A Pioneer

**T**HE Division of Commercial Research was established by The Curtis Publishing company in June, 1911, at the suggestion of S. R. Latshaw, who was, by the way, the promoter and first business manager of The Wisconsin Magazine.

The field offers unbounded and interesting opportunities; for what can be more interesting than studying the human motives that control buying and dominate the whole economic fabric?

Apparently the way into this field, for which there is no training school, is for a young man with a thorough college training to select a company which he wishes to enter and to study its merchandising problems until he has a sufficient grasp of merchandising in general, and of this company's problems in particular, to convince the company of the value of research work and of his capacity to do it. To do this requires initiative; but in its present stage successful commercial research work requires initiative and one of the first steps toward securing a good position in the work is to give a practical demonstration of initiative in commercial investigation.

At first I did all the research work for the department with which I am connected, with the aid of a single

\*EDITOR'S NOTE—It is planned to give to Wisconsin Magazine readers a series of short articles by prominent and successful Wisconsin men, each article taking up a different phase of work in which there are great opportunities for the university-trained worker.

stenographer to care for material sent to the office. In February, 1913, Mr. H. S. Youker, University of Wisconsin, 1894, was added to assist with the field work, and it is now planned to add another man to the field force. The office force now comprises a permanent force of about twelve people, among whom are graduates from University of Michigan, University of Wisconsin, Northwestern University, Vassar, Wellesley, and University of Pennsylvania.

The office force assists with the preparation of the material, and issues typewritten volumes illustrated with hand drawn charts. These volumes are permanently bound for use in the advertising offices of The Curtis Publishing Company. To date there have been issued fourteen volumes of reports as follows:

<i>Agricultural Implements</i> . . . .	1
<i>Department Store Lines</i> . . . .	4
<i>Automobiles</i> . . . . .	4
<i>Foods and Household Supplies</i> . . . .	4
(A fifth in preparation)	
<i>Encyclopaedia of Cities</i> . . . . .	1
(Giving estimate of volume of department store business in all cities, except suburban, or more than 5,000 population.)	

Nine copies were made of each of these volumes and copies may be seen in any of the company's advertising offices, which are located in Philadelphia, New York, Chicago, Boston, and San Francisco.

In addition to the principal work as outlined, the Commercial Research Division furnishes some supplementary services, e. g., the Inquiry Section (in charge of Miss Mary Nicolls, University of Wisconsin, 1913), answers inquiries sent by any of the advertising branch managers on any merchandising subject, obtaining material from our information files, government reports, and other printed sources. Another supplementary service is performed by the Trade Bulletin Section which corresponds with the secretaries of about fifty national and state trade associations reads about twenty-five trade journals and issues information bulletins to the branch offices.

The field work has two phases: first, gathering material by personal interviews with manufacturers, wholesalers, and retailers in every part of the country; second, going to manufacturers and advertising agencies with conclusions that may be serviceable to them. In the first phase of the work I have personally traveled more than 125,000 miles, visited every state, studied jobbing and retail conditions in all the 100 largest cities, and interviewed more than 2,000 manufacturers, jobbers and retailers, and in the second phase of the work have had about 200 conferences with manufacturers and advertising agencies to discuss problems of interest to them.

To give a concrete example of the scope of an investigation, the food investigation to date has held 1,172 interviews as follows:

Manufacturers .....	386
Wholesalers .....	239
Chain Stores .....	56

Other Retailers .....	266
Other Persons .....	225
Total .....	1172

The field work has been completed on the general subject of foods, and inquiries are now being made on special lines. Up to this time on this investigation more than 53,000 miles have been covered and 151 cities have been visited.

It seems likely that other companies will carry on research along commercial lines. Investigators have recently been employed by a few manufacturers, and probably before many years commercial research departments, to study merchandising conditions surrounding a manufacturer's product, will have a permanent place in large business concerns, just as now the scientific laboratory to improve the product, or the efficiency department to study costs, are deemed essential.

Metropolitan banks, insurance companies, and other concerns loaning large sums can advantageously maintain research departments to study the tendencies in their industries in which they are making loans and investments.

They now loan chiefly on assets and on the character and ability of the borrower. These are, of course, important, but if the industry in which loans are made is tending in the wrong direction, assets may be quickly dissipated in spite of the honest efforts of the borrower. Banks are accustomed to spend large sums for expert legal advice. Why not spend money for merchandising counsels.

The chief obstacle to rapid extension of commercial research work is the

lack of experienced men. In the present pioneering stage where the seas are uncharted, and methods are experimental, everything depends on the initiative of the investigator, and in the

absence of men who have records of successful performance, manufacturers hesitate to incur the expense and the annoyance of an unsatisfactory experiment.

## WHY I CAME TO WISCONSIN

By Joseph R. Farrington\*



BEFORE I left Honolulu last July for Wisconsin, I had never seen a university, and naturally my first step toward the realization of my ambitions for a college career was a great event for me. All my impressions of a university, and particularly of a great American institution of learning, had been drawn from miscellaneous stories of homecoming students, and they were so vague as to present little more than a hazy vision of the future.

Honolulu is full of college men, and every year about ten students go away to universities in all parts of the United States. But in relating their experience they are inclined to slight the practical side of college life and to emphasize the picturesque, which is perhaps the most interesting, and I did not permit an occasional warning about hard work in college to spoil my grand dream of college life.

I had come to Hawaii when about eight months old, and thus I knew no other country. Hawaii was a paradise to me and I was satisfied,—before I had heard of college. Even in the early years of my high school course I had thought little of going away, but later on in the four years of high school, the returning college students and reminders of college entrance requirements forced me to do some thinking.

When the time arrived for me to hope and plan for seeing the American continent, everything before me promised something new. I then knew no climate besides that of the islands. I had never seen snow. Fire-places and steam heaters were practically curiosities, to me. The thought of leaving the most cosmopolitan place in the world to go to a land where nearly all the people are white-skinned, appealed to me in the light of a great novelty. Honolulu gave me no idea of what a "real" city was like, and I looked forward eagerly to seeing the much talked of American big-city, where policemen had to hold up the congested traffic to permit people to cross the street in safety—where I could see the hustle and bustle of thousands of Americans, ever striving for the almighty dollar. I certainly was unsophisticated as to

\*EDITOR'S NOTE—We are a great cosmopolitan family at Wisconsin. Our nearest neighbors may be students from Lodi or from London, from Milwaukee or from Manilla, and we are always glad to hear why our friends came to Wisconsin from over the seas; we asked Farrington to tell why in Honolulu he picked Wisconsin. And we should be glad to have students from other countries tell us what induced them to enter Wisconsin in preference to all other American universities and colleges.

the ways of the United States, my own country.

It was in my freshman year in high school that I took my first step toward selecting Wisconsin. We were requested to name the college we hoped to enter from there, and the course we hoped to take, the purpose being, probably, to set us thinking. My father suggested Wisconsin, in which state I had an uncle living, and I named this university and its agricultural course. Wisconsin was an almost unheard-of place among the students on the island, and my choice was at least new and different from the others.

Had it not been for my father's influence, I should probably never have started out to prepare for Wisconsin. At that time I personally favored Harvard or Cornell, chiefly because I had heard so much of the big eastern institutions, and I had a sneaking suspicion that I would go "east", as so many of my friends had done.

My choice, however, put me on record as a supporter of Wisconsin. So frequently did the choice and merits of the different institutions arise in the arguments of the younger students, that I was induced to seek some feature about the college of my choice worthy of the attention of my critical fellow-students. I learned that Wisconsin possessed one of the strongest agricultural courses in the country, so I offered this as a talking point.

Up to that time Wisconsin had meant little or nothing to me, but the following year my support of Wisconsin received a great impetus when we heard of Wisconsin winning the western Conference football championship. From that time on I watched the progress of Wisconsin in a more or less desultory

way. And, being interested, I was pleasantly surprised at the general commendation which this school received.

When the time finally arrived for me to choose between eastern, central and western colleges, I did not feel bound by my earliest choice to go to Wisconsin. I once thought favorably of California, but that university was too close to San Francisco. As to Harvard or Cornell, their traditions meant nothing to me. It was when I learned that Wisconsin had the true American spirit, that it was the democratic and progressive type of American college, that I finally concluded to come here.

I received copies of *The Cardinal* which verified me in my opinion of the spirit of the Wisconsin student body. I never forgot what I was told by F. E. Mitkiff, once a varsity athlete and director of athletics at our "prep" school; namely, that he considered Wisconsin about the strongest institution in the country. My interest was furthered by another Wisconsin man, Leighton Hind, an island boy whom I had known. He had been a freshman at Wisconsin the year before, and, speaking from first hand experience, he told me tales that might be prosaic here, but were as romantic as fiction to me.

To add the finishing touch to my decision, Billy Rietow of Sheboygan, now a freshman in the University, visited Honolulu, and he looked me up, having heard that I planned to enter Wisconsin. For two hours of one pleasant morning we talked Wisconsin. He told me that I would have to study—and let the curriculum go at that. Then he pitched headlong into the other side of Wisconsin life, repeating the story of the storming of

the Madison police station, telling of football games he had seen, and recounting all sorts of interesting things about fraternities, parties, clubs, and student life in general. At the end of every sentence or two of his narrative he impressed upon me again and again that it was the spirit of the student body, for which the school was noted. While I queried and listened, he sang the praises of Wisconsin from one minute to the other. Not long afterward

I met Hind again, and my mind was made up.

On July twentieth I left the islands for the first time to come to the United States, and to Wisconsin. I shall never forget that day. Seven days of ocean traveling brought me to San Francisco, and after three weeks at the exposition I traveled another three days and on the morning of the fourth arrived in Madison, finally realizing an ambition that had so long possessed me.

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### THE DEAR OLD TOWN

We're going back to Ruggles Gap  
 To spend the holidays;  
 To get acquainted with the folks,  
 And mingle with the jays;  
 We're going back where roads and men  
 Are noted for their ruts;  
 Where all the woods and stores are  
 filled  
 With different kinds of nuts;  
 And there while mother sits and darns  
 The stockings in her lap,  
 She'll tell us of the dear old town  
 That isn't on the map!

And, somehow, as she rambles on  
 About the boys we knew;  
 How every one is making good  
 And making money, too;  
 How times are mighty hard this year,  
 And women form in mobs  
 In all the bigger cities  
 Where their men are out of jobs;—  
 Well we'll get reconciled again  
 To things in Ruggles Gap,  
 And then embrace the dear old town  
 That isn't on the map!

—*Ralph E. Nuzum.*

## “SHE TOLD ME SO”

By Louis A. Pradt.

**E**VER since the era of those two hypersentimental asses, Damon and Pythias, have poets and writers extolled the virtues of friendship. Therefore it should be permitted me to speak of roommates, between whom exists a bond closer than that celebrated link which bound the Siamese twins so tightly that neither of those Oriental oddities ever so much as thought of venturing forth without the other. Such is the ideal roommate, who will lend unto his helpmeet his last silk shirt and his handsomest tie, who will love, honor and obey him; and open up his bed and lay out his nightwear for him when he has gone out on nocturnal and hilarious missions. “Jim,” says Jack, as he reaches for the former’s can of Prince Albert, “Jim, I think I’m getting a pretty good drag with Jill. She cut a date for me to-night.” Whereat, if Jim is a true roommate, he will smother his boredom and utter proper congratulatory sentiments, while his friend waxes all obnoxious with animation.

Such were Tom Bailey and Billy Street. Though unlike as two roommates might be, they lived in that state of comfortable felicity which I have outlined above. Tom was long and lean-visaged and earnest, and he took mechanical engineering and otherwise showed his serious bent; while Billy, fat, jovial Billy, took all the easiest courses on the Hill, was known by his first name in countless sorority houses, and came home regularly of a Saturday night mellow and inclined to song.

Wherefore, when Tom took to spending all his spare moments with Doris Dodd, Billy, the experienced in women, became properly anxious and worried. Doris was small, fluffy and distractingly pretty; since a tender age she had practiced in the school of flirtation, and one who first met her felt after half an hour—unless he were old and wary—that she considered him a combination of Apollo, Cub Buck, president Van Hise and Francis X. Bushman. She was that kind of a girl, and Billy had need to be worried for his roommate.

But his worry slumbered fitfully until one night in early April, as the two sat in comfortable and nicotinish study, while the laggard steam thumped loudly in the radiator, and the indignant house committee shouted stern reproof at the jackass on floor two who imagined he could play the ukelele.

“Tom,” said Billy, flipping a match out of the window with a practised hand, “saw y’ this afternoon out on the drive with Doris Dodd.”

“Oh,” returned his roommate, lifting his serious face from the slide rule upon which he was performing conjuring tricks, “did you see us? We had a fine walk.”

“So I noticed,” grunted Billy. “You seemed—er—quite wrapped up in each other. Didn’t see me at all.”

“Say, Billy, she’s a little wonder, isn’t she? Hasn’t she the most beautiful violet eyes?”

“Wonderful—yes. You look out for those eyes, Tom. They never told the truth in her life.”

The tall engineer looked pained and

indignant at this ocular criticism. "Why, Billy?" he said, "you're mistaken. She's not the kind of a girl to lead a man on. She's absolutely in earnest—I'm sure of it."

"In earnest—you old owl! She's in earnest with about half the masculine student population."

"I know she's popular, Billy, and naturally she goes out with a whole lot of other fellows. But she's different with me—I know she is."

"You know it, eh? How do you know it?"

"Why,—she told me so."

At this point the other exploded. "Told you so? Good Lord! She told me so too, the first time I ever met her. She tells everyone so. Why, Tom, the girl's simply crazy over men! She's a siren! Told you so—ooh!"

Tom fumbled sadly with a triangle. "I didn't know that, Billy. I really believed her. But—I don't care if it's true. A girl like that is a work of art. She's always good company, she always makes a fellow feel he's ace-high with her. It—it's not going to make any difference with me if she does treat everyone the same way. I think I prefer a siren to a—hen."

Billy, wily and woman-wise, gave it up, and returned to his *De Maupasant*. But inwardly he swore a mighty swear to the unexpurgated page. "Something's gotta be done about it," he muttered, omitting the appropriate gestures which the gentlemen of the public-speaking department advise as expedient with that forceful phrase.

Next day something was done about it. Billy, with a martyred expression, and visions of Joan of Arc and Sidney Carton mingling hazily in his mind, strolled over to the Whoopsilon house,

sought out the violet-eyed siren, and obtained from her that palmy fruit, the date, which in the student argot is descriptive of an assignation, meeting, engagement, or what-not.

Thereafter Billy rushed the fair Miss Dodd. Rush is perhaps too mild; he sought, pursued, attacked, surrounded, assailed and bombarded her. Her book of engagements became monotonous reading matter, for the name of one William Street figured almost exclusively in its pages. The solemn Thomas found it increasingly difficult to get a vision of his Deity. At first he dreamed not of the source of his discomfiture—he had a heart corresponding in size to his stature. But when he found that Billy had been a month ahead of him in asking the most desirable of women to the Formal of Formals, he detected the presence of an African in the woodpile. He taxed Billy hotly with conduct unbecoming a roommate and a gentleman. Billy tried to look like a modest young man detected in doing good, and succeeded only in looking like a hopeless idiot.

Thereupon ensued that saddest of all schooltime calamities, a fallout between roommates, surpassing in melancholy even a Saturday lecture by an Urdahl or an S. G. A. mixer. Gone was the comfortable and nicotinish silence of good-friendship and understanding, and in its place came a frozen and dignified silence, tinctured with politeness. Gone was the bed-time cigarette, over which the two had been wont to discuss rushing rules and sweater jackets and cabbages and kings and all the other useless topics of conversation which make life worth the living.

But Billy stuck to his guns, and manfully kept Miss Dodd's time from hang-



ing heavy on her hands. Tom, after a certain stormy conversation with the young lady, abandoned the chase with a sigh, and gave up more time to his surveying.

The situation in the third floor back became daily more depressing. But one day, when the gloom had reached the point of being unbearable,—came the break in the clouds. It was after lunch, and the men around the piano had just finished a fraternity song redolent of linked hands, brotherly bands, and other devices of the hard pushed lyricist. But the tune—it was a big, booming, benevolent tune that made one feel kind of tingly,—oh, you know. Whoever learns the words of a song, anyhow, when the tune is right?

Tom came up to Billy, swallowed a large lump in his esophagus, and spoke, "Billy, this can't keep up, can it? I've been thinking things over, and I don't see why the best man shouldn't have her, without the other one'e sulking. I thought otherwise for a while, but this month has taught me differently. Shall we call it 'pax.'"

Billy gulped, grabbed the proffered hand, and emphatically agreed that its nomenclature should be "pax". "But, you aren't cured yet, Tom?" he asked.

"Not cured yet, Billy. But you just forget about that."

And then custom and the understanding kind of silence and nocturnal cigarettes and unprofitable conversation settled down once more upon the third floor back; and once more Damon and Pythias smoked each other's tobacco and borrowed each other's neckties and lived in peace and union.

One soft spring evening, when the steam had departed from the radiator and the ukelele contorsionist had been

reproved and fined by the house committee, Tom spoke as follows: "Billy, if there has been anything at all lacking between us—you know what I mean—why, I want you to know that it's gone. I learned to-day the reason why you started rushing Doris Dodd, and I think it was,—well it was damned white of you, Billy."

His roommate wriggled uncomfortably. "Oh, shucks, Tom" he demurred. "It was, I,—er, 'twasn't anything but what I owed you, and besides—"

"It was mighty fine of you Billy, no matter what you say. And I want you to know too that I'm cured, do you understand? I think I have that siren's number at last. She is the original man-handler, isn't she?"

Billy flipped a match out of the window with a practiced hand, and dropped De Maupassant. "Oh, I don't know, Tom," he said argumentatively. "She may be insincere. But a girl like that is a work of art. She's always good company, she always makes a fellow feel that he's ace-high with her. I think I prefer a siren to a—hen."

Tom lifted his serious face from the slide rule upon which he had been performing conjuring tricks. "Why, Billy," he said in surprise, "that's an extraordinary thing for you to say!"

Billy rubbed his chin thoughtfully. "Well, Tom, when I started in with her, I admit I entertained adverse opinions. It was a sort of a duty with me then. But now, but now—well, I don't care about her being popular, going with the other fellows and all that. She's different with me, I know she is."

His roommate stared at him. "Know it, eh? How do you know it?"

"Why,—she told me so."

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## CURRENT DOINGS IN DOGGEREL

Our furnaces are all asleep;  
The radiators chilly;  
We have to wait till noon before  
The beds are made by Tilly.  
The faculty have gotten out  
Their ancient winter warning;  
They say we must  
Get up and dust  
For eight o'clocks each morning.

Dean Mathews tells the girls to wear  
Their oldest duds to classes;  
We think the scheme will cut down  
costs,  
But boys, leave home your glasses.  
The weather has been mighty bad;  
The sky is moist and dripping,  
While on the hill  
And classes, still  
Poor studes continue slipping!

The work of many students here  
Is proving such a bother  
That many plan to quit this fall  
And settle down with father.  
The Mourners' Special leaves each day;  
The frosh are blithe and limber;  
The conned out squads  
Still jump the rods,  
And beat it for the timber!

Miss Campbell and her English class  
Still sit around and jangle  
On whether their constructions squint,  
Or participles dangle.  
The Tri Delts say they're going to pose  
As high-brow kids hereafter;  
Well, anyway  
We hope that they  
Won't lose their 'goilish laughter'!

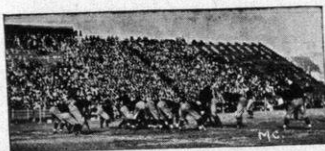
Prof. Jastrow says the students here  
Have lately got to thinking  
That college bred's a four years loaf,  
With nothing else but drinking.  
They say that Arlie rocked the stands  
That busted at Camp Randall,  
So he's the cause  
That scared our maws,  
And started all this scandal.\*

The students who have got the grip  
Go streaming to the clinic;  
They hang around the place all day,  
And each comes home a cynic.  
Coach Stagg declares we need a coach,  
And Stagg's a wise old sinner,  
If that old cuss  
Had coached for us  
We might have been the winner.

They say we're slow in foot ball here,  
And though we hate to know it,  
It doesn't crimp our loyalty,  
Or smash our college spirit.  
We're glad we're Badgers just the  
same;  
The few that don't 'had otter,'  
For win or lose,  
The game ones choose  
To stick to Alma Mater!

—*Ralph E. Nuzum.*

\*Not so much scandal as turmoil.



## THE DIARY

A Story by Kathryn Morris

## PART II,

**I**'M glad to go away, as it is so quiet here without Bruce. I wish I could define my feeling toward that man. It worries me.

He tried hard to propose while he was here, but I wouldn't give him a chance, and yet I wanted him to. I guess I really don't love him. It is funny how he fascinates me. It's hard lines, being grown-up. I don't want to marry people, I just want to be good chums with them, but the minute a girl puts her hair up and her dresses down, the one-time sensible fellows all get sentimental.

To refer to my visit to Auntie's—I am to have a lot of new clothes in the way of party dresses and such, and later Phyl and I will pick me out a spring suit and hat. It will be bliss to have dear old lovable Phyl with me again. I wonder why everyone is so good to me. I never did anything for anybody—that is, anything of any value. (I don't want posterity to consider me absolutely selfish.)

Jan. 14th—An uneventful day. I read out loud to Auntie all morning and took her shopping all afternoon. We went to the movies. It was her first offense, and I nearly had hysterics watching her. The five reels were really unusually good. Ma Mere was at some charitable organization. Tonight Ma Mere, Auntie, Dad, and I played bridge. We pivoted. Then Dad taught Auntie the one-step, and several other

dances with the Victrola. She is such a game little sport, in spite of her seventy-six years. One would never dream she was over sixty.

Jan. 15th—This morning, I interviewed the dress-maker. She is to make me some flossie crepe de chine under things to go away with. Store ones never fit me well. On the way home, I left a basket of fruit with little Tommy Stevens. He used to bring our evening paper, but now the poor kid has the mumps. He is such a cheery little mortal that it is a pleasure to do things for him. I went to see him several times before Bruce came. He is almost well.

Jan. 16th—I've been feeling queer all day. My head ached, so I couldn't read or sew, or do much but play the piano, and I didn't do that, much, either. Auntie says I need a change. Saxon Hale called up and wanted me to go skating this afternoon, but I just couldn't. He sent me two books and a bunch of new popular songs, to cheer me up, he said. He *is* a nice boy. I'm going to bed, although it's only eight o'clock.

Jan. 17th—I've got a beastly cold. I feel like saying "Damn!" There! I did! I didn't go to church; and I guess, after that wicked word, I'll have to go twice next Sunday. I had invited Saxon over for dinner, but I 'phoned him not come.

Jan. 18th—I've got 'em! You ask what? The mumps! Isn't that horri-

ble At my time of life, too. Dad got the Doctor in this morning, and here I'm destined to stay for two weeks. It seems like forever. I'm bored to the verge of tears, and it makes me look like such a fright. One side of my face puffs out like a camel's hump, my nose and eyes are leaky, my ear aches, and I can't eat. I wrote to Phyl this morning, telling her my tale of woe. Damn! I wish I knew a word more in keeping with my feelings. Damn's a tame word, but it's the worst I know.

Persis Edson, I'm ashamed of you; a great, big girl, nineteen years old, ought to be more self-possessed. You go right back and erase that word! You ought to be spanked!

I won't!

"I don't blame you," says Posterity.

Jan. 19th—This morning brought a cheery letter from Bruce. I feel better. The 'phone has rung incessantly all day, and all of the crowd have sent me books, flowers, candy, music, etc. Some of the people, who have had the mumps, offered to risk a call on me; but I refused. I'm too sorry a looking mortal to stand inspection.

Tonight, I got three telegrams—one from Phyl and Eric, one from Bruce, who had heard about my misfortune from Eric, and one from Eric's brother, Stephen Grannis. The last one was a great surprise. I have never met him, He has been in South America for about five years, on some great engineering project. He wrote:

"Am visiting Phyl and Eric. Two days after I arrived, came down with same trouble. Caught it on train. Shake, Companion-in-Misery! Will write tomorrow.

Stephen Grannis."

Isn't that fun? I hope to meet him when I visit Phyl. He sounds good.

Jan. 20th—Today, I received a huge box of lilies-of-the-valley and violets from Bruce. They are beautiful. He wrote another nice letter, too. Then I got a dozen red roses and a book of funny verses from Eric, a pale blue crepe de chine blouse from Phyl, and a very funny letter from Stephen Grannis. This is it:

"Dear Companion-in-Misery:

I certainly hope that you won't be disgusted at my timerity in writing to you; but as we are soon to meet anyway, we might as well begin now to be friends.

I have been away for four and one-half years, fighting my way through places where illness is so customary that one eats quinine like powdered sugar—by the teaspoonful—to ward off fevers and "sich." Luckily, I absorbed enuf of the horrid stuff to escape all diseases in South America; but the minute I landed in N. Y. I was exposed to and contracted the mumps. Can you imagine *me*, a huge, bronzed man of thirty, with my face in a sling? I feel like the remnants of a wasted life.

I had hardly kissed my adorable little new sister (in-laws are a minus quantity with me) for the first time, when she informed me that I had the mumps. I knew I felt odd, but it hadn't hurt yet. However, she tried to feed me pickles, and I didn't need other convincing. I haven't been very ill, really—only a little uncomfortable.

I am quite in love with Phyllis; but don't betray me to Eric, I beg of you. From her pictures, and the many interesting things I have heard, I am anticipating falling in love with Persis. I only hope that she will be fav-

orably impressed by me. Don't become prejudiced by this senseless letter please. I'm trying to be friendly, but I haven't seen a civilized girl in so many years that I may be making fatal mistakes.

I have the advantage over you by seeing your numerous pictures in Phyl's room, so I am enclosing a snapshot of myself. May it please your ladyship.

Sincerely,  
Stephen Grannis."

"Will you condescend to answer this missive?"

He is extremely good looking in the picture. I think I like him already. I will answer the letter in a few days.

Jan. 21st—Nothing unusual happened. Auntie has decided to go home in a day or so, as I won't be able to go with her. I am sorry she is leaving. We all love her so.

Jan. 22nd—More boredom. Wrote to Stephen Grannis. I hope he answers soon.

Jan. 23rd—Am beginning to feel better. The crowd continues to call me up and send things, so it might be worse.

Jan. 24th—I couldn't go to church today to make up for those wicked "Damns" I wrote, and the several I thought. I feel better.

Jan. 26th—More letters from the folks. Phyl says Stephen is almost as nice as Eric. He must be, to have her say so. She considers Eric perfection personified.

Jan. 27th—Dr. James says I can go out in a few days, if I promise to wrap up well. I am practically recovered. Stephen wrote me again today. He writes such clever letters. He is all well and can go out, now.

Jan. 28th—I went shopping today with Arda. I'm getting ready to visit Phyl, and it is huge fun getting clothes.

Jan. 29th—Bruce wrote today. He, too, writes such good letters. I wish I could. I guess I wasn't really as much in love with him as I thought I was. I'm always crazy about *some* man, and he happened to be the one for a while. I fear I'm incapable of ever loving anyone well enough to marry him. I'm such a poor fool. I wish I had more depth to my character, instead of being such a silly flutter-budget. I'm ashamed of myself.

Jan. 30th—I did my last shopping today. Dad says I can leave on Monday, so I wrote Phyl this morning. I'm wild to see her.

Jan. 31st—I went to church today with Saxon Hale, and he came to dinner. In the afternoon, Arda, Billy, Grace, Bob, and a lot of others came over to say "olive-oil" and "good-pie." (Let me explain to Posterity that "olive-oil" is slang for au revoir, and "good-pie" for good-bye. I'm such a slangy person, but I'm trying hard to keep it out of this diary. However, it crops up unexpectedly often.)

Feb. 1st—I'm here! I'm in a state of utter bliss. Dad took me to the depot and I got here at noon. My darling Phyl met me. We just flew into each other's arms, and in the scramble, my suitcase, umbrella, handbag, and Saxon's roses, were spilled all over creation, but we collected everything eventually. Phyl is just the same sweet thing, only more so. She is so happy. We sat in the depot for an hour and talked a blue streak, then went to Eric's office to call for him. He gave me such a bear-bug, and a dozen kisses, and then they introduced

Stephen. And what do you suppose! Instead of shaking hands, as I expected him to, he calmly lifted my chin and kissed me smack on the mouth! I was horrified, until he explained that we were all related. It sounded plausible enough at the time, but now that I consider it, I think our relationship is rather dubious. I've a notion to write to Madame Qui Vive and ask her if it is proper for a man to kiss his brother's sister-in-law. I bet it isn't. However, I'm ashamed to say I'm glad he did it. I've never been kissed before. It's rather a pleasant sensation, and I think I've missed a lot of fun. Of course, I've been kissed by ever so many girls, and by Dad and Eric; but there's a difference, somehow.

Stephen is extremely nice. He is six feet tall, and broad in proportion. He is very bronzed and healthy looking. His hair is dark brown, eye-brows black, long black lashes, a winning smile, wonderful teeth, and the bluest eyes I ever saw. He is so much taller than I—I'm only five feet. I don't know why I have bothered to describe him this way. I never bothered about Bruce, or Billy, or Saxon, or any of the others.

I wonder if he'll do it again.

Feb. 2nd—I'm all unpacked and settled for an indefinite stay. Phyl's house is dear. I have the bedroom next hers, and Steve's is on the other side. Mine is done in blue. She said she had it done to suit my hair. Steve's is yellow. She has a funny little Jap cook, and the dearest little Swedish house-maid. Phyl just loves housekeeping. I think I would, too. Steve is going to stay for some time, as he hasn't been home in so long. I'm glad.

This afternoon, Steve and I went to a nickle show around the corner, while Phyl went to some charity meeting. I'd never dream Steve was thirty years old. He is huge fun. In the evening, the four of us danced, with the Victrola. Steve doesn't know any of the new steps.

He did it again.

Feb. 3rd—I'm too tired to write anything, except that I'm having a wonderful time. Steve is adorable. Bruce was here tonight.

Feb. 4th—I met a whole mob of people today. It was one of Phyl's days-at-home. Steve and Eric vanished for dinner; but came home about ten and we sat around the grate and toasted marshmallows and told ghost stories until twelve.

Feb. 5th—I'm having such a good time. This morning, I sent letters to the mob at home, but I hope they don't answer soon, as I haven't much time to write. I really ought to have thanked them all for the flowers, candy, and other things which they gave me when I left, before this, but I haven't had time.

He did it again and I liked it. I *must* be depraved.

Feb. 6th—No *particular* excitement—just fun.

Feb. 7th—We all solemnly went to church this morning. Steve sings tenor divinely, and I never knew it before. I've kept him singing ever since. This afternoon, Bruce and a peachy girl named Marjorie Irving called and stayed to supper. We had such a picnic. I think she is in love with him, and he is with her, although neither of them know it. He's a nice boy; but I don't know how I ever thought I loved him.

Feb. 8th—I've been here a week, and it seems as if I had known Steve for ages. He calls me "Girlie." I've *always* hated nicknames, but somehow, I love to hear him say that. He doesn't do it when anyone is near us.

Feb. 9th—Tonight I had the queerest little panicky thrills! Eric and Phyl were sitting cross-legged in front of the grate, holding hands. We were just beside them; all of us were silently staring at the dancing flames. Suddenly Eric stretched out and put his head in Phyl's lap, and she began to run her fingers through his hair. I did so long to have the same privilege with Steve, and while I was thinking about it intently, suddenly he took hold of my hand and whispered: "I want lovin', too." I was startled! I blushed to beat the cars, then I freed my hand, picked up my skirts, and ran up here to my room as fast as I could. I don't know why I did it. I was just wild to cuddle his dear head on my lap and to play with his hair. I guess I'm in love, and it's such a different feeling from any I ever had before. I think I'd like to cry.

Later—Phyl just came in with a note from Stephen. He wrote: "I'm sorry I frightened you so. Will you forgive me, Dear-Little-Girl?" It's my first love letter. I told her to tell him "Yes." I could sing. I didn't know love was like this; but I dread meeting him tomorrow.

Feb. 10th—Today is Eric's birthday. We had a party for him. Bruce and Marjorie announced their engagement at the dinner table. I have avoided Stephen all day; but I don't know how I can keep it up much longer.

Feb. 11th—I'm visiting Marjorie for a few days. She invited me and I

jumped at the chance. Phyl was rather surprised. Eric said it only proved how fickle women are; and Stephen never said a word. I didn't kiss anyone goodbye, although I longed to. He has such a kissable mouth. It's wonderful to be in love, but it hurts a little, too. Marjorie is sleeping with me. I expect we'll talk all night.

Feb. 12th—Stephen brought me over my letters this morning, but left immediately. Marjorie had one from Bruce (he is only in town over Sundays) and a lot from people congratulating her. Mine were mostly from home—all except one from Stephen. It was my second love-letter. He said: "I miss you. Won't you come back *soon*? I got your little message the other night, but you wouldn't give me a chance to explain, the next day. I miss you, truly, Girlie." I carried that letter in my blouse all day, and it's under my pillow now. I love him.

Feb. 13th—I just got back. Stephen, Eric, and Phyl called for me about ten o'clock. I walked with Phyllis, ostensibly to tell her everything we did, but in reality to avoid walking with Stephen. I knew that if he should take hold of my elbow and bend over to listen to what I said, as he always has done before, I would cry, or do something equally foolish. I do love him so much.

Feb. 14th—Today, I got a whole slew of Valentine gifts from the crowd at home; a check from Father, a little heart-shaped frame with her picture, from Phyl; a dear new dress from Ma Mere; a quaint silver link chain and silver heart locket, both set with turquoises, from Phyl and Eric; and a diamond solitaire from Stephen. It's my twentieth birthday, you know. I



got most all the things at the breakfast table, and was utterly bewildered. Then they all started off to church, and I stayed behind to write letters. I had written at least one and a half, when I heard a step—and there was Stephen. He just picked me up and carried me over to the Morris chair by the grate. Nobody said a word. He put the ring on, and kissed me, and kissed me, and kissed me. At last he said: "I think you might give me a few." I said: "I want to, but you don't give me a chance." We both laughed, and I cried a little, and then we talked all about it. We were perfectly dumbfounded when we looked up and saw Phyl and Eric in the doorway. I guess we had sat there an hour and a half. Then it was Phyl's turn to cry some, but soon everyone was talking at once, and then dinner came. We had a party in the afternoon, and announced it. Marjorie and I have decided to have a double wedding. I don't see how I could ever think I was in love with Bruce, although he is pretty nice.

I was such a chump to avoid Stephen all last Wednesday. I could have been so happy just this much longer. I never dreamed love was anything like this. I'm so happy and contented, and Stephen wanders around singing love songs all the time. We're going to build near here. He doesn't have to return to South America.

Feb. 15th—I guess I won't use a diary any more. Steve says *he* wants all of my confidences, now; but I guess I won't have much to confide, as I won't need to worry about any more proposals or anything.

I'm crazy to begin building our house, and so is Stephen. Oh! I love

him so, it hurts. I wonder if he feels that way, too.

Father telegraphed for us both to come as soon as possible. Stephen says he is going to try to take me home in his pocket. He is so big, handsome, strong, and forceful, that it seems as if I am destined to be bossed to the end of my days; but he swears that I can wind him around my little finger. However, I have noticed, so far, that I have obediently worn my rubbers, or furs, or whatever he told me to, and I can't see that he has worn *his* rubbers, or stopped kissing me when I told him to. (But I guess I really didn't mean *that*, and he knew it.)

Good-bye, diary. You have been a good sport, and told no tales, but I've found something that is more satisfying. A girl likes to be comforted when she confesses anything, and I can't say that you were much use in that line. A diary, to say the least, is prosaic.

I wonder if Stephen will insist upon seeing this diary. He said I must show it to him, and I meekly acquiesced, as I do in every thing he demands. He will have his head turned, now, poor man.

Speaking of angels, here comes Stephen, crying: "Let me read that, won't you, please?"

I love you Stephen, but I guess you know it by now.

There! He's kissing me, and I can hardly see to write. How did he ever know a girl likes to be kissed! He swears on his honor he never did it before, and I certainly didn't know it myself, until he showed me. Horrors! I hope I didn't betray it the second time he kissed me! That would be awful.

Good-bye, Diary!

# EDITORIALLY SPEAKING



*"Humanum nihil a me alicum puto."*—  
TERENCE

## THE INGLORIOUS GLORIOUS.

While courting slumber one Friday night on the sleeping porch we were kept awake by the repetition of an insidious song which was being played for the dance in the house next door, and given time and time again as the dancers encored it. Presently the orchestra's clash-bang—modern dance music is no longer music, but simply loud noise in rhythm—was mellowed and finally overpowered by the rising song of men's voices singing the song, "Glorious." Other encores, and the clear soprano notes showed that the girl guests were catching the fever.

The song had not died away in the house next door when the house two doors beyond took up the tune and for the next half hour, or until 11:45, their orchestra together with their men and their girls, expressed their enthusiasm, their happiness, jointly and severally,

with drum, piano, violin, cornet, clarinet, baritone and bass voice, soprano and contralto voice,—the song to express this exaltation of mind and spirit being Glorious.

At 11:30 the house just around the corner, by the lake, became Glorious, and sleep fled until after midnight while disgust settled down over the sleeping porch and pointed out that Glorious, a barroom song carried to the ballroom and parlor by its alluring melody, had swept the Latin quarter like an epidemic of tonsillitis, or like one of the frequent autumn tag-days. The song, we must admit, has the push of "Onward Christian Soldiers," the swing of a first rate dance piece and the popular appeal of a favorite patriotic song.

But the words are common; almost vile.... Drunk last night.... Drunk the night before.... Going to get drunk tonight like I never was drunk before. Then the supreme effrontery of bringing the name of Diety into the maudlin chorus. A fine sentiment, truly, for students to express even in a careless, tuneful song. A fine sentiment indeed to be voiced by young women, by girls away from home influences for the time being, by girls who are enough distinguished from mediocrity to be here making an effort to acquire a higher education.... That singing of the song by the young women—that was the most Inglorious thing about the whole affair.

And as we lay there on the sleeping porch, waiting for the stroke of the midnight bell from Music Hall tower to end the dancing and signal for sleep to come back, we hated the Glorious song with what we thought would be an undying hatred.

Yet, two weeks later, as we danced, the orchestra went into a particularly familiar tune, a tune easy like an old shoe. And of a sudden a young woman said, in great surprise:

"I thought you hated that song?"

It has grown into an inglorious habit!

#### WHADDYEMEAN—FORENSICS?

An unfamiliar word is being seen around the campus. People are asking each other what this forensics is—or what they are. The word is destined to remain, for it fills a long felt want, so that the students ought to know what it means.

The word started away back in the Roman republic, as *forensics*, and referred to questions connected with the Forum, the political and legal center of the city. It came into English as *forensic* or *forinseck* and is used only as an adjective in England even to this day, being almost synonymous with the word *legal*. In America however it was taken over by the eastern colleges as a noun, meaning a written discussion or thesis. The first known use is about 1830, at Harvard. Other colleges took it and applied it to declamations and orations. Thence it has come to be applied to all exercises in oratory and debating, and, probably by analogy with athletics, it is now always used in the plural, *forensics*, and its use in the singular noun *a forensic* has practically disappeared. A word has long been needed for the allied activities of debating and oratory and declamation. This word has the properties of accuracy in etymology and a dignity worthy of the activity. There is no reason why it should not be in more general use.

—S. D. S.

#### SLEEPING PORCHES

No more interesting place is to be found than the fraternity sleeping porch. But the institution is peculiar in that one's enjoyment is said to depend more upon good auditory rather than upon visual senses. For, according to those who know, it is not how a sleeping porch looks in the light but how it sounds in the dark, which counts.

#### THE W

Wherever university men gather it is possible at a glance to select those from Michigan, Illinois, or Minnesota, by the small initial letters which they wear. The custom is valued at these schools not only because it makes possible a quick recognition of fellow students or brother alumni, but because it furthers a pride and interest on the part of the alumnus toward his university. The little letter which he wears stamps him as a part of the whole, and gives him a tangible hold on the institution which he has left.

Years ago the custom developed here of wearing the small W. But one of the student publications took up an opposition to the practice, basing its objection on the theory that certain athletes believed the use of the W was growing too commonplace, that for everyone to wear a little W reduced the prestige and value of the large official letters which are awarded to successful athletes in different lines of sport. None of the present day athletes, however, are small enough to object to the free and unrestricted employment of W pins. Indeed they are the very men who will probably be big enough to champion a return to the custom.

Nor would an official W wearer be as much adverse as some might suppose

to another recent proposal, namely that an official letter be devised and granted by the university to the men who represent their alma mater in forensics. This is done in different colleges and universities, and the forensics W need not be enough similar to the various athletic W's to cause any confusion. As it is now, the men who debate and declaim for Wisconsin devote as much time to preparation as do athletes to practice; they work without the stimulant of excitement, or the applause of side-line spectators, but they work none the less for their university. And the only form of recognition which they receive is said to be in the form of a fob, provided not through a university agency but by a friend of the university who tries to make up in part what seems to be lacking in the university's appreciation of the efforts of all her men.

Hundreds of men and women go away from Wisconsin every year who are loyal to the core, but whose loyalty can find few avenues of expression after they return to the commonwealth and take up their places in the routine of life. These men and women would be glad for an opportunity to wear an inconspicuous but unfailing reminder of their university affiliation. Such a reminded as the little W would keep alive their loyalty.

## CHRISTMAS MORNING

From o'er the pale, blue distant hills,  
Dim bands of gold and crimson stream;  
Across the sparkling hush of snows  
Faint stars shine low and softly gleam.  
How still and far the skyline glows  
Above the white and slumbering earth;  
No voice is heard, no hymn is sung,  
No breath of tears, or song of mirth.

Yet, softly through the growing light  
The morning sweeps the clouds apart,  
And breathes to us the old, old tale  
That cheers the fainting human heart.  
What though the snows be stained with  
red

And all the world be dark with shame,  
Shall we who watch this fearful murder done

Forget His coming, and His name?

Forget? Ah, no, our trembling prayer  
Shall rise this strangest Christmas  
morn;

And in our faith shall many voices tell  
This changed earth that He is born.  
The cry of hate will yet be stilled,  
Though clouds of flame bedim our  
sight;

The mystic glory of His cross  
Shall flood some Christmas day with  
light.

—Iva N. Ketchum.

# MUNICIPAL POLITICS OF THE FUTURE

By Stanley L. Brink, '16.



T was a pleasant afternoon in September, 1975. A beautiful little man, with a basket on his arm, tripped down the avenue.

From time to time he glanced furtively about and behind him to see if he was being followed. So far he had evaded the advances of the well-dressed women who passed him. But two blocks away from his home he was addressed by a woman who stepped from a doorway and blocked his path.

"Say, little mannie," she said, "I like your looks. Let me carry your basket. It's a shame to see a cute little fellow like you doing a woman's work. Let's go out to the park."

The little man, however, paid no heed. The woman seized him, shook him roughly, then tried to kiss him. He fought furiously but to no purpose. Then she gathered him into her strong arms, bent his head back, and kissed him squarely on the mouth, once, twice, three times.

He was in danger of fainting when another woman came up behind them, struck his asaxilant upon the point of the jaw, and dropped her into the gutter.

"Are you hurt?" asked his rescuer.

"No, but she might have injured me had you not interfered. I can not express my gratitude. You had better attend to the woman who attacked me. I wish that my wife were here. She'd kill that 'roughneck.'"

The words were hardly uttered when a tall, blonde woman with athletic shoulders, and a well-poised head,

joined the speakers. She was breathing hard. Evidently she had seen the attack from a distance but had arrived too late to aid.

"Thanks, Mrs. White, for protecting my husband. I told him not to go anywhere without me. But he's so independent! Just like the men my mother used to tell me about. But this time his self-reliance has caused him a lot of trouble. By the way, Mrs. White, you've not met him, have you? Henry, this is Mrs. White about whom I have spoken often.

"And Henry," continued Mrs. Armstrong, "you'd better go home now. We'll walk the rest of the way with you to see that other ruffians keep their distance. Isn't it a shame, Mrs. White, that respectable man cannot pass these well-dressed women without some of them getting wise?"

They saw Henry safely home, then the two women continued their walk down the avenue. At the Main street corner they met another woman friend who was their ward boss, a Mrs. Daly. She was undisguisedly glad to see them.

"C'mon over to Susie Casey's, girls," called Mrs. Daly. "I've got something to tell you. Susie's got some fresh beer on tap. C'mon!"

The cigarettes has been passed and one round of drinks consumed when Mrs. Daly told her companions what the plans were. She took particular pains to let those women know, who were standing at the bar, that they were not included in the conversation.

"It's this way, girls" she said to her

confidants, "we must have that municipal street railway franchise granted. The council will vote as I tell them—there's nothing to fear from that gang—but we must have the fifth and sixth ward vote at the general election. With that secured, we are safe. Miss Wheeler, the construction engineer, tells me that she can build the entire line, equipment and all, for \$500,000.

"We'll persuade the council to accept Miss Wheeler's bid of \$800,000.

That'll be easy. We'll spend the \$500,000 all right, but the remainder goes into our own pockets. The council's safe—don't worry about that. It's the votes we must have. If the voters sanction municipal ownership of the street railway system, we make some coin.

"How'll we get the money after it's appropriated? Easy enough! My daughter is city treasurer. She'll set aside the amount that the contract

#### PAY DIRT

I wandered alone thru the frozen land,  
A thinker of idle thought,  
A dreamer of idle day dreams  
Of the Yukon's hoard that I sought.

And I saw in the shade of a scrub pine  
A flower, a strike in my eyes;  
In the lichen it lay like a nugget,  
It gleamed like a star in the skies.

Then siezed with a fiery passion  
To crush the bud to my heart,  
I reached for it, and my fingers itched,  
They wanted to tear it apart.

But from out of the moss with its dew  
dimmed eyes  
The flower spoke up and said,  
"You would cast me aside as you cast  
your love  
When her beauty was wilted and  
dead."

So I carefully took up the plant, roots  
and all  
To the garden beside my shack,  
And I gave it a bunk beside my own  
Where it blossoms the gold that I  
lack.

—H. R. W.

calls for, pay Miss Wheeler a good bonus out of the remainder—reward for service and all that, you know—and the rest goes to the council, to us, and to the other ward bosses and their assistants. To cover it up my daughter will have Miss Wheeler turn in a big expense account for materials, labor, and so on. What she does not do in doctoring the books, my daughter will. There's \$10,000 in it for each of you."

"But," objected Mrs. White, "you must consider that a lot of opposition will be aroused. The voters will be influenced by their husbands to some extent. Furthermore, a number of unmarried men, who are tax payers, will want a strict accounting for every cent. They claim that they should have the vote, and if there is any hint of graft in this case, it will be a big point in their favor. Some of the state senators, you know, are in favor of passing the male suffrage law. If the men get the vote we must look out."

"Ye-s-s, we must be careful," Mrs. Daly agreed. "Still, there is nothing to be afraid of so far as the men are concerned. They do not care for politics. The few that do are unsexed males looking for notoriety. The greater number do not want the vote. They feel that their task is the upbuilding of the home. The care of their chil-

dren and the protection of a strong woman, mean more to them than all the votes in the world.

"Now," Mrs. Daly went on, "here is what I want you to do. Go out and canvass the women of the fifth and sixth wards—you will have assistants—and convince every voter that the salvation of the city depends upon her voting 'yes' for this franchise. With these women lined up for it, we can swing the election our way. There's \$10,000 in it for each of you. What's the decision?"

"We say 'yes,'" chorused the two listeners, "we can do it. We'll get those wards to vote 'right.' We'll win easily. It's worth the effort. We need the money."

"That's right, girls," said Mrs. Daly, at the same time extending a hand to each of her henchwomen, "you are loyal to the old party. Now, go out and get busy. But let's have another before we go."

That disposed of, the trio went out. Mrs. Daly walked along with them a few blocks to explain the details of the campaign. At Mrs. White's home, they separated.

"S'long, pals," called Mrs. Daly over her shoulder.

"S'long, Gussie," answered the duo in unison.



## ADJECTIVITIS.

*A Fault That Young Writers Are Urged To Shun.*

(From The London Globe.)

We have come to the conclusion that the main trouble with most of our young writers is inflammation of sundry parts of speech—notably of the adjective—and to this disorder we have ventured to attach the name “adjectivitis.” In aggravated cases the patient is unable to use a noun without burdening it with a qualification. As thus:

“She walked across the richly furnished room, pulled aside the heavy curtain and gazed out into the darkening landscape.”

Here we see every substantive, neatly fitted with its adjective, every one of which is entirely superfluous. We are chiefly concerned to know what, in the evident crisis, the young woman did. It is unkind to arrest her in her walk in order to call our attention to the facts that the room was richly furnished and the curtains were heavy. Some of these cases are chronic, and the sufferer can use nothing but adjectives which have so long been joined together with some noun that no man can put them asunder. In these cases evening clothes are always immaculate, thuds are dull and sickening, waltzes are dreamy, reports (of firearms) are sharp, ditto (any other kind) are eulogistic, and so on. One is pleased to see, though, that the ravages of this awful complaint are more restricted both in area and virulence, being chiefly confined to those slum areas of literature in which “Our Great New Serial Story” is concocted.

The reason of this is chiefly commercial. The contracts of these mer-

chants call for the delivery of so many thousand words—no more, no less. The cultivator who can make two words grow where but one grew before does therefore greatly score over his fellows. The easiest and simplest method is to load an adjective on to every noun.

The present war has been responsible for a violent outbreak of adjectivitis among correspondents and descriptive writers, not to mention experts and the constructors of leading articles. Some thousands of times has the battle line in Flanders been labled as “far flung.” (I thank thee not, Kipling, for teaching our young writers that word!) Any activity shown in entrenching or fortifying is pretty certain to be “feverish.”

A retirement by the allies is “stubborn;” by the enemy it is “sullen.” And let us not forget the allied generals are always attended by a “brilliant” staff. There is a curious discrimination between a feat of arms on sea and on land. On land it is “heroic,” at sea, “daring.” If any correspondent uses the word “heroic” in connection with a sea affair or “daring” to qualify some exploit on land, it is safe to put him down as a blundering novice who does not know his business. But it is the maddening repetition of “far flung” that offends us most.

We are not hostile to the adjective as such. In fact, we look upon it as Artemus Ward looked upon baked beans, which in an immortal passage he pronounced “a cheerful fruit when used moderately.” Strict moderation in the use of adjectives should be the first lesson impressed upon all young writers. There is no habit more insidious than that of using adjectives where there is no need. It grows up-



on the victim till he writes himself into an acute attack of adjectivitis, and can no more do without the qualifying words than the dope fiend can do without his syringe or the alcoholic without his bottle. Little by little he sinks into a state when he can no longer control the flow of adjectives, when he dribbles them continuously in one unbroken stream. Then the proprietors of the fiction mill pounce upon him, bristling with contracts and fountain pens, and checks on account. Before the wretched creature has realized the seriousness of his position he finds he has signed to write eight serial stories a year for the next quarter of a century.

Young writers, take warning.

PENNY-WISE EXAMPLES.

Being penny-wise is a short-sighted policy adapted toward a long-distance business or undertaking. There are at Wisconsin several excellent "horrible examples." For instance:

1. Locating Chadbourne hall, the woman's domitory, down in the hollow at the corner of Park street and University avenue but building a chemical engineering laboratory on the incomparable site on the shore of the lake at the end of Park street—a point which commands an inspiring view over Mendota. The reason advanced when Chadbourne was condemned to the hollow was that if the dormitory were built by the lake shore the young men would take the young women boating!

2. Crowding the Historical library, one of the most imposing buildings in the country, on the lower campus, instead of giving it a south frontage on Langdon street where the President's house, the clinic, the infirmary, and Dean Birge's house now stand. That

would have given the lake as a background and the lower campus as a foreground, providing thus a fit setting. But the location was decided by the theory that a library must face the east!

3. Beginning an athletic stadium at Camp Randall with an appropriation sufficient only for 5,000 permanent seats, when the big games of the football

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season attract 15,000 people. Possibly, if the next legislature could be treated to a descent on collapsing bleachers, a proper appropriation might be forthcoming!

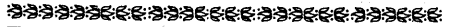
ON REPRESENTATION.

From the standpoint of individuals and of societies, representation is one of the biggest things in the University. Individuals just entering the school feel themselves swamped with the mass of humanity about them, and are alarmed when they first face the truth of the "survival of the fittest." Everyone who comes here passes through this period, and sets out to represent himself in the line most adapted to his nature. Whether he sinks or swims at this critical point, determines the trend of his school career. Most people, however, thus awake to their opportunities, succeed, and some pass to a stage of greediness for power, and extensive representation of themselves. Often such a one is representing a society, also, and his greed is not then entirely selfish. It would be well, however, if he would realize that unfeigned sincerity, and more thorough efficiency, and an unselfish regard for fellow workers, make him a more valuable, though perhaps a less notorious representative.

This is not a plea for charity for those passing through the "sink or swim" crisis, for they must fight alone or the victory will not be theirs. This is a plea for hale and hearty good-fellowship among men, working shoulder to shoulder, and a plea for the extension of that spirit to those struggling to enter the field of activity. A failure to have this attitude belittles the man on the job, and not his rising competitors.

R. O. R.

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When as a child, Bill cooed and smiled;  
 When people used to call him smart,  
 And chucked his chin to make him grin,  
 Or jumped him in the baby-cart,  
 His dad would say, "That kid some day  
 Is bound to be a humorist,  
 For every whim that pleases him  
 He always grins and shakes his fist."

But as Bill grew, as children do,  
 To reach that simple toothless age  
 At which one's folks don't like the  
       jokes  
 That formerly were all the rage,  
 He used to sit and sigh a bit,  
 And think some awful thoughts within,  
 Yet all the while he kept the smile;  
 He always kept his blissful grin.

So from his birth in scorn and mirth  
 He kept on smiling just the same;  
 He paid the price of loaded dice  
 Yet laughed and played his losing game.  
 And when he's done with all his fun,  
 And Time's old scythe shall cut his  
       breath,  
 In that long sleep, Bill still will keep  
 His humor in the grin of death.

And if some day men take away  
 Bill's crumbling bones from mother  
       earth,  
 Perhaps they will discover still  
 Some symptoms of his former mirth.  
 Some wag may say, "I'll bet one day  
 That chap was never very dull;  
 He must have been real funny when  
 His face was on this grinning skull."

—"Montana Misogynist."

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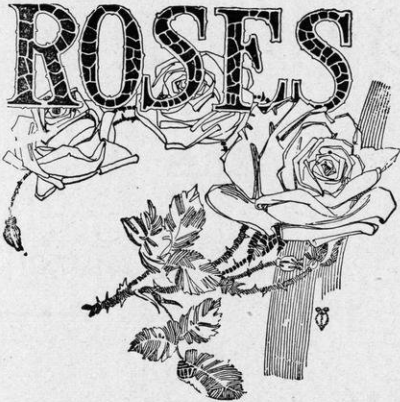
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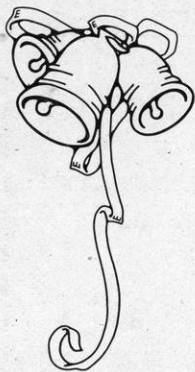
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