



LIBRARIES

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN-MADISON

The Wisconsin magazine. Volume IX, Number 3 December 1911

Madison, Wisconsin: [s.n.], December 1911

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

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

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

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

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

JAN 5 1912

WISCONSIN
LIBRARY

Twenty Cents the Copy

←
→
←
→

The Wisconsin Magazine

Volume IX

DECEMBER, 1911

Number 3

IWV
W75
9
3



LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

R. Irwin.

REGAL SHOES

Classy Fall Line

Have You Seen It?

Latest Style Toes. We sell on the 5% and Cost Plan.

Prices, \$2.50, \$2.85, \$3.45, \$4.55, etc.

Dolly Varden Chocolates

CO-ED'S NOTICE

Every Saturday we have a Sale and sell this Bitter Sweet
usually retailing at 65 cents per pound at

40 cents

CALL ON YOUR CO-OP MEMBERS

University Co-Operative Co.

504-508 STATE STREET

You Will Make a Mistake

If you will place your order for coffees before consulting us. ☹ Owing to the high price of coffee this year, we have spent considerable time and money in getting just what we want

*Just what you want—A good coffee
at a moderate price—Guaranteed
absolutely pure*

MADISON TEA COMPANY
Phone 1264 26 East Mifflin Street



“Dan D”

**CLEANING
PRESSING
REPAIRING
SUITS TO ORDER**

LET OUR AUTO CALL

CARDINAL STEAM DYE WORKS

623 UNIVERSITY AVE.

Telephone 1500

ALUMNI

*When coming to the
Football Game*

Visit

**Schwoegler's
Sanitary Kandy Kitchen**

THE KING OF BITTERSWEETS

FORMERLY WITH PALACE OF SWEETS

528 State Street, Madison, Wis.

Stehr & Walter

CAPITAL CITY MEAT MARKET

422 State Street

Choice Meats

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

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

Phone 2905

Tailored Apparel for Women and Misses

Seek out the Simpson Shop for as much of your wardrobe needs, as we supply—in brief, your outer and under dress wants. It will pay you.

THE SIMPSON SHOP
Renders a Pleasing Service

THE Simpson · GARMENT CO. ·

"Women's and Misses Outfitters"

Trunks for Studes



Best and Largest Assortment in Madison

*Repairing Promptly
Attended to*

Wehrman's Leather Goods
Store

Phone 666

Opposite Majestic

16 KING STREET

\$2.50
3.00
3.50
4.00
4.50



CLASSY FALL FOOTWEAR
All Leathers Latest Styles

BLIND & SANDER

217 STATE ST., MADISON

We carry a nice assortment of Gymnasium
Oxfords

WHY

Has the Central Life the largest agency in Madison?

Why has the Central Life placed more business in Dane County, in the City of Madison, in the University, including faculty and students, during the last seven years than any other company in the United States?

Why do we find so many boosters for the Central Life?

Reasons Are—

Honest Business Methods
Courteous Treatment
Guaranteed Standard Policies
Satisfied Policy Holders
Satisfied Beneficiaries
Personnel of Agents the Best

CENTRAL LIFE

State Office:
Washington Building

Phone 1148

A. C. LARSEN,
State Manager

PHONE 1785

COYNE HAT SHOP EXCLUSIVE MILLINERY

10 S. CARROLL ST.

Complete Course in Motion Pictures—Always the Latest and Best at

The Grand *and* The Fair Play

Both Houses Operated by

SHERWOOD & McWILLIAMS

OPPEL'S FANCY GROCERY

Caters Especially to the Larger University Trade—Try Us
OPPEL'S, 116 East Main Street, Madison

C *What's this terrible Reciprocity
Backed by Billy, big as three,
Attacked by Bobby, like a bee,
'Tis Canada wanting Rocky Mountain Tea.*

Box Ball
That's All!

Have You Tried It?
East Main and Webster

A. D. & J. V. FREDERICKSON GENERAL CONTRACTORS

PINE, HEMLOK AND HARDWOOD LUMBER

MANUFACTURERS OF BUILDERS MATERIAL

MADISON, WIS.

M. ENGELHARDT 308-10 STATE ST.

DRY GOODS, FANCY GOODS

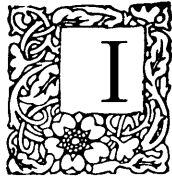
LADIES' READY-TO-WEAR GARMENTS AND FURS

**See That Spencer's
Log Cabin Bread**

is on the table at your boarding
place every meal, as it is the best
brain, muscle and strength bread
in the world

607-609 University Avenue

To the Co-eds of the University of Wisconsin:



I wish to thank the Co-eds of our University for the interest shown in and the good attendance at the Exhibition of Dresses held on Thursday, November twenty-third. Conforming to the numerous requests received, I have arranged to again exhibit the models for a period of four or five days commencing Sunday, December the tenth, and will be pleased to have all my friends and co-students call on me during that time at Chadbourne Hall.

Yours very sincerely,
MISS GEORGIA W. MINER

REPRESENTING
S. LIEBERMANN & COMPANY
507 West Jackson Boulevard
CHICAGO, ILL.

For Styles That Are Chic and Fit That is True—

Printzess Coats and Suits are peculiar, to paraphrase Bret Harte’s famous poem. And getting back to prose, our selection of Printzess garments for Fall is far and away the feature show of our establishment.

These Coats and Suits—year after year—add to their high reputation, for perfect fit (and we don’t mean just ready-to-wear fit—we mean actual, correct fit) for careful selection and serviceable quality of materials and for the style—best described by saying that a Printzess garment “has a way with it.

Sometimes you walk along and see a coat or suit which sets so well, which fits so surely, which breathes such good taste, that you are forced to take instant note of it. Madam, the chances are that it’s a custom-made or a Printzess.

Be in that class—it’s within the reach of even the moderate purse to own a Printzess garment, and the result cannot be measured in words—it’s a feeling of intense satisfaction that’s worth having.

Burdick & Murray Company

Madison Candy Company



Famous Bitter Sweets

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

Try our “Wellington”

They Are The Finest You Ever Ate

Eat at the

“Varsity” Café

525 State Street



WISCONSIN SCHOOL OF MUSIC

ADA BIRD, Director

First Semester Begins September 25, 1911

Registration Days, September 25, 26, 27

PIANO

ADA BIRD
META WAGNER

ELIZABETH BUEHLER
ISABELLE WILLIAMS

JENNIE TAYLOR
ARLINE COFFMAN

VOICE

ADELAIDE FORESMAN

ALEXIUS BAAS

VIOLIN

FREDERICK MACMURRAY

FRANK BACH

HARMONY AND HISTORY OF MUSIC

ELIZABETH BUEHLER

MANDOLIN, GUITAR AND BANJO

FRANK BACH

DRAMATIC READING AND ELOCUTION

ALEXIUS BAAS

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

Phone 357

ADA BIRD, Director, 433 State Street, Madison, Wis.

CLIFFORD L. McMILLEN

Agent for

NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

ORPHEUM BUILDING

Phone 885

Alumni, Faculty and Students of the University of Wisconsin:

After investigating the various life insurance companies authorized to do business in Wisconsin, I have decided to make my future business placing life insurance, and have chosen to represent the *Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company of Milwaukee*, for the following reasons:

First—The Northwestern is purely a mutual company with no dividend drawing stockholders.

Second—The Northwestern contract provides the maximum of protection and privilege to policyholders for the minimum cost.

Third—The Northwestern has had fifty-three years of experience in writing insurance in the interest of its policyholders *at cost*. Policyholders are satisfied as is proven by the fact that one-third of the policies written in 1910 were on the lives of persons already insured under Northwestern contracts.

I shall be glad at any time to give advice or information on life insurance in general and on Northwestern contracts in particular.

Yours very truly,

CLIFFORD L. McMILLEN, '11

No Student's Room Complete
without the
**LATEST IMPROVED ENGLISH MODEL
STAHL MANDOLIN**

The Handsomest Models and Most
Perfect Flat or Arched Back
Instruments Made

also

Violins, Guitars, Banjos, etc., of superior construction
and tone. Every detail of our stock as near perfec-
tion as money can buy. Strings of the same quality.

Wisconsin Music Company

20 North Carroll Street

MADISON, WIS.

WHOLESALE
CHEESE
Foreign and
Domestic

Packers of
Raw Oysters

Established 1891

Ester Oyster Co.

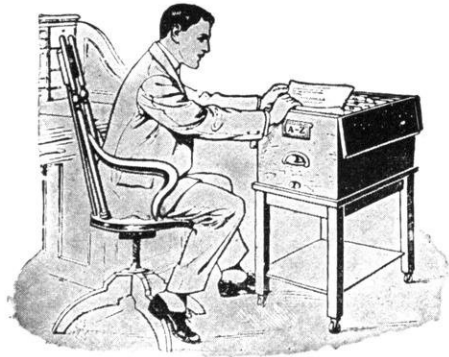
FRESH, SALT AND SMOKED

FISH

*Wholesale
Catchers &
Shippers*

206 East Main Street, Madison, Wis.

Telephone: Bell 975



Office Desks **Office Files**
Wedding Outfits at the Close of the Year

**Haswell
Furniture Company**

CLAYTON W. HASWELL, President

THE HOME OF GOOD FURNITURE

Madison, Wis.

M. A. DUFFY

Up-to-date
Millinery

Fall Opening

401 State Street

Sumner & Crampton

Drugs and Photos

502 State Street

We Have Our Own Special Department
for Developing and Printing

**Commercial
Stationery and
Printing**



**PARSONS PRINTING AND
STATIONERY CO.**

24 North Carroll Street



Milk
Cream
Butter

Butter Milk
Ice Cream

Sold only by

RENDTORFF & ZILISCH CO.

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

Phone 979

629 Washington Ave.

The
First National Bank
Madison, Wisconsin

UNITED STATES DEPOSITORY

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS, \$400,000.00



Officers and Directors

A. E. Proudfit, President	M. E. Fuller, Vice-President
Frank G. Brown	E. B. Steensland
F. W. Hoyt	James E. Mosely
Wayne Ramsay, Cashier	M. C. Clarke, Ass't Cashier



Interest paid on time
Certificates of Deposit

This Bank solicits the accounts of
firms, individuals and corporations

PROMPT AND EFFICIENT SERVICE

The Home of the Royal Tailors

And everything that
is new and fit to wear

At prices that bring the
college man to this store



*"Where quality tells and
price sells"*

New York Store

A Shop for Ladies

The Newest
Creations in
DRESS
GOODS
for Fall and
Winter Wear
are on display
awaiting
your
inspection

Trimmings
and Novelties
in Women's
Wear.
Newest
Bandings,
Hand Bags,
Gloves and
Hosiery

BADGER COMPANY

LADIES AND GENTS
GARMENTS

*Cleaning, Dyeing
Altering, Repairing and
Pressing*

Suits to Order

Goods Called For and Delivered

Dodo & Foso

Telephone 365

513 State St.



The Wisconsin Magazine

Table of Contents



Successor to THE STUDENT MISCELLANY, Founded 1859

Vol. IX.

DECEMBER, 1911

No. 3

TABLE OF CONTENTS

EDITORIALS	1
BACK TRACKS (<i>Verse</i>)— <i>Severn S. Sidon</i>	4
The way we all feel occasionally.	
A HALF-CENTURY OF HIGHER EDUCATION FOR WOMEN— <i>Lois Kimball Mathews</i> ..	5
MRS. A. D. WINSHIP—STUDENT.....	10
The oldest university student in the United States.	
LIFE (<i>Verse</i>)— <i>Belle Fligelman</i>	10
JAPANESE UNIVERSITY STUDENT LIFE— <i>Shigeyoshi Obata</i>	11
The writer was a former student at Waseda.	
NAVAL COURTESY— <i>Caroline Allen</i>	13
It was up to her and she did it.	
“PUPPY” LOVE— <i>B. N. There</i>	14
The boy changed his mind.	
BASKETBALL— <i>Walter A. Scoville</i>	14
The captain is optimistic.	
THE CHANGING CHINESE.....	15
The editor reviews Prof. E. A. Ross's new book.	
STUDENT DAYS (Continued)— <i>By a Member of the Faculty</i>	16
Personal experiences of a professor's college life.	
TO WISCONSIN (<i>Verse</i>)— <i>Roger D. Wolcott</i>	20
DR. LYMAN ABBOTT AT THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN— <i>Edward W. Blakeman</i>	21
JEAN WINTHROP— <i>Belle Fligelman</i>	22
MYSTERY (<i>Verse</i>)— <i>Theo. R. Hoyer</i>	24
THE ATHLETIC BOARD— <i>Edwin C. Austin</i>	25
The functions of the Board explained.	
WITH ARCHIE IN CAMP— <i>William B. Kemp</i>	26
The “Hodag” and the opium pills.	
THE TRIANGULAR AFFAIR (Concluded)— <i>J. Lombard Hubbard</i>	29
DRAMATICS	33
WHEN I WAS AT COLLEGE.....	39
This department is gaining prestige.	

Terms: \$1.50 per year if paid before December 15th. \$2.00 if paid after December 15th of the current year. Contributions and subscriptions should be dropped in The Wisconsin Magazine box in the front entrance to Main Hall, or contributions be mailed to the editor and subscriptions to the business manager. If the magazine is not delivered by the third of every month please phone the manager. The management is not responsible, however, for the non-delivery of the magazine if the address of the subscriber is changed without notice.

Entered at the Post Office, Milwaukee, Wis., as mail matter of the second class.

Published at 385 Broadway, Milwaukee, Wis., by The Wisconsin Magazine Association, Incorporated.

Monthly from October to May, inclusive.

Branch Office, 521 N. Henry Street, Madison, Wis. Phone 1684.

(Copyright applied for.)

Hello!

Yes, this is

FRANK'S LUNCH ROOM

PHONE 887

815 UNIVERSITY AVE.

FORD'S *for* FINE FOTOS



THE FORD STUDIO

GEO. W. HOFFMAN, Mgr.

123 West Mifflin, Corner Fairchild

Phone 2033

YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN
of higher education would do
well to take up the study of

Stenography

either as a profession or as a
stepping stone to their business
or professional career, and to that
end, there is no place to study like

Miss Brown's Private School
of Stenography

Cary Building
Milwaukee, Wis.

THE WISCONSIN MAGAZINE

Volume IX Number 3

THEODORE R. HOYER, '12, Editor-in-Chief

C. C. CHAMBERS, '13

CHESTER C. WELLS, '13

GEORGE D. BAILEY, '12, Business Manager

Athletic Editors

STUART O. BLYTHE, '12, Dramatic Editor

WILLIAM L. McKILLOP, '12, Illustrating Editor

H. G. ARNSDORF, '12, Circulation Manager

ASSOCIATES

Morris B. Mitchell . . '12

Kenneth F. Burgess, L.'12

C. F. G. Wernicke, Jr.'13

Belle Fligelman . . . '13



ASSOCIATES

Alvin H. Kessler . . '13

Shigeyoshi Obata . . '13

Charles R. Roter . . '13

Arthur Hallam . . . '14



A MERRY CHRISTMAS

THIS greeting, centuries old, will soon echo and re-echo again throughout the civilized world. Make merry at Christmas! Christmas, what is it?—The greatest feast known to humanity, and yet a feast about the origin of which we know nothing definite. We do not know who first celebrated it, nor whence, when or how. Yet here it is, affecting a spiritual and material world in a degree as no feast ever has or probably ever will.

If you should stand on some other planet during Christmas time, and could see the various quarters of the globe pass before your view, and see the people making merry on Yuletide, you would know that there was a cause for a great rejoicing of some kind on the planet earth. Casting your eyes on Germany, you would see the Christmas tree with its lighted candles, the joyful homelife with its hymns, "Kuchen" and wine. The tree, you can-

not tell how it came here. You do not know which legend you can believe. Turning to Russia, you would see the poor begging alms from the wealthy, a masquerade of pomp and hilarity. The tree no longer stands in the home of the peasant. It has now been removed to the house of the nobleman, and there gifts are distributed to the poor. In Paris, you would be attracted by the gay life and throng in the cafés. In the land of Odin and Thor, you would wonder at the devotional spirit, the helping hand, the mask performers, the pantomimes and general rejoicing. In South America, you would see the Christmas theatrical productions of the Nativity and the open doors of the homes, where gifts are withheld from none. In the far East, you would behold an awakening, a stir, a heart of joy. You couldn't find a place on earth where you wouldn't be able to feel

the peculiar Christmas thrill. Verily, the festivities are universal.

Ask yourself what it is? You know, of course,—a day of thanksgiving, and good cheer, and rejoicing. What if it is but a development, a survival of an ancient Roman, Teutonic or Egyptian tradition? What if early Christians did abhor it? What if licentiousness, obscenity, blasphemy and drunkenness characterized a Christmas celebration in days of old? It is nothing to us. It is true, we did not originate Christmas feasts, however, we have taken the heathen tradition and molded it into a form of celebration which is uplifting, inspiring, a tradition which awakens a whole world and casts one enormous flow of generosity and good will over the entire earth.

When, therefore, the world ere long shouts again, "A Merry Christmas"; when the mistletoe lends its peculiar charm to the lips of young and old alike, when the wealth of earth leaves for a time its main channels and flows into a million homes, then let us not stand aside like the cynic who sees in it all but a revival of an ancient custom, but let us forget the past and take the feast for what it means in these times.

In the acceptance of the good-will spirit of today, this staff wishes its readers a Merry Christmas.

OUR COLLEAGUE—THE SPHINX

THE Sphinx has accomplished a notable feat at this university, a feat unprecedented. It has carried the honor system, in its admirable, good-natured and good-humored way, into a once rebellious camp. It made no enemies. It raised no philosophical discussion on the absolute right or wrong. When it sold itself to the students upon their honor, it received the smiles from the buyers who inaudibly murmured, "bravo," and helped themselves. We must give The Sphinx credit for this innovation. Our success to the scheme.

WHY WE CAME BACK

A YEAR ago, we remember it distinctly, Wisconsin felt miserably disgusted (not discouraged). It is true, the Chicago game did give us a little

cheer, but after all, the season was not to our liking. This year, we're back. We are squaring shoulders with every other western college man and feel that we, too, are in the race. This feeling is, after all, the most essential element in sport. We like victories, but a good, hotly contested race is just as interesting. We can have close races only provided conditions are right, and they were right this year. We can trace the development. The Athletic Department, under the leadership of Mr. G. W. Ehler, started out last fall with an efficiency campaign. The appointment of Mr. John R. Richards was a direct result of this campaign. We owe the splendid record of the football team this year largely to the capable training of the new coach. We owe the gridiron victories to Captain Buser, Moll, Pollock, Branstad, Hoeffel, Roberts, Mackmiller, Neprud, Butler, Van Riper, Tandberg, Gillette, Samp, and all the other men on the squad. The assistant coaches, the student body and many prominent alumni also contributed their share to the success of the football season. Efficiency was the watchword since last year. The eligibility committee, under the capable leadership of Mr. Bruce Bradley, cannot receive too high an appreciation. Mr. Bradley remained in Madison almost the entire summer in the interest of the eligibility of football men. He worked that Mr. Richards might find a large squad of eligible men—and Richards found them. You have seen the results. We wish we had more men of the Bradley type. We thank you, Bruce.

There is no question at all about Wisconsin's attitude in the Pickering case. We believed at all times that our Athletic Department was sincere. We stood with this department last year. We fought for its position this year. We believe that through it Wisconsin will set an example to all universities in pure, honest, clean athletics. We believe that their watchword is fair play. Efficiency and fair play—who can't win or lose gamely under those banners?

Again, we say, "Well done, fellows." We believed in the department that developed you. We believed in you who represented Wisconsin's spirit of clean athletics. You helped us come back. Now let's go on.

ANOTHER HOMECOMING, 1912

OF COURSE we want another homecoming. A prominent alumnus recently remarked that at last the undergraduate student body had opened the doors of the university to the alumni. We confess, we were considerably shocked when we heard this statement. Really we had not been aware of the fact that an alumnus had to "break into the university" in order to get in at all. But, nevertheless we appreciated the gentle sarcasm and probably well-deserved chastisement, and approve most heartily of the motion made by Mr. E. McMahon that we hold another homecoming next year. We would suggest that a permanent committee be appointed from the junior class and such seniors who are certain to return next year in order that extensive plans might be laid for next fall. The first homecoming has taught the committee many valuable lessons, and the new committee ought to have the benefit of their experiences.

Let's begin work at once. The alumni are willing. "The doors of the university, the light and sweet music" must not remain closed but forever open to every Wisconsin man and woman. Let's adopt a slogan, "All back in 1912."

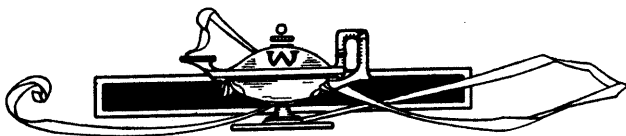
SENIORS, LET'S SET A PRECEDENT

THE strength of a university lies largely in a strong, progressive, virile alumni association. Wisconsin has an association, but the members are relatively few. The association has no permanent alumni secretary. The reason for this is

that the association is not large enough and the expenses in maintaining a secretary and in publishing the alumni magazine are too large for the small number. About three thousand dollars beyond the cost of publishing the magazine are required to maintain a permanent alumni secretaryship.

We fail to understand why Wisconsin should be so far behind Michigan and Minnesota in this respect. These universities have permanent secretaries and they are doing wonderful work. They are filling the much-needed link between the graduate body and the undergraduate body. It is true, Wisconsin has an alumni recorder and editor of the magazine. Mr. Lochner is doing excellent work in his capacity. However, he has not now the time nor the necessary funds to swing the association in the most effective manner.

In view of Wisconsin's position in the alumni world, would it not be a most excellent scheme for every member of the class of 1912 to decide at this time to become a member of the Wisconsin Alumni Association? Pledges ought to be made at once. Next June the regular subscription could be taken up, or earlier if the class should decide. Only about one hundred graduates of the class of 1911 are members of the alumni association. Why cannot the class of 1912 set a precedent and increase the number of members by the total number of the graduating class—over five hundred? With a membership growing at that rate, the association can then soon afford a permanent secretary and place the alumni headquarters at the university on a sound financial basis.



BACK TRACKS

Severn S. Sidon

Illustrated by E. C. Quick



*Fellows, tonight we've been going it some,
We've hit the high spots in this town,
But the taste it has left in our mouths, let's confess,
Isn't one that is pleasant to down.
I wish I were back on the old farm at home
With the old friends I knew long ago;
Not so very long ago either—its only two years
Since I started to hoe my own row.*



*I'd like to be out in the old pasture lot,
In the grove at the foot of the hill,
And hear the free song that the little brook sang
As I fished and then sat and kept still;
And watched the red squirrels in the oaks overhead,
And the birds making love in the shade;
And thought that perhaps there were fairies below
In the shadows the great boulders made.*



*But I guess it's no use, fellows, now it's too late.
We have tasted the dregs in the cup;
We have followed the way we are taking too hard,
Aye, fellows, I think we're grown up.
We've lost the ideals that were our yes'day,
They are gone with our friends and our youth;
And we've found that there's not much in life for the men
Who tamper too long with the truth.*



*I am tired of it all. I am going to quit.
Come on, fellows, quit with me, too!
Let's hunt for some place in this weary old world
Where there's honest work for us to do.
Where the men are true blue, and the women are queens,
And the day does not end with a sigh.
I'm going back, fellows, I'm starting right now.
I hope you'll go back, too, good-bye.*

A HALF-CENTURY OF HIGHER EDUCATION FOR WOMEN

Lois Kimball Mathews

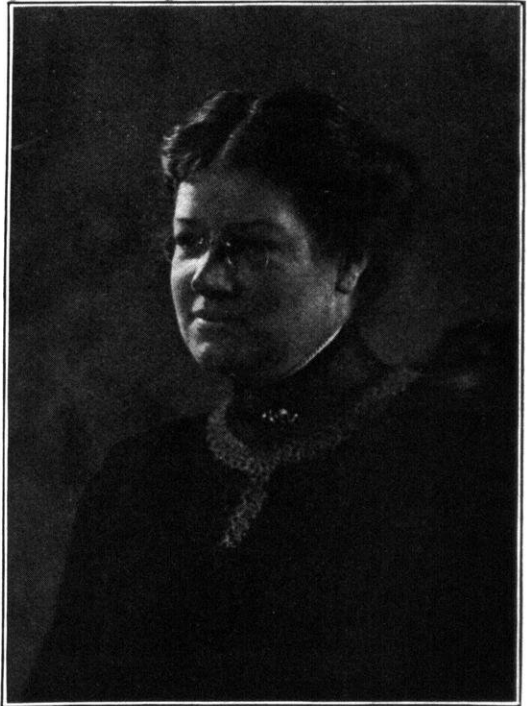
Dean of Women in the University of Wisconsin



THE History of the higher education of women in the United States can be placed in point of time almost entirely within the compass of fifty years.*

The work of Mary Lyon in establishing Mount Holyoke Seminary belongs to the decade 1830 to 1840, when larger views on education, philanthropy, social relations and political ideals were being expressed boldly and vigorously. But Mary Lyon held a torch at which a generation of young women had lighted theirs in turn, before every movement which had been initiated at an earlier day received the tremendous impetus and acceleration afforded by the Civil War. That great struggle to hold together a disintegrating Union had a lasting and extraordinarily far-reaching effect upon the lives and purposes of the women of the United States,—an effect far greater than has usually been attributed to it. In the South the women were left to oversee the farms and plantations; to direct the slaves, whether the groups of these helpers were large or small; to feed, clothe and teach the children who were to recruit the army at the last, or to take up the burden of solving the economic problems of a bankrupt social system. All these tasks and more fell to the hands of the Southern women before 1865; after Appomattox in many a household the widow or daughter found herself confronted by the necessity of supporting herself and others amid the ruin of her fortune and her social world. Sometimes she took up her burden in the old environment; sometimes she ventured forth to a Northern city, where opportunity seemed to her larger and easier of approach than in her own poverty-

stricken, carpet-bag-ridden home. Provisions for training her for self-support in the South there was none. Nor could any be expected until an economic and social readjustment had been made which could afford support to institutions of higher learning for women. Hence the



Mrs. L. K. Mathews

college and normal school for women were of slower and later development in the South than in the North, where beginnings had been made before the Civil War had begun.

In the North the years between 1860 and 1865 saw increasing development of natural resources, continuous opening up of new lands by new railroads, and growing prosperity almost everywhere. Yet

*This paper follows the general outline of a talk given to the women of the university early in October.

here, as in the South, many women dilage store or taught the village school; and the end of the war saw here as in the South many a widow and orphaned daughter comforted by the problem of self-support and bread-winning for others dependent upon a woman's wage-earning capacity. Coincident with this necessity came the extraordinary expansion of industry which followed the close of the war. It therefore came about that at the moment when an unprecedented number of women wanted employment, an unprecedented number of positions of all sorts were open to them. The number of men who had been killed or invalidated between 1860 and 1865 left many places open to women; men were not, moreover, going into the sort of work which poorly paid women could and would do, when the rewards in business were larger and easier to obtain. As a consequence women became for the first time the majority in the ranks of teachers in the public schools, became the bookkeepers, cashiers, and somewhat later the stenographers and private secretaries. Into all occupations where their labor could be utilized cheaply but effectively, we find them rushing in constantly increasing numbers. The movement which had but first begun before 1860, became significant and extraordinary after 1865.

The fact that teaching was an occupation which felt the effect of this "invasion" earliest had a marked effect upon the provision for training these women teachers. Normal schools increased rapidly in numbers, especially in New York, the states which had been carved out of the "Northwest Territory," Minnesota and Iowa. It is significant, too, that the colleges exclusively for women came in the next few years in large numbers;—Vassar opened its doors in 1865, Smith and Wellesley in 1875, Radcliffe's first student applied for instruction in Harvard College in 1878, and Bryn Mawr entered the group in 1885. State universities during these years opened their doors more widely to women;—for instance, Chadbourne Hall was built for the women of the University of Wisconsin in 1871.

These provisions for college education for women were followed by demands for professional training. Not every woman could teach or wanted to do so; many felt their tastes and powers inclining toward professional careers,—in medicine, in law, in the ministry as worked out in missionary fields. Here the doors opened very slowly in response to appeals from without. But although many institutions still refuse to train women in professions, any woman who is determined to be a doctor or a lawyer or a civil engineer or an architect can find a place where her training is as good as any in the country.

One field needs especial comment—that of charity work and social service. From time immemorial women have been considered nurses *par excellence*; it was natural that the Civil War should draw large numbers not only for actual service on the field and in the hospitals, but in their homes for raising money and providing supplies to send to the front. When the war was over, this work was not done:—there were invalidated soldiers and their families to be cared for, there were orphans for whom homes must be found, there was the problem of the bewildered negro family stranded North or South. In New York City one woman was so influenced by her work on the Sanitary Commission that she was the founder in 1869 of what has grown to be the State Charities Aid Association of New York. Such movements had just got on their feet when the panic of 1873 paralyzed business temporarily, and increased greatly the need of charity organizations. Panics have always sharpened the vision of philanthropists as well as of persons who have not money, but time and strength to give to service for others; the panic of 1893, twenty years later, was again most potent in increasing the number and effectiveness of these organizations designed to aid the poor and sick. Between 1873 and 1893 all the machinery for educating and training women was being perfected and increased in amount and in efficiency to try to meet in some adequate fashion the perpetually growing demand for women's work in every field. In no realm was that machinery wholly adequate; but in 1893 the apparatus for doing social service was per-

haps of all that machinery least efficient and least developed. The panic of that and succeeding years gave an impetus to what was before being done slowly and hesitatingly.

Another cause may be assigned for the increased interest in charity work and social service, more especially within the last twenty years. The character of immigration into this country has undergone in that time a profound change. No longer does the great volume of immigrants take passage from Germany, Norway, Sweden, Switzerland, France, Scotland, England and Ireland—all countries of Northern or Western Europe. The great tidal wave now sweeps in from Southern, Eastern and Southeastern Europe, bearing in Italians, Greeks, Slavs and Russian Jews. Our earlier immigrants went to the frontier to take up cheap land, and became assimilated into our great mass of the "plain people" as Lincoln loved to call them, in the second generation. These new-comers remain in the cities, so that our frontier, (in so far as it is the margin of our civilization) would seem to be on the "East Side" of New York. With this tendency to settle down into clannish groups in our large centers of population our "city problem" has arisen, with all the evils attendant upon it. If ever a situation called for social service, it is this one of our alien, apparently unassimilable population huddled in the narrow streets and along the dingy wharves of our great cities.

With 1893, with the announcement that our free land was gone, we passed into a new phase of our history. No longer, we were told, was there a frontier where land was cheap and plenty; where the discontented elements could retreat when the situation—economic, social, religious or political—become unsupportable; where what threatened to be a permanent minority might become a triumphant majority. With the passing of the frontier, our problems of democracy have shifted. The discontented elements must be made content where they are; the minority must be satisfied by compromises; those who prove too weak to defend their own interests must have those interests defended for them. To this last situation,—the

necessity for defense of the poor and defective classes who cannot take care of themselves—may be attributed a good deal of the increasing paternalism of our movement. That paternalism has been obvious in the passage of pure food laws, of laws providing for milk inspection, of laws providing for a pure water supply. All of these the rich with unlimited wealth at their command may obtain for themselves; but the poor must obtain them through powerful agencies which can not only make certain requirements as to food supplies, but can also enforce them. It is partly to secure for all people equal rights, and to prevent the spread of special privilege that laws are being made to provide for the initiative, the referendum and recall; that the laws to restrain corporations are being interpreted in accordance with present day conditions; and that plans for income and inheritance taxes are crystallizing in statute in order to distribute the burden of taxation. All these movements are the outgrowth of appreciation on the part of a majority of the people that certain classes cannot even in a democracy take care of themselves or their own interests; and that the more fortunate have a definite responsibility which they can not shift, toward those who are for any reason less fortunate than themselves.

These are some of the problems confronting the United States today. To find the solution the work of both men and women is needed. Heretofore men have coped with problems of political, economic, religious and social import, and have solved many of them ably and well. They have been aided, to be sure, by the counsel and sympathy of women; but it is within the half-century, and almost within the quarter-century, that women have been represented generally on boards and committees for consulting upon and solving civic, educational and industrial problems. Today these problems are so great, so numerous and so intricate that men find themselves appalled before them. Women must lend their aid whether they wish to do so or not. Whether women like to acknowledge it or not, their purpose and their interest have shifted from the individual to the group. Two or three generations ago the devotion and self-sacrifice

of women were lavished upon parents, husbands, the "black sheep" of the family, or the crippled child. And these individuals claimed and received all of the devotion and care that a woman had to spend. Today women are trying to aid groups of people rather than individuals alone. Women go into settlement work, organize and carry on working girls' clubs, aid shirt-waist makers' strikes, work for the ballot, though they themselves may not need it, in order that the women who can not get on without the franchise may obtain it. They toil for labor laws which may protect women and children in industry; they spend their time and energy in trying to get employers' liability laws passed. All these things they do because these large groups have come to be the center of their purpose, the ideal of their striving. And yet the individual does not suffer from lack of care. College-bred women, in whom as a class the larger purpose is most highly developed, make as admirable mothers and wives as their grandmothers did. But they do these other tasks also, and regard their responsibility to the large group as inevitable. Those who do not marry give themselves to the task of teaching and inspiring children, young girls and other women to be helpful and responsible when their time comes; they go into law and medicine that they may through such agencies help this and the succeeding generation. Where our grandmothers lavished themselves, spendthrift of their health oftentimes, in a passion of unselfishness and devoted service, upon their families, this generation with no less devoted purpose, with no diminished passion for service, spends itself upon a larger unit—the community.

This passion for service is not a monopoly by any means of the college-bred woman; but the college-bred woman has incurred the larger obligation by virtue of her larger opportunity. Here in Wisconsin especially, that obligation is recognized and is not to be escaped. As President Van Hise has said, "The people of the State of Wisconsin believe that by contributing through taxation to the support of the university, they become in a sense stockholders in that great enter-

prise; and they believe that they are entitled to dividends in return in terms of service to the community." The people believe—and justly—that those who are taught and trained at their expense, shall make such payment in return as can be made by all sorts of aid to the communities, large and small, in which these university-bred men and women may after graduation find themselves. The price of tuition never covers the cost of the education a college or university affords. Whether one likes it or not one always incurs an obligation to the institution which graduates him; and since one cannot repay in money that obligation, he must cancel it so far as he can, by a life of devoted and unselfish service for others.

It is the duty of the college and the university to inculcate these standards of responsibility in the young people whom it sends out into the world to help solve its problems. The first college for women, the first university that admitted women, taught as high ideals as will ever be taught. But they were largely ideals of personal conduct and action. We should teach those today no less fervently and determinedly than did the teachers of a half-century ago; but we must teach other ideals as well. "Other times" do indeed bring "other manners"; but other times bring also other opportunities, other obligations.

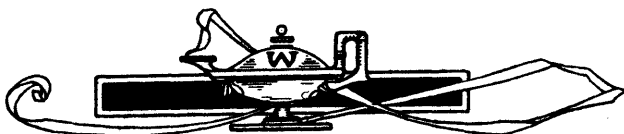
The opportunities of service for women are and will for a long time continue to be mostly concerned with other women and with children. How are we in the college to turn out the most efficient women for this service? First of all, by unifying their work and their interests in the university so that they get the experience they have a right to acquire in directing and working with one another in what is in some respects an ideal community. The university is, nevertheless, a world in miniature; and those qualities which make for leadership in the world outside these walls, may be developed in this smaller world within the college community. The advantages of co-education we may take for granted; they are here, and will continue to be here ready to our hands. But the advantages of close association with other women have not been

developed nor even recognized here in the University of Wisconsin. For often the girl who is socially available has forged ahead into prominence, when the girl who without exceptional social grace has nevertheless had tremendous undeveloped powers for leadership of other women, has only "found herself" after she has left the university and served her unnecessarily long apprenticeship in the world outside. Nor is one prepared to say, how much capacity for service has never been developed here or elsewhere because of the lack of realization which the university should have demanded, of a woman's responsibility to her fellows. No woman should ever leave this great university without having had both the advantages of association with men which co-education affords and the advantages of close association with women which heretofore the woman's college alone has afforded. No woman should go away from Madison without having been an active and interested member of the Self-Government Association,—that organization which offers unlimited opportunity for development of each and every woman who registers in this university. It is only by "team work," by arousing an enthusiastic "esprit de corps" among the women for the women that the women of this university can acquire for themselves the place they should—and do not as yet—occupy in this community. Not by clamor, not by aggressive self-assertion; but by the slow acquisition among all the women of a spirit of harmony and singleness of purpose in which every woman student has a share.

What will be the ultimate effect of such unity of purpose and effort? The graduates of this university will go back into their own communities, to help as they have learned to help in college. It is immaterial whence that spirit of helpfulness radiates;—whether from the home, the school-room, the office or the social settlement. The point is that it will have a

center and an ultimate ideal. That ideal will be borne of the realization that the university will have fostered of it has not engendered;—that there is no superior class in this country save that made up of those who have achieved distinction by dint of greater courtesy towards and greater consideration for others than their fellows have shown. No social distinction is worth anything save that won by greater devotion to service for others than is manifested by the average man or woman. With the realization that this is the only basis for social prominence in the larger and only true sense, will come the determination to achieve it. When that purpose is instilled, there will fall to the ground the opinion which many people hold that women lack what has been called "a sense of corporate responsibility." I do not personally believe that inherently women do not possess it; but I do believe it is latent and as yet undeveloped. That loyalty which in the past women have shown in extraordinary degree to the individual in the family, to the individual friend, to the isolated cause, they can without loss to anyone, expend also upon aggregations of individuals, since loyalty, as Professor Royce has shown us, is one of those qualities of human kind which grow by division. Loyalty to the university and its cause, to one's organization and its work, to one's comrades in service, and to men and women everywhere—such loyalty is an obligation born of great opportunity.

The half-century of higher education of women has, then, brought forth out of dire necessity for self-support, out of sheer eagerness for intellectual food, out of sharp craving for individual expression, a loftier purpose of service for human folk of all kinds, a passion for learning as the means to that service, an ideal comprising the right of self-expression which belongs to every individual, a loyalty to every uplifting cause combined with an absolute devotion to some one specific task.



MRS. A. D. WINSHIP—Student



Mrs. A. D. Winship

MRS. A. D. WINSHIP is the oldest university student in the United States. She is eighty. Mrs. Winship finished her freshman and sophomore years at the University of Ohio and is now enrolled as a special student at the University of Wisconsin. When asked why she was taking up a college course at this time, she said, "It is a long story, but it was primarily because I have been much interested in psychology since I began reading on the subject by chance fifteen years ago. From that time on I read a great deal on that and allied subjects. Later circumstances led me to take up this and other subjects as a study. Study and intellectual development afford me one of the greatest pleasures of my life."

Mrs. Winship had her last school experience in a little log schoolhouse in northern Illinois in 1847—one year prior to the admission of the territory of Wisconsin into the Union and two years previous to the opening of the first preparatory department of the University of Wisconsin.

LIFE

Belle Fligelman

*Last night my soul was dead; I stood alone,
Doubted by all—and sickened by self-doubt.
What was this sorry scheme of things about?
Why must I live to hear the Struggler's groan?
Why must I live to hear the Bankrupt's moan?
Why did my whitened heart that once was stout,
Cringe like a coward at the Victor's shout,
And then grow dull and feelingless as stone?
Why must I dumbly strive and hear men gloat
Over the things to which I would not bend,
While talons of despair clutched at my throat?
And then I caught the glimmer of a light
And heard a voice call: "Live! Thou hast a friend!"
Today I live, and glory in the fight!*

JAPANESE UNIVERSITY STUDENT LIFE

Shigeyoshi Obata



READERS will please not take this essay for ill-intended irony nor for sheer fantasy. The writer has spent in Wisconsin his past two years in America, and when he describes from

his memory the university life in his native land, his references and comparisons will naturally tend to point to things he has had the pleasure to observe in his American Alma Mater. He means to speak the truth. Only, his readers, who are accustomed to sit in classrooms where the air bears the breath of fragrant perfumes and the sound of silken rustlings, may little hope to find the key of understanding to the students life of those thoroughly "stag" institutions in Japan.

It was only thirty years ago when untrimmed hair and shabby garments were sanctioned and upheld in the Japanese university. A fellow who in midwinter of necessity wore the old summer clothes and bared his arms and feet to the north wind was a "sport," while his better-off comrade who tore his new skirt sent by his mother, and who tried to appear ragged, was guilty of snobbery. Students were disposed to concentrate all their energy in the pursuit of their studies and in the development of manliness (not gentlemanliness, mind you). All extravagant displays of physical endurance, including gluttony, were greatly admired. In fact, they did not have much to do but to eat, study, and sleep. No student was expected to do business, show off his father's wealth, or hunt his future wife in college.

Woman—what an alien element in their college sphere! To have fallen in love—oh, what a pitiful lot of the weakling! An "Iron Heart"—that was their ideal.

This antipathy toward the fair sex may seem almost monastical; but no reader will

infer that all Japanese college boys of that time intended to become monks. And they did not. This sentiment rose from the eager effort to make a student devote all his life and time to his proper work and not waste any moment turning back to the teasings of infant passion born in his youthful heart. The indulgence in the strenuous exercises of Jiu-jitsu and Gekken and the grotesque sword dance, or the habit of the uncouth setting examples of bad appearances and ill-behaviors, can be explained partly or wholly by tracing their origin to this one motive. For a strange tradition came to exist, namely, not to allow male students to associate with women nor talk of women, nor think of women. Imagine a young Japanese bending over his book alone in his room. At some psychological turn of his mind, the lines on the page might diffuse into one dim background to present him those two bright eyes of the pretty girl he had seen somewhere before.

"Treason!" he would start and cry, and stare back on the wall where hung the motto of two Chinese characters done with masterful strokes of brush, which reads: "Iron Heart."

The college life of more recent years has undergone many changes. It has become more rational, artificial, and complex—namely "Westernized," retaining only in sparks the barbaric splendor of olden times. The aim of college education has been modified; new methods of training have been introduced; and the authorities have managed to infuse certain features of society at large into the academic atmosphere. Decency in appearance as well as conduct are now acknowledged as the right standard. Acquisition of ability rather than of knowledge is regarded more important; thus the old-time "grinds" have lost their ground. All-round manhood and variety of taste are beginning

to be sought as ideals. Hence have sprung a number of both intellectual and social organizations, which are not quite so numerous, however, as they are in Wisconsin.

The university life in Tokio is still simple. Little means are provided for the students to find companions or cultivate friendship. The most effective, and perhaps the sole living organizations for this end, are the provincial students' association. Tokio, being the natural center of higher education, draws young men in numbers from all different parts of Japan. And those from each province have organized a club, which enables them to enjoy familiar conversations, and "hearty" banquets with their local songs and "stunts." * * But no all-university mixer, or rather Junior Promenade.

Their class organization is very simple, with only one elective but uncoveted position of class secretaryship, whose duty is merely to serve as a messenger boy between the faculty and the class. Hence, no platform advertisements on telephone poles.

No interclass feelings or relations exist. Hence, no problems of enforcing traditions.

Students' publications are very few and insignificant. Once dramatic societies appeared, shocking and exasperating the unexpectant society of the world, which had never dreamed students of honor in connection with droll performances, for as such the art of acting had been regarded. But, after all, their endeavors remain experimental and are not intended to entertain the general public or to earn money and fame.

Religious organizations, such as The Young Men's Christian Associations, or Young Men's Buddhist Associations have as yet created only small spheres of influence of their own, and can compare by no means with similar organizations in American universities in regard to the

commanding positions they hold over the student life as a whole. Most Japanese college students are desperate in their religious life, having lost their old belief and not having clasp a new faith.

Readers inclined to be sympathetic for the torporific surroundings that must encyst the young life of Japan, may be consoled by the information that there is one moving feature of American college life that has been transplanted there in perfection. That is the athletic craze. How much baseball skill they have acquired, has been witnessed by Wisconsin students last year, when the Waseda and Keio teams visited the University. The writer has not forgotten the fall, five years ago, when the final baseball game between the above mentioned universities approached, the enthusiasm of rooters on both sides burst into premature demonstrations, which, being carried to the same city, caused an alarming strain of the atmosphere and at last the cancelation of the game.

Another thing that may be worth mentioning at the end is the revolutionary turn of the students' attitude toward women. That gigantic dam of ancient convention that held in check the most turbulent current of life was broken loose, through the introduction of Western literature that swelled with Naturalistic impulses and with visions of Romanticism. Stars and violets have become the favorite themes of young poets, who would in former years have indulged in the eulogy of unshaven face and dirty clothing. The society tolerates the male students' mixing with the women on certain occasions, such as the New Year's Day card party, which is, by the way, a poetical contest and not the kind of party my phrase may suggest. Although dancing appeals to every Japanese still too drastic, some progressionists have, however, ventured to express their longing for the American institutional system of co-education.



NAVAL COURTESY

Caroline Allen

Illustrated by E. C. Quick



THE blazing sun beat upon the awning-shaded deck with such force that the air beneath was almost as unbearable, even with the electric fans, as that of the unsheltered outside, where the perspiring jacks were lolling ready to jump at a glance from an officer under the awning. The day was a counterpart of many in the Manila Bay hot season. The officers, in their perpendicular white uniforms and the lady guests in the curves of soft lightness, were making the best of it as they steamed out for an all-day picnic to one of the tiny islands.

The center of attraction under the awning was a bit of femininity with a cool, sparkling smile. Margaret Day sat directly under an electric fan, had a pitcher of

some delectable coolness on her one side, and a man with a hand fan at the other.

"It helps to disperse your hot air," she told the men, who guffawed half-heartedly—their collars were very hot. Yet even Margaret, in all her vivacity, became limp in the long-continued heat. She began to force her jokes and sallies, bored to death at herself and everything in general. What could she do to make things lively? The inspiration came.

"Look heah," she cried with high-pitched sweetness, and smiled a radiant smile that had its response in the ready adoring smiles of the men, "I'll dare any of you stiff-starched,

spinky-spank officers to jump into the water," and she followed the speech by an "of course you will" smile. But alas a ravishing smile is not all-powerful among men! They simply grinned and joked at the suggestion.

In indignation, Margaret sang out, "Well, it's up to me then," and over the railing she went, all soft and white, and sank into the water with a laugh as gurgling as the wave she met, with an easy and skillful dive!

The officers stood dumbfounded, but with one impulse over the railing they went, too, for it was the only thing left to do. She was taken back to the deck all wet and dripping, a wicked light in her eyes as she watched a *man*, who could not swim, get rescued.

But later, as she sat in the stateroom, penned there to wait for her clothes to dry, she reflected that she had been very wicked, for she had heard the doughty captain swear roundly as he met the water, for he had on his best gold epaulets!



“PUPPY” LOVE

B. N. There



IN THE shadows of a porch across the street a door opened, revealing a glimpse of white skirts in the lighted interior, then slammed hard. A dark but youthful-looking figure shuffled off the porch out into the moonlight and stood with head hung low, hands in pockets, casting a huddled shadow on the white sidewalk. After a moment he started slowly up the street. In the darkness of the trees bordering the next yard he stopped, turned, and started back, but turned again with a loud sob and went on, quickening his pace. Several rods further on he stopped and turned back again, only to go on as before. He repeated this a number of

times, each time going a greater distance away from the house.

Finally, at the top of a slight hill in the street, where an arc light showed his agonized boyish face, he stopped again. But this time he turned back only his head for a second, then dashed recklessly down the hill on the other side toward the lake at the bottom. He threw off his coat on the bank and rushed out on the pier of the street landing. A cold wind was blowing in, throwing the spray from the waves high above the boards. Half-way to the end he halted suddenly, ducked his head, grabbed himself with his arms, and ran carefully back. Finding his coat he clambered up the bank and sneaked off through a dark back street.

BASKETBALL

Walter A. Scoville

WITH the close of a most satisfactory football season, the interest of the student body naturally turns toward basketball with hopes running high for a winning team.

The pre-season prospects are bright. We have in Dr. Meanwell, who will coach the team this year, a man well versed in both the eastern and western styles of play, and a thorough student and lover of the game. He believes in giving all men who come out every possible chance to make good, and will thus bring about keen competition for places on the team. With this idea in mind two of his assistant coaches will be obtained to help train the large number of men who will be retained on the squad throughout the entire season. By this means it is hoped that men of little or no experience in varsity basketball can learn the game and work up to a place on the varsity squad.

Dr. Meanwell already has a freshman

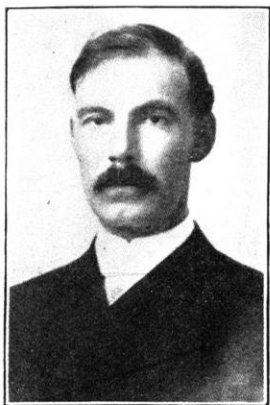
squad of four teams in prime condition and ready to give the varsity squad some good workouts. He has also started a number of promising varsity candidates on the road to condition by holding several practices a week during the past month.

Three men from last year's team, Stangel, Youngman, and Scoville, are among these candidates, and not one of them is any too sure of his position; for besides the many promising candidates already on the floor, a large number of football men will report for basketball after Thanksgiving, with the idea of helping the university in developing the strongest team possible.

With a fair break of luck, the assertion of the alumni at the homecoming celebration, that Wisconsin has "come back" in athletics, bids fair to be upheld in basketball.

THE CHANGING CHINESE

Theo. R. Hoyer



In his new book, "The Changing Chinese," Professor Edward Alsworth Ross of the sociology department portrays the conflict of oriental and western culture in China most vividly. There runs throughout the book a certain

atmosphere which we will take the liberty of defining as Wisconsin atmosphere. The man who wrote this book possesses those splendid attributes of sympathy, of love, of a desire to raise the standards of an unfortunate people. He says in his chapter on "The Race Mind of the Chinese," that foreigners are not attracted to the Chinese, as in the case of the Japanese, by charm of manner or delicacy of sentiment or beauty of art, but by the solid human qualities of the folk. "The fact is, the Chinese are extremely likable and those who have known them longest like them best. Almost invariably those who disparage them are people who are coarse or narrow or bigotted."

The book is divided into ten chapters. "China to the Ranging Eye," paints a picture which draws us into immediate sympathy with the race. An environment, such as portrayed there, at once holds our attention and we want to know something about the characteristics of the Chinese. We are fully satisfied when we have read the second and third chapter of "The Race Mind of the Chinese," and the "Race Mind of the Chinese." "The Struggle for Ex-

istence in China" in one of the strongest chapters in the book. Does it not soften our heart when we read that, "The sea is raked and strained for edible plunder. The fungus that springs up in the grass after a rain is eaten. Fried sweet potato vines furnish the poor man's table. The roadside ditches are bailed out for the sake of fishes no longer than one's finger. The silkworms are eaten after the cocoon has been unwound from them. Canton rats and cats are exposed for sale. Our boatmen cleaned and ate the head, feet, and entrails of the fowls used by our cook." The industrial future of China is summed up admirably in the last sentence of the chapter. "It is a long in the latter half of this century that the yellow man's economic competition will begin to mold with giant hands the politics of the planet."

The great merit of the book lies in its wholesome notes of optimism, especially regarding China's religious and moral future. "The influential and enlightened classes in China are quite too proud to allow their people to adopt anything cast off by the West. If, on the other hand, Christianity keeps its grip on the West, it is certain to move forward to ultimate triumph in China; for it is quite as congenial to the Chinese as it was to the people of the Roman Empire in the third century."

"The Changing Chinese" is a book that cannot escape anyone who lives apart, at times at least, from his provincial surroundings, and who looks toward the day when there is no East, when there is no West, when the man in his palatial home feels a kinship with the man living in the plateaus of the loess.

STUDENT DAYS—Continued

By a Member of the Faculty

II.



BUSINESS friend of my father's took me down to Hadley, a suburb of Seaport, for a couple of weeks. I was to try my luck at house to house canvassing of a patent window venti-

lator in which the good gentleman was financially interested. After some days of misery on the doorsteps of the inhospitable Hadlians, I determined to take a day off to inspect the sights of Seaport. I had gone the rounds of museums, libraries, and colonial cemeteries and entered the doors of 25 Sanford street, which, according to my guidebook, was the headquarters of the State Geneological Society. But the number was a misprint, and upon that misprint depended my whole future. Twenty-five Sanford street was the Letters and Science College of Seaport University. I asked for a catalogue; it was something to pretend that I was going to matriculate. The kindly registrar summoned me back to his desk and questioned me. The next day, according to promise, I called on Dr. Wingfield, then dean and afterwards President, an alumnus, by the way, of Wisconsin. I told him my story. He wanted me to come. There were lots of poor boys at Seaport University, he said; the scholarships would take care of my tuition; my high school credits would be accepted provisionally, and I would be given a chance to pass off my examinations at the October specials.

Two days later the college year opened and I was enrolled upon the books; having procured a few dollars from home, and having rented a basement room for a dollar a week, and bought five pounds of oatmeal and borrowed from the landlady an oil-stove and a few dishes. My plan was to get at least a month's taste of college, whatever might happen thereafter. In two weeks, damp walls and an unbal-

anced ration compelling a change in the mode of life, I began house-keeping with another freshman in a little back room of a lodging-house, managed and chiefly occupied by the fraternity which I subsequently joined. We paid a dollar and a quarter a week, and cooked our own meals, save occasional dinners at a student boarding-house, which cost in job lots seventeen cents apiece. An uncle sent me twenty-five dollars; friends procured me sales for the ventilator, netting me forty-five dollars; I sold an article to a New York newspaper; and in the spring I got forty dollars in prizes offered by the college magazine—not because of my scribblings being good, but because the rest were worse. Presents of pies, cakes, bread, second hand overcoats, shoes, etc., added extensively to larder and wardrobe. Furthermore, I had an aunt of some means to whom I early addressed a letter, stating with some policy what I was up to. She was visibly affected and sent me—six pocket handkerchiefs. My comrade and I roomed together most of the time during the four years. He had barely triumphed over his difficulties, and begun a useful career as a teacher, when he was drowned in trying to save the life of a girl acquaintance. My total expenses for that first college year were \$165.

Meantime a very good friend had indirectly brought my case to the attention of Mr. Judson, owner of a large estate in a neighboring parish, who each year generously made out a list of ten boys whom he helped through college with a specified stipendium. For the next three years I was one of them, and his annual \$200 with the scholarships covering my four years' tuition, and with a few perquisites from further prizes, furnished the material means of my procuring my A. B. In the middle of my Senior year my good aunt, dying, left me \$500, whereupon my college

friends enviously dubbed me "Income Tax Sadler." After some months of riotous living, I still had enough to enable me to think of an M. A.

The College of Letters and Science of Seaport University was in the heart of the city, a building whose modest three story brick front gave little indication of the intricately rambling halls and winding stairs and of the many spacious classrooms behind. It was a world of wonder and goodness to me. The Letters and Science faculty numbered some twenty of the keenest heads and kindest hearts in the world. Their relations with the students were intimate and courteous. There was a solidarity in ideals between teachers and pupils that I have never seen equaled in the five or six American colleges with which I have first-hand acquaintance. To loiter after class or to foregather in the seminary room or "chapel" (a low-ceilinged assembly-room on the first floor) for an informal talk on some intellectual topic with teacher or classmate was part of the day's spontaneity. In that school everybody always had time except the janitor. The academic program was simple and plastic: the first year's work was required, Greek, Latin, mathematics, history, and a very harmless aside in English composition, beside one lecture a week on college aims and ideals, and one on the nature and growth of language; in the Junior year psychology; in the Senior year, metaphysics (each four hours a week for a third of the year). Otherwise all was elective, and under no restrictions, save such as were implicit in the subject—one scarcely taking up Dante, for instance, before elementary Italian. There were no restrictions on the number of hours, except those of the student's own ability. At one time, I carried twenty-eight, eight being in philosophy and two in Sanskrit, and no one was offended. There were no advisers, as there was plenty of opportunity for informal conference. There was no machinery for looking after anybody. An institution of the complexity of Wisconsin presumably could not be conducted on this basis.

I passed my entrance requirements late in October, and the comment of the Dean "Sadler, you're doing nobly" gave me a prodigious boost. By an odd mistake of

the proctor, I had written papers in two sittings that by the regulations I was entitled to write in four. I found myself indeed better prepared for college than most of my classmates, though I was the next youngest; and every study went beautifully except solid geometry, which I just passed, and trigonometry, which I just didn't. I had settled opinions on mathematics. I spent perhaps ten minutes a day on logarithms, unit circles, cosines, and other functions, and those ten minutes I considered wasted. Much of the science I denounced to the boys in the "Young Men's Study" as heresy or downright nonsense. "One over zero equals infinity" was my stock illustration,—and I was right, in that the equation doesn't really say what it means. "Mathematics confuses the problems of life" was another favorite maxim, illustrated by the proposition that it doesn't follow, in reality, however true mathematically, that, if one man can dig a posthole in sixty minutes, sixty men can dig it in one minute. The statement of our professor that a student poor in mathematics was ipso facto poor in insight and reason found, I believed, its unanswerable proof in my own case—and I hinted as much to him. It was many years, and only after long studies in philosophy, before I realized the mystery and fascination there may be in the analysis of the categories of space and quantity. I still question, however, if these matters are unfolded with much pedagogic wisdom in our traditional textbooks, and if occasional nonsense is not uttered by mathematicians, as by the rest of the learned—for instance on a curved space, on a fourth dimension, on parallel lines meeting at infinity, notions that, if proved by mathematical manipulation, shrivel nevertheless into absurdity under a subtle analysis of the philosophic meaning of the terms. These profound observations aside, I was compelled to repeat trigonometry in the sophomore year; and, failing again, was finally permitted by vote of the faculty to substitute in its stead an additional four hours' of philosophy. This dispensation was due primarily to the linguistic and histrionic zest with which I had worked up a comic role in a Latin play of Plautus ("The Captives") given in three performances at one of the

city theaters, under the auspices of the Latin Department, and attended by the fashionable and scholarly from various seats of culture.

Greek I dropped in the middle of the second year; our professor, a fine scholar with a long usefulness, having certain whimsical ways that I did not understand. "Sit down, Sadler," he would say, dissatisfied with my rendering of a passage in Xenophon or Demosthenes, "Sit down, and the next time you come to class bring your head with you, not a block of wood." Yet I have continued to read Greek by myself off and on to this day, and have always lacked sympathy with a student who explains his ignorance of a subject by defects in his teacher. The teacher may well be only a casual episode in the subject.

I elected my courses partly out of intellectual curiosity, partly with reference to my notions of the ideal man of culture. It never entered my mind that there could be other standards. To study a subject merely because it would be useful to me in the world, even in the world of teaching would have been impossible. I expected to make use of my studies in my teaching, but then I desired to become a teacher in order to continue those studies, and to hand them on, like the lamps of life, to the next generation. I worked most at Latin, English literature, and philosophy, but got much joy and good out of courses in several natural sciences, political economy, modern languages, and history. There was no official major that I remember, but I wrote a thesis on nature in the Latin poet Catullus.

Except for the youthful infatuation with Byron, before referred to as due to peculiar conditions of isolation, I never had that noble and vital experience of living for a time at the feet of one I would call master. I was never long dominated by any great prophet or book. I lacked reverence. I made up for social and practical timidity by a corresponding overplus of intellectual self-assertion; furthermore, my interests were too diversified, and hero-worship depends upon concentration of one's spiritual forces. Thus, no one of my teachers, either in Seaport or elsewhere, ever became all in all to me, however much I might admire and render

thanks. Yet three I recall especially as doing no particular good: The young assistant professor of philosophy (also a mathematician) whose intellectual orderliness and balance was a perpetual rebuke (and irritation) to my own mental storm and stress; the professor of Latin, nonchalant and humorous, whose unpretentious remarks on art and life have furnished me with many points of departure in the thinking of my maturer years; and the celebrated professor of metaphysics, gray-haired and generally reserved, the subtle dialectician and the most consummate lecturer, though not the most original thinker, I ever have known, who, expounding those high themes, was a transfigured face, in the presence of which the classroom became a temple of the Eternal, while

Hinter ihm in wesenlosem Scheine
Lag was uns alle baendigt, das Gemeine.
He is now dead. I wonder if he has since been able to verify what he told us.

Meantime, I did (frequently at the great city library) quantities of "outside reading"—in my studies chiefly, but usually neither assigned nor suggested by my professor. I was happiest, after all, when left alone, and, if a course bored me, I cut to the limit. The long summer vacations in Wilton were each devoted to a thorough examination (as thorough as youth and inexperience permitted) of some subject not in the curriculum. One summer I went through the Old Testament, critically, with such commentaries as those of Kuenen, Driver, and Wellhausen. The notes I then made I find still serviceable at times. My stimulus here was not, however, entirely the love of learning; I wanted ammunition for further battles with very orthodox classmates. The next summer I went through the New Testament. During term time, I began attending symphony concerts, operas, and oratorios to develop some sense for the world of tone that had hitherto meant nothing to me. In the same way I made frequent visits to the city art museum and observed the architecture of public buildings, trying to formulate my own theories of beauty. From a theatrical friend, I obtained passes that enabled me to see about a hundred plays, from "Hamlet" to "East Lynne." I at-

tended all the public lectures at the college, and (more out of curiosity than piety, I fear) many religious services at the city churches.

Obviously, I was not a football hero. Besides there wasn't any football team. Situated in the city as we were, our only athletic field was a remote park, and our only training quarters the city Y. M. C. A. gymnasium. We once had a baseball nine that played Brown; score 40 to 0, but not in our favor. Thereafter our athletic games were strictly among ourselves. I rejoice in Wisconsin athletics—I have the time of my life with the boys on the bleachers—but my own undergraduate experience makes it hard for me to believe that Wisconsin would go to the dogs, even if she were walloped by every team in the conference. In the gymnasium I practiced assiduously. I wanted good muscles and nerves, but the interest even here was primarily intellectual, perhaps, pedantic, and not altogether wholesome. I looked upon skill in running, wrestling, turning, swimming, etc., as part of culture itself, in that these, too, as well as history, science, literature, and art, belonged to that racial inheritance it was every man's business to make his own.

There was one form of athletics, however, wherein my enthusiasm was absolutely unreflecting and spontaneous. It was a game, I think, peculiar to our fraternity at Seaport, but so stimulating to the physical and so disciplinary to the moral nature that I wish it might be introduced into Wisconsin. I will try to describe it, with as much dignity as is consistent with clearness. A youth seats himself in a chair. Thereupon a Volunteer bends toward him from the hips, till his head and eyes are buried in the lap of the Sitter; the attitude is one of adoration, prayer and suspense. A dozen eager youths stand grouped behind him. One steps forward with hand in air. The hand descends as speedily as the stepper can swing it. He-who-has-been-slapped (the slappee) now springs into an erect posture, and turns with distorted face, scanning the group and rubbing his thigh. He then attempts to determine who it was, through some peculiar sting in the impact or some peculiar look of satisfaction in the features of some member of the

group. If he misses, he must submit to a second ordeal; if he is successful, the slapper has then to take his place. There is no space to enter into the refinements of the sport here.

I was a member of several clubs. The Monday Club was entirely a student organization where a number of men met once a month by mutual agreement to bore one another in turn with original disquisitions or literary folk not disposed of in the regular curriculum. The Historical Club and the Philosophical were really informal pro-seminars "without credit," conducted by members of the faculty. In the former I made an (to me) interesting study of Roger Williams—Puritan New England being still a hobby with me—in the latter we studied thoroughly some Philosophical classics, as in my Senior year Berkeley's "Principles of Human Knowledge" and the "Dialogues."

I was a member of the Debating Society. But a bad case of stage fright during a public debate in high school days and the cynical observation of the charlatan urbanity with which some of my college mates uttered their pompous nothings conspired to keep me silent. My forum was the college bi-weekly, until as its editor-in-chief, I became indeed a power for righteousness and culture—hundreds of eager readers of both sexes, as well as the entire faculty, shaping for a time their lives by the bi-weekly. Yet there were some malcontents, and once at least, for a week or two, I had to keep under cover. I had satirized the college strong man in his capacity as a tenor. Perhaps some students may be interested in the humorous verse of the generations before the "Sphinx"—so here, as I remember it, is what I wrote on the topic

WHEN JAMIE SINGS.

When Jamie sings, out swells the chest,
And pride and wind perturb the breast,
And buttons tremble on the vest,
When Jamie sings.

When Jamie sings, professors say:
"The fellow flunked in class today,
And it will always be that way,
While Jamie sings."

When Jamie sings, the girls collect
Around with most demure respect,
And hear Lohengrin or Martha wrecked,
When Jamie sings.

When Jamie sings, alas, I know,
There's no help for it more, and so
I take my hat and books and go—
When Jamie sings.

Jamie is now a professor in the University of Minnesota, and still sings, they tell me.

My long suit as an undergraduate literateur was, however, the loftier rhyme of ideal passion. For four years, but especially under the editorial management referred to (which was most favorable to my contributions), I tried my muse out in print about once every two weeks. Perhaps two of the pieces, out of a possible two hundred, I should not be ashamed to own today—if I had to. The rest were unspeakable rubbish, except in the externals of technique (which "came natural"), without clarity and simplicity of outline, without spontaneity of metaphor or emotional expression. Yet the impulse was sincere. It took at least ten years and thousands of bottles of ink before I had any of the higher linguistic control over the poetic moods (which as moods are) common to us all. I was from time to time indebted to friends, especially teachers, for criticism; but I never in my life elected a course in English composition,—I speak with shame not pride. If I

could have worked as hard at business as at verse, I would have been perhaps what we call a successful man by this time.

Yet for all young ambition and periods of industry, I spent many hours of every week idling around the streets or the fraternity house, in more or less profitable talk or foolery. My companions were at bottom serious fellows, none of them frequenters of saloons, but we sometimes snatched a fearful joy in a Chinese restaurant or a dime museum. The chief college functions were occasional class, fraternity, or sorority socials, where we learned a few of the graces, and fed in a mild way our softer passions. There was, then, little of the typical college life at Seaport. Our books, our classrooms, and our professors furnished the chief ingredients of our college spirit, which would strike Wisconsin rooters as a rather tame affair.

I graduated as class poet, yet without disgrace, and I was appointed by my Alma Mater during the following year, while doing M. A. work at Oxbridge, as a substitute instructor in Latin. There was no Phi Beta Kappa in those days at Seaport, and I have never worn the Golden Key.

(To be Continued.)

TO WISCONSIN

Roger D. Wolcott

stood upon the hill many a long ago
 And watched the constant upward-wending crowd,
 Thy loyal sons and daughters, ever proud
 To bear thy name; their faces all aglow
 With earnestness, and zeal to learn each day
 Some Truth, some Pow'r through which they may succeed
 In Life's hard battles, and in hour of need
 Be strong to fight and conquer in the fray.
 Guard well thy children, grant them strength of will
 In these their college days to firmly rear
 Foundations strong for Life, and, casting Fear
 Aside, to battle bravely onward till
 They reach the Goal. And thus their lives will be
 Thy truest praise, thy worthiest eulogy!

DR. LYMAN J. ABBOTT AT THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

Edward W. Blakeman

Methodist Episcopal University Pastor



COMMUNITY capable of merging three functions so dissimilar as a championship football game, an alumni homecoming and a series of religious addresses surely has in it vital elements of democracy.

The message of Dr. Lyman Abbott, editor of the Outlook, was apt. At the convocation, Thursday, November the sixteenth, he addressed the student body upon the subject, "Can a Democracy Have a Religion?"

The following day the faculty and visiting alumni gathered at a luncheon in his honor and in consideration of "The moral and spiritual life of students in a State University" In the evening he spoke, after a mass meeting, to a large and attentive audience in Association Hall.

Like a prophet our venerable guest caught the spirit of the occasion and

with his powerful personality held forth the Christian ideal. His frankness in public address and round-table discussion, together with religious fervor and fatherlike kindness captured his hearers; and although his message of "The value of religion to the individual and its necessity

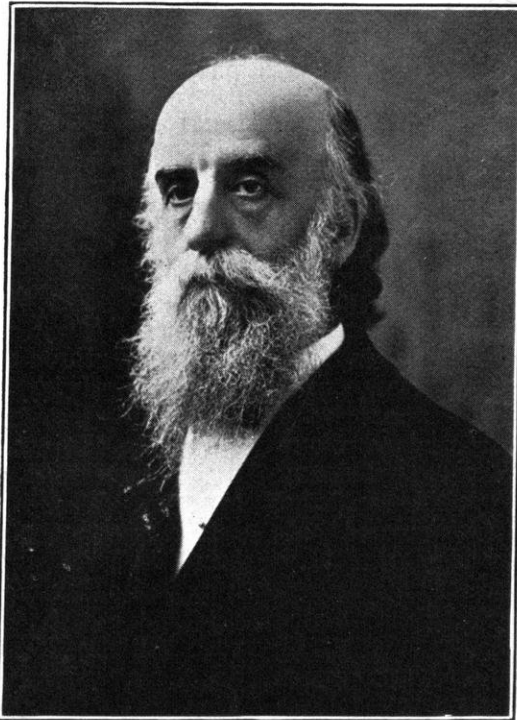
to a democratic state" blended strangely with the U-Rah-Rah of the campus, he spoke to a crowded house upon each occasion.

The University Pastors' Association had planned this series of meetings as a dramatic religious incident,—it proved a valuable compliment to the athletic climax of the week. The effect was salutary. The

high ideals for moral and physical courage held before the University by the athletic directors; the courteous spirit of the rooters during the gridiron contest,—the regard for unit awakened by the skill of the local team were caught up by the religious meeting upon Sunday afternoon and claimed for character and conduct. Teachers and pupils worshipped together in a common effort to know the issues of life as proclaimed in the life and deeds of Jesus of Nazareth.

Not only did these meetings introduce

to the university one of the nation's moral and religious leaders and a great college preacher,—they demonstrated the unity of the church upon fundamental issues and left the call of God to high Christian character sounding in the minds and hearts of many in the University community.



Dr. Lyman J. Abbott

Purdy & Co.

JEAN WINTHROP

Belle Fligelman



MISS WINTHROP, there's a real — swell — man downstairs—(Oh, I'm clean out o' breath!). He wanted to know if you was ready—He has a real stove-pipe hat on —a shiny one that smashes

up when he takes it off, an' it looks just like the ash-man's, only when he says some magic to it, it jumps up again like new. An' he's come in a coach—an' he's waiting downstairs. You didn't tell me you were going to a party, Miss Winthrop."

The child (for she was a mere scrap of a girl who answered the door-bell at Miss Hallington's boarding house and insisted on calling herself "the buttress") gazed at Miss Winthrop half in reproach, half in wonder and admiration. It had never occurred to even her romantic young mind that a crippled hunchback like Miss Winthrop would ever have a chance to go to a real party with a magic stove-pipe hat and *in a coach!* Perhaps after she got into the coach it would turn into a cabbage or a moonbeam or something, and carry the lady off to a wonderful fairyland where she would not mind being crippled any more, and where all sorts of wonderful things would happen. Life seemed suddenly to hold infinite possibilities.

"I wondered what you was all dressed up for, an' then when the magic stove-pipe prince came, an' I asked him what he wanted you for, an' he told me he was goin' to take you to a dinner party an' was you ready, I says, 'Sure!' I says, 'She's been ready for over an hour, sir. The coach an' six is late, an' the lady, who hasn't et anything tonight, waxes wrathful,' I says."

"Katie, you didn't!"

"I didn't? I says, 'She waxes wrathful, but don't you mind,' I says. 'Just put the dog in the hat an' take all the gold you want, an' I'll ask the lady to come an' bring the match-box'——"

"Katie, how could you!"

"An' he stared at me sort of wild-like at first, an' then I says, 'O, you needn't be scared, Sir Knight of the Magic Stove-Pipe Lid. It's just a story that Miss Winthrop was tellin' me; and she knows all right.' An' I left him standin' at the door to watch so as the kerrige wouldn't turn into a scap-bubble, an' I told him to keep his left eye toward the marble stairs, an' you would descend imperilously."

"Katie, you are a naughty child," Miss Winthrop said. But she kissed the romantic little "buttress" and told her that they would have a new story tomorrow.

"It was kind of you to come, Lady Jean." The Prince of the Magic Stove-Pipe involuntarily bent low, and touched his lips to the beautiful white hand Jean Winthrop offered him. Then, as if surprised and a trifle embarrassed at his own action, "You live in a truly romantic atmosphere."

Jean Winthrop smiled.

"Yes, Katie is a wonder."

Carefully the Stove-Pipe Prince assisted Jean into the coach, and as she settled back, a passionate, childish longing surged over her. What if the coach *should* turn into a moonbeam and carry her off to a beautiful land, where all the people were beautiful and kind and thoughtful! And where everyone understood and helped each other, and all worked together on equal footing, never once admitting that there was such a hideous thing as physical deformity! Then a dull, cold feeling came over her. She was frightened at the prospect of what was really before her.

For the first time in fifteen years (and she was only twenty-five now) Jean Winthrop had consented to attend a party. It was merely to help Mildred out. At the very last minute, one of Mildred's dinner-guests had "regretted," and in desperation, Mildred had insisted on Jean's coming.

"It will be a tremendous kindness to me if you will only come," Mildred had said. "You are clever at conversation, and I need you." And in the momentary hope that here she had a chance to express her appreciation for the many kindnesses that Mildred had shown her, she had said she would come.

But now as the cab drew nearer and nearer the splendid brown-stone front, Jean Winthrop's courage was oozing faster and faster. What place had she, a hideously deformed creature, in the merry crowd of young folk? Her very presence would make the other guests feel ill at ease. They would all be kind to her; she knew that. And that was what she feared most. They would studiously avoid discussing subjects upon which she might be sensitive. They would be hovering around to make sure that she was comfortable. They would make stupid remarks and then be painfully embarrassed. They would discuss simple, childish subjects! That was what hurt most. Somehow no one seemed able to reconcile a keen, alert mind with a stunted, twisted body. People had a most distressing habit of discounting her intelligence just on account of a physical deformity over which she had no control.

The carriage stopped! Jean Winthrop mustered all her will-power and stepped lightly out, assisted by the Stove-Pipe Prince. Mildred herself opened the door for them. It was kind of Mildred to think of doing that—at least she had meant to be kind.

"The first attempt to put the cripple at her ease," Jean thought. And then she hated herself for thinking it. It *was* kind of Mildred.

But the worst ordeal was yet to come. She must meet the guests—all young people whom she had known when she was a child, and whose parties she had attended until her sensitiveness and timidity had become such a gnawing terror to her that her friends had recognized it and had ceased to insist on her presence. And now, after fifteen years of comparative seclusion, she must meet them all once more, and she must act as though she had done nothing all her life but attend their social gatherings. Of one thing she was certain: no matter how much will-power it took,

she *would* act as if she *belonged*. She must, for Mildred's sake.

With a tremendously heroic effort, she steeled herself for the meeting, and entered the drawing room. Immediately a dozen friends she had known in her childhood crowded about her and greeted her most cordially.

"Mildred told them, to," she thought to herself as she responded cheerily to their welcome.

At dinner, much to her relief, she found herself next to the Stove-Pipe Prince. With a mighty effort, she put herself completely out of her thoughts; and almost before she knew what had happened, she was engaged in an interesting and vivacious conversation that she had not believed herself capable of. There was something about the situation that seemed to draw her on and on. Mildred expected her to be clever. She must not disappoint Mildred. The guests seemed to have forgotten her deformity, and they laughed at her witty sallies until she fairly gloried in her success. She was profoundly thankful that she had read a great deal, and that she had the solid, material basis necessary to the vivacity and flippancy which social affairs of this nature demanded. The dinner guests forgot themselves and the inane remarks they had prepared for the occasion. And Jean? She was so surprised at her own success that she dared not stop, lest the pinnacle of sheer will-power which supported this bubble of brilliancy should suddenly give way, and the bubble should fall and break into a thousand bits of emptiness. She was in an artificial, exalted mood. She was soaring—she knew not how nor where; but she was soaring. She wondered vaguely how far she would get before the drop came. For there would be a drop! There must be a drop. And the higher she rose, the greater would be the thud when she came down. She feared to go on, lest the drop, when it came, would overwhelm her; and yet she dared not stop.

The drop came when, after having bidden her hostess a good night and having assured her of the wonderful evening she had spent, she settled back in the carriage next to the Stove-Pipe Prince. With a wavering sigh of having performed her

duty, a cold melancholy settled down upon her—a reaction which seemed deeper far, than the heights to which she had soared. A terrible sense of loneliness came over her, a sense of helplessness—a sense of not being *needed*. She felt chilled and bitter. Why was it her lot to go back to the little third-rate boarding-house, and struggle on, side by side with strong, able-bodied men and women. Why must she passively accept her lot? Why did she not rebel? Where was the energy and vivacity of ten minutes ago? Well—she had her little struggle to make—and she must make it alone. She should be used to it by this time.

Someone was saying something to her. Was it a dream? Was it the fairy tale she had told the little children at the hospital yesterday? Surely the fairy prince was speaking!

"You were wonderful tonight," he was saying.

Jean Winthrop suddenly came out of her reverie. She smiled a bitter smile.

"No," she said. "Just horribly artificial."

"Nothing of the kind," the Stove-Pipe Prince protested. "You were charming—brilliant! We must go often."

"No—I shall never go again."

"Don't say that, little woman. It's not fair. I'm so lonesome—and I need you."

A hot thrill went through her being. Somebody *needed* her!

In an instant she was calm again, but the bitterness had left her.

"Sir Knight of the Stove-Pipe, you flatter me," she said softly. "But I tell you I was not myself tonight. Thank God, I was not myself. When I am myself Katie needs me. The little children at the hospital need me.

"They *need* me! They *need* me!"

MYSTERY

Theo. R. Hoyer

*Our lives, can they be but fast fleeting breath
Amid a universe, unfolding still,
Amid a chaos of repeating death,
Without a purpose ever to fulfill?*

*Are you and I but spectres with a name,
Ghost forms to dwell and have our being here,
Until absorbed again from whence we came,
Without a record but a crib and bier?*

*Oh, mystery of mysteries, we die
Just when we get the glimpse of greater things;
E'en now our heart beats draw us closer nigh
To death, and all the mystery it brings.*

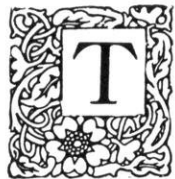
THE ATHLETIC BOARD

McKillop, Photographer



1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

1, George A. Bush, '13; 2, Chester W. Horner, '12; 3, Frank N. Youngman, '13; 4, Edwin C. Austin, '12; 5, Edmond S. Gillette, '13; 6, Francis C. Boutin, '13; 7, Hugo Kuechenmeister, '13; 8, Robert L. Bowen, '12; 9, Carl Neprud, '12; 10, Richard E. Branstad, '12; 11, Clement T. Wiskocil, '12; 12, Alfred Buser, '12, President



THE Wisconsin Athletic Board, according to its constitution, is an organization "to represent the student athletic association of the University of Wisconsin as its controlling body, and to foster and supervise intra-university athletic sports and games in connection with the institution; to create an active interest in all athletic affairs among the members of the university, by furthering and promoting these interests as much as possible; to act as the representative of the student athletic association with the faculty athletic council in regard to athletic interests at the university of Wisconsin; and in general to promote by organized effort the best athletic interests of the university."

The board is made up of twelve men, all elected by the athletic association, of whom five are non-"W" men and seven are "W" men. The president and vice-president, who must be "W" men, may be representative of any major sport. In addition to these men, there is one representative from each of the five major sports—football, baseball, track, crew, and basketball. Then five non-"W" men, who must be juniors or seniors in the university.

Nominations for the Board are held each year in the May preceding the fall semester when the new men become active members of the Board. The election is held three days after the nominations,

and every male student who is a member of the Athletic Association is eligible. The president and vice-president must receive a majority of all the votes cast, but the remaining members of the Board need only a plurality vote. That is, the five highest non-"W" men are elected, and the candidate receiving the highest number of votes in each of the five sports is elected. All of the men elected in the spring hold office for the following college year.

The Board has power to elect all managers and assistant managers of the university athletic teams, and also the power of granting all insignia and emblems to the members of the class and 'varsity teams. All of the money of the athletic association and the power to raise funds for the association is in the hands of the Board.

The constitution of the Athletic Board, which was adopted by last year's members, is published in pamphlet form, and can be obtained upon request at the gymnasium. It is a very complete and careful work, covering seventeen pages in all.

So far as athletics are concerned, the Board is the supreme student organization of the university. Its power, as may be seen, is almost absolute in regard to those features of Wisconsin athletics which are not in the hands of the faculty council. The elections for the Board, as a rule, draw the largest vote of any of the student elections, and positions on the Board are eagerly sought for.

WITH ARCHIE IN CAMP

William B. Kemp



THE AN' Jim had been in camp about two days an' a half when Jim he thinks o' somethin' we hadn't brought in with us.

"Bill," says he, "there be these things we forgot," an' he runs through a list. "I'll go out an' get 'em."

So without sayin' nothin' more, off he goes, an' I bein' left with nothin' in particular t' do, begins t' ponder. Every time Jim goes out t' town there's somethin' sure t' happen in camp. I thought on the time the old horse begun to scratch his neck on a barrel o' nail which Jim had set on a stump over on the edge o' the hill an' how them nails jumped off head first and rolled clean down t' the crick. An' I think on the time the muskeeters took off the shack an' the time the alarm clock woke me up just in time t' save our corn meal from the squirrels which was runnin' off with it. No, I ain't superstitious, but I'd never seen it fail that when Jim went to town somethin' happened. Sure enough this time he comes back leadin' one o' the greenest lookin' hunters that ever seen the inside o' our shack. He was one o' the most interestin' lookin' outfitted hunters I ever seen. The outfit fair spoilt him. Yon ain't never met that Archie Rankin? Well, anyhow, his old man's high up in the cash line, bein' next to some minin' deals up in this country.

Well, Archie he wanted to hunt deer an' so Archie's pa he giv' Archie the outfit. No, he ain't none o' your glass-eyed fellows, but the outfit he unpacked at our camp sure was somthin' t' make the squirrels sit round an' take notice t' say nothin' o' the bosses o' the camp. Jim he went outside an' doubled up when he first seen the stuff, but I stuck an' saw it all unpacked an' stowed away. There ain't no

use tellin' what he had with him, only you can't imagine nothin' he didn't have that he might need or wish he'd brought. He had suits an' shoes an' leggin's an' mocassins, an' snow shoes, an' guns, and all such like. An' say, he had two o' the prettiest rifles I'd ever seen. Jim an' me tried 'em one mornin' while he was "huntin'" out t'other way with his shotgun. It was one o' them fine clear mornin's an' we'd told him t' take buckshot partly because we wanted t' look over them rifles an' partly t' find what buckshot shells would do t' his shoulder. Archie an' his shotgun was paradin' the road about a mile down in the swamp where the trail crosses an' we done some fancy shootin' in the meantime.

We'd just got the guns back into the shack when we heard somethin' comin'. On lookin' about we seen it was Pete Murphy an' Shorty Black comin' down the hill from the north. Pete was carryin' one o' the biggest bob cats I'd ever seen. Jim an' me danced with delight, an' as soon as we'd made it plain t' Pete we wasn't crazy we all helped the dead cat t' make tracks in the clean snow all around our shack an' even on top. Then we sent Pete an' Shorty on their way, steerin' 'em around so's not t' disturb Archie.

Sure enough, when Archie come back he begun t' look scared an' wanted t' know what we'd been shootin' at. Jim an' me didn't say nothin', but Jim he looked serious an' I pointed t' the tracks.

"Panther," says I.

"He'll be back later," puts in Jim.

"Oh, how fine," sings out Archie, "I'd been hopin' t' get a panther rug."

That wasn't what me an' Jim expected, but we was game an' I knowed Jim was plannin' just as hard as I was how t' do Archie later.

Jim he looked kind o' shepish like all

through supper. I could see he was ashamed o' himself for bringin' Archie. None o' us said much. Me an' Jim couldn't exchange neither glances nor words for Archie took turn watchin' first Jim an' then me. I knowed it wouldn't do t' say nothin' t' Jim in his state o' mind. After we'd got done eatin' Archie goes over t' the edge o' the hill an' looked over into the crick hollow. Jim he winked at me an' sidled up close.

"Bill, how's your hodag story workin'? Have y' limbered up on it lately?"

"I'm right there," says I an' winked s' loud I expected t' see Archie turn round. But he stood gazin' into the bush with his hands deep in his pockets so as his arms hang close by his ribs an' his pants bagged out sideways like balloons, that is above them laced gaiters. His little soft hat sat unsteady on the back o' his head like a chipmunk on the edge o' a stump.

"Bill," says Jim agin, nervous like, "you'll come over with the hodag story sure t'night?"

"I told y' I'd serve it."

"Well, Bill, I don't reckon as we want t' kep no such chap more'n about a month eh?"

"Eh, why?" says I, surprised like.

Jim he looked awfully disgusted at my ignorance.

"Bill," he says, "I didn't mean t' bring him up here, really I didn't. I tried t' discourage him all I could, but he'd heard o' our camp an' nothin' else would do. Bill, don't you never blame me for this."

Just then our guest turned himself in our direction an' begun inspectin' our shack. Jim he give one grunt an' started t' the stable. Somehow I felt called upon t' say somethin', seein' how Jim was makin' himself far away."

"Pretty fine scenery an' some shack, eh?"

He give some kin o' city talk on a ravine order on the wildness o' the place, which so fair sickened me at the time I've never been able t' recall the exact wordin'.

"Well, there ain't no use talkin'," returned I, "you can't find no better place for fishin' an' huntin' than these woods right here. An' there's some queer things goes on here you city folks doesn't recognize in your ideas o' the woods."

"Oh, you don't say; I'd like t' hear o' them," says he' movin' near so's he wouldn't have t' raise his voice loud enough for echoes from the bush."

"You sure will," says I, thinkin' o' the pictur' me an' Jim had o' the way he'd depart after he'd learned about so much.

After it begun t' get dark I took him into the shack an' put him on the bunk. Mighty soon it was evident he hadn't been used t' no such furniture, for he tried all the positions he could think of an' that was some few, without findin' a good one. He seemed t' think the edge o' the bunk wanted t' cut his legs off above the knees.

Pretty soon Jim he come in an' lay down on his bunk.

"Bill," says he, "perhaps you'd better light that other lantern, pointin' t' an old one hangin' from the beam. "I dare say our guest ain't used to no such slim lightin' scheme."

As I done the thing he winked at me an' I knowed the right time had come.

"I was goin' t' tell you how I lived a week among the hodags," says I, lookin' at Archie.

"Oh, yes," answered he quiet like.

"Them animals is by far the biggest in these here parts. Then panthers such as was around here t'day wouldn't keep no hodag busy thirteen seconds."

I seen Archie rise up an' forget the hard spots on the bunk. Seein' he didn't know the real natur' o' the beast the name sounded good an' he wanted t' know all about them, so's possibly t' get a rug for his den t' home.

"It all come about in this way," I begun, an' without goin' int' the fine touches I giv' him the story, which runs as follows:

"I'd been trailin' a big buck all afternoon, as I had wounded 'em an' bein' far from camp when night come on I camped on the trail. The snow was good an' I reckoned it'd be good trackin' in the mornin', and I could follow him up. In the mornin', however, when I come t' look for that trail there'd been somethin' else one the trail. Them tracks was somethin' fierce. They wasn't much different from what a man's hand would make if it was fifteen inches long an' had claws three inches long on t' that. No, I didn't get

scared when I sen them tracks, but I was curious an' wanted t' know where my buck had gone to, so I started out t' follow the new trail. It led around the edge o' the swamp for about a half mile t' the place where the buck had fallen. There was a big bloody spot in the snow an' the snow was packed down by the body, also there was considerable hair on the snow. Well, the trail o' that there beast turned off sharp through a swale t' the bottom o' a big rocky hill. It wasn't hard t' follow, as the beast hadn't gone through no thick brush. The queer thing about it t' me at the time was that there was no marks on the snow where the deer had dragged. Before long I come to the bottom o' the hill an' to the place where the tracks went up the side through a crack between the rock which wasn't more'n about four feet across an' went up at a steep place. It was mighty hard climbin' t' make it, but I wasn't goin' t' be beat. The beast had tore out great bits o' rock here an' there, leavin' black streaks on the snow down below, so's most o' the loose stones was gone an' I was pretty sure o' my footin'. Well, the hill wasn't over a hundred and fifty feet o' this kind of climbin' an' I was up t' the top inside an hour. Yes, I should say considerable inside an hour. The top o' the hill was some fifty feet above the steep part an' the slope run the other way quite gradual. Well, I hadn't more'n got t' the top before I heard a noise off t' one side an' about the time I looked that way the hodag, for that's what it was, seen me. I haven't been much worse scared more'n two or three times in my life, but I seen it was too late t' get away. The beast was one o' them freaks o' nature which is a combination of several other kinds o' animal seemin'ly.

The head wasn't much different from the head of a rabbit dog in shape, only it was twenty times as long an' the teeth was showin' all the time an' the ears was larger in proportion an' was stiff enough t' stand straight up, an close t' the ears was curved horns about three times the length of a Texas steer's horns an' set forwards instead o' sideways. The paws was a good deal like the hands on a monkey I seen at a circus once, an' then there was big spines down the whole length of

the back which was shaped like a big lizard, includin' the big tail. The hind legs was bigger an' stronger 'n the front ones, which was strong enough.

The beast didn't give me no time t' run, but come t' me more'n half walkin' on its hind legs. Instead o' pickin' me up in its teeth, it took me in its big paw, an' walkin' on the hind legs set me down near the buck which it was eatin'. There was several other half-eaten bucks nearby, an' I noticed the hodag wasn't very hungry, as it took pains t' do up my gun an' then ate slow at the deer, keepin' an eye on me. How did it break my gun? That beast seemed t' know all about that gun, fer it took the muzzle in one paw an' brought the barrel down across a stone s' hard as t' bend it about four or five inches out o' true an' the stock was all pounded off.

There wasn't no use tryin' t' get away. Every time I moved the hodag would set me back an' watch me close. Them eyes made the chills run all around me an' up an' down. They wasn't big, but they was sharp an' awful.

When the hodag got done eatin' it got sleepy an' I thought I'd get off, but every time I'd try t' move I woke the beast an' it'd look round meanin'ly. I kep' awake fur two days an' then I couldn't stand it no longer an' since the critter seemed friendly for the present I fell asleep. I slept a good many hours when I did fall asleep as I reckoned later, but there was the hodag doin' duty when I woke up. In the meantime, however, there was another deer. Like this it went for days an' I begin t' see that the beast wasn't hungry was the only reason he'd not taken me. The last deer wasn't touched an' the tracks was visible where the hodag'd only gone a few hundred yards t' get him. About the end o' the week I begun t' feel through my pockets for somethin' more t' eat than I'd been gettin' under the nose o' the hodag. I didn't find nothin' t' eat, but I found three big opium pills I'd been carryin' for Jim's use some days before. At once a brilliant idea come t' me. Its no use tellin' at length how I got that hodag t' sleep an' slid down the crack in the hillsile, but I didn't lose no time.

Two weeks later we shot an' mortally wounded that hodag when he woke an'

come to our camp. I'm certain he didn't last more'n a day, but I've never been able t' find where he died.. It ain't unlikely that he found some out o' the way cave t' crawl into. I've located a number such, but I ain't never gone into none as they're usually occupied an' it ain't no place t' deal with wild beasts in the dark.

Well, that night it wasn't early when me an' Jim turned in an' Archie was still lookin' over his traps an' *preparin'* when I fell asleep..

The next thing I knowed was when I was waked up by two rifle shots. It was just before daylight an' I could see the bunks more or less across the shack. Fearin' Archie would be disturbed in the dark with the noise I scratched a match, but Archie wasn't there an' Jim was. I was more'n surprised t' see this state of affairs an' while I was rubbin' my eyes an' wonderin' another shot took place. It was from the roof of the shack.

Well, when I got outside it wasn't so dark out there an' I seen Archie on top o' the shack sittin' in the snow an' shiverin' like a cold dog. I never seen no man shiver so with cold an' I swear I think t' this day he was more scared than cold even on that cold perch.

"What's up?" says I, gazin' up at him.

"Been shooting the panther," says Archie between his chatterin' teeth as he pointed with his gun.

About that time Jim he comes out an' begins t' laugh, but sure enough I follows the direction indicated an' sees a panther lyin' dead on the snow. I didn't notice Archie slide from the roof havin' my attention on the panther, but when I come t' look for him he was inside packin' up. When I came in he begins whimperin' an' finds fault with the cold climate.

"It's too cold here for me," says he. "I'm used t' steam heat y' know. I think I'll have t' go home, an' by the way, you'll fix up the hide an' send it on with me, includin' the head," says he.

Ain't you going t' bag no deer?"

"No," says he honest like, "I don't like this climate."

An' I'm mighty sure I know some things about the climate he didn't like which he didn't intend me t' know.

Y' see he couldn't sleep just good after the story as I'd intended, an' when the panther come around he naturally for his kind made for the roof, in all ways a very poor place, which he didn't know, but luck bein' on his side he got the big cat, an' at the same time got a further derinite idea into his head he didn't care t' stay, which pleased me an' Jim as well as givin' Jim a rug. You may be mighty sure me an' Jim didn't delay him any, an' we've often hoped he's enjoyin' his cat fur.

THE TRIANGULAR AFFAIR—Concluded

J. Lombard Hubbard



GOOD Lord, what a mess, he thought to himself—what an ass he had been to allow Helene to take so much for granted. He liked Helene pretty well, she had appealed to his frivolous side, he had loved to sit and watch the little expressions on her face, the little mannerisms, he had even wished to touch the hair, the lips which were so alluring—but now

he saw it all. He had simply been fascinated by a type of girl so unknown to him hitherto, and Helene had awakened in him the animal instincts which had been asleep until now. He had thought he might be in love with her, but the idea of settling anything definitely about the future had never entered his head, firstly, because he supposed she was engaged to another man, though that never bothered her very much 'tis true, and secondly, be-

cause he enjoyed the intimacy she encouraged without the responsibility of being engaged to her. Now that she had put the facts so boldly before him, had in fact practically slapped his face with them, he began to see things in their true light. It had been his fault entirely. Oh, what a fool he had been! Helene had been led to believe that he was in love with her, had broken her engagement because she cared for him and now expected him to fulfill his part, and there he was between the devil and the deep blue sea. How disgusted he was with the real Helene who had appeared in her fit of jealous anger, from behind the appealing gentle enticing Helene. What he had thought was love on his part was nothing but sympathy and sorrow for her unfortunate lot. Fran's return, bringing with it all the old happiness and memories of past good times with her had awakened deep emotions within him, emotions that made him want to strangle himself for the weaknesses of the past year away from her. He felt like falling down on his knees before her and confessing all in humble penitent tones. What if he should do that? Arnold sat upright. Would he be worthy of her love? Could she care for him? No—he would not tell her, he was not sure enough of her powers of forgiveness—but he would have Fran. His very being yearned for her; this feeling was becoming stronger in him every time he thought of her. Full of his purpose to win her and to merely allow matters with Helene to slip into the form of a past unfortunate incident, though he play the ignominious part of deserter, Arnold, who was distinctly a man of action, went to bed. His last thoughts were of the dance which was to be given in Fran's honor in a few days and of the dance he was to have which would win him what he most desired—the most wonderful girl alive. As for Helene—he tried to forget her. He supposed he would have to take her to this dance, but then after that when he had won Fran he could put Helene quite out of mind. Arnold was almost sure that Fran cared for him and in his lately acquired self-confidence believed that she would be unable to resist him. He did not sleep well that night. The form of Helene shaken

with weeping passed before his eyes, followed closely by the sweet, earnest face of Fran as she looked that morning when she had greeted him. Her serious brown eyes haunted him, for they looked deeply into his soul and seemed to accuse him of the deceit and falseness lying there. He awoke in the middle of the night conscious of repeating aloud in his anguish, "It's the last straw, it's all I can do—I must have her, must have her—I know it's wrong, but I must have her—Oh, Fran don't look at me that way." He tossed the remainder of the night with but one thought in his mind, with but one expression on his lips—"I must have her."

The next morning before he had finished dressing, a loud rap announced a telegram for Mr. Arnold Bruce. The telegram contained a message to come down to Chicago that day to see about some important business for his father. Before he went he telephoned Fran telling her of his forced departure for a day or so and asking for several dances at the coming festivity. Her cheery voice and cordial manner dispelled every lurking sense of guiltiness within him and the fact that he had not encountered Helene before he left added to his air of gaiety and made him more self-confident than ever.

CHAPTER X.

It was nine o'clock in the evening. The great hall with its polished floors and beautifully decorated walls was astir with the crowd of tastefully dressed women and girls who stood in groups and chatted gaily with men in full dress or promenaded about the hall. The place was a hum with the sound of many voices, broken now and then by a peel of laughter or a hearty guffaw. Through it all, the orchestra tuned and prepared itself to be ready to start at a moment's notice. At the far end of the room stood the reception line busy with its stream of guests. Fran, with radiant face and cordial smile, welcomed them all with a sincere hand clasp. She was dressed in light blue chiffon and white satin with low neck and very short sleeves. Her face was flushed and her eyes sparkled brightly—she was very happy. Down the line came Helene and Arnold. Fran was never so anxious,

for she wished to meet Helene, the girl with whom Arnold was so infatuated. She shook Helene's small hand firmly and looked squarely into the eyes of the pale face, which struggled to smile brightly, almost conquettishly at her. But Fran could see that her gaiety was forced and vaguely wondered why Arnold, bending over her, talked so long, longer than necessary, a fact which bothered Fran for a moment because it kept Helene waiting. He devoured her with his eyes and left her reluctantly. His dances with Fran came toward the end of the program and for all he was worth he couldn't keep the matter off his mind so great was his expectation. The music started into the first dance, a creamy, rythmical waltz, and the group of guests dissolved into couples that swayed gracefully around the great hall. Arnold paid little attention to Helene, seldom talking to her and wearing continually a preoccupied look. Helene sat, a pale, distressed object, twisting her glove silently or making conversation in a nervously excited way to some boy who stopped to speak to her. She followed Fran about the room with her eyes, watching Arnold closely all the time. She saw the look of adoration in his eyes when he looked at Fran and could have cried aloud in her agony. It was not long ago that she was receiving the same esteem, the same looks, the same adoration, of eyes, of lips, of arms from this man she loved with heart and soul afire. The tears started to her eyes, but she bit her lips and choked back the sob which came into her throat. Fran seems so strong, so tender, so kind—there was nothing but love for her in little Helene's heart, though she was stealing her very life from her. Helene had longed so much for a motherly bosom upon which to weep her heart-aches out, and here she had found what she wanted in no other than she who was by right her rival. The irony of it! Helene determined to take the first opportunity to speak to Fran, to talk to her, just to hear her speak, to touch her—even that would be a comfort, to have her by herself.

The intermission came, and the girls gathered in the dressing-room to touch up their coiffures and apply the powder puff in preparation for the last half of the pro-

gram. As Fran entered the room and greeted friends on either side, she caught a glimpse of the pale, wistful face of Helene as she stood rather dejectedly alone on one side of the room. Freeing herself from the group she had joined, she went over to the girl and said softly, "Helene, are you feeling sick? You look so pale." Helene's lip quivered and she looked pathetically up into the kind face, but did not trust herself to speak. Fran took her hand and led her gently into the small private room off the main dressing room, pulled her down onto a sofa beside her and putting her arm around the little figure said kindly, "Helene, what is the matter?" The girl, unaccustomed to such kindness, burst into violent sobs and hiding her face in Fran's shoulder clung to her with both arms. Fran made no effort to speak at first, but let the sobbing waste itself, softly stroking the girl's hair and holding her tight. As the sobs became less convulsive and the slight figure ceased trembling, Fran urged Helene to confide in her, and the latter only too willing in her utter misery, sobbed out her little tragedy by degrees. Fran had a difficult time keeping the tears from rolling down her own cheeks as she listened to the story, for the pathos of it all came to her heart with great force. But when Helene had finished she lifted the head and looked tenderly, almost whimsically into the tear-stained face and said, "But Helene, dear, Arnold does love you, I know. He doesn't love me, darling—we're just good friends. He's spoken of you so often I know he must love you very dearly."

But Helene protested tearfully and hugged her very closely. The music had just started and Fran knew that she must go back to her guests. She fixed the pillows beneath Helene's head, promised to excuse her on the pretext of a headache and to come back in a little while to see how she was. Then she kissed the girl and left the room with the determination to find out from Arnold what was the matter and his real attitude toward Helene. The next two dances were his and she would have a good chance to talk to him. In her anxiety to have poor little Helene happy she forgot her own feelings toward Arnold entirely, and inspired with the

hope of straightening out this little affair for Helene the fact that she had begun to analyze her sentiments toward the boy as love for him fled from her mind altogether. As she stood waiting for the dance to begin she looked around at the laughing couples and laughed, then she thought of the silent little figure in the other room and something tugged at her heart. The first strains of "My Hero" soared through the hall, and immediately Arnold's tall, distinguished figure with his characteristic long stride and high-held head loomed up before her. Her pulse quickened quite involuntarily as she saw the look in his eyes, but she steadied herself quickly and smiling brightly said, "Let's sit out—out here in the conservatory where we shall be quite undisturbed."

"Just as I was going to suggest," replied Arnold, and the two walked through the overhanging palms and ferns. Fran seated herself upon a stone-bench surrounded on three sides by plants and Arnold sat on a stool directly in front of her where he could look right into her face. She started to speak, but he interrupted her.

"Fran, there's something I must tell you tonight—now. Don't interrupt me until I finish, please. It's the same, sweet old story, only its wonderfully new and ten times sweeter to me because I'm the hero this time. I'm in love—so absolutely that sometimes it hurts. I know we're just good friends, but I had to tell you and risk losing this friendship to gain something else. You said I'd changed. I know what you meant now; it was because I had learned what love means." Encouraged by her shining eyes, her happy smile and her silence, he continued fervently, while the thoughts, "I knew he loved her, I knew it—Oh how happy she will be, how beautifully it is all coming out," ran through her mind. Arnold's voice came clearly to her. "Did you know it, Fran,

how much I cared?" Reaching for her hands, "Do you know how much I love you, darling?" Fran's brain ceased working as if stunned, and the plants in the room started to whirl before her eyes. But collecting herself quickly, snatching her hands away and springing to her feet, she stood before him, her eyes blazing, her cheeks flushed, her bosom heaving tumultuously.

"Don't touch me," she almost hissed.

Arnold had risen thunderstruck from his seat and stood looking dazedly at her.

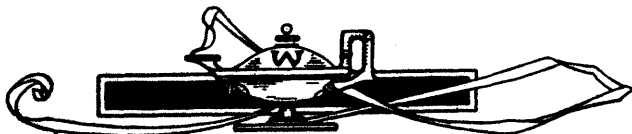
"Fran—what——"

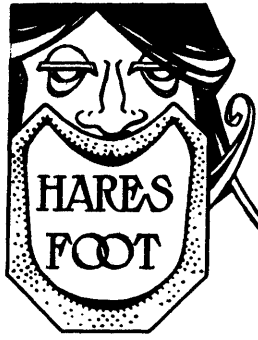
"Don't speak to me, don't come near me. I am utterly ashamed of you when I think what a cad I've been considering a friend of mine for a whole year. I am humiliated when I think what a coward I have entertained in my house. I am mortified when I realize that my judgment was so poor that I chose you for a friend. I want to choke myself when I think of the lies I believed so innocently. Arnold, I know *all*—your attitude toward and the treatment of Helene. I see the whole thing plainly now—oh, how blind I was! That I wasted even such words upon such a human being—for I cannot call you a man—is doing you a great favor. You have betrayed my trust and faith in you, you have broken Helene's heart and ruined her life and you have proved yourself to be a coward and a despicable cad. So—I never wish to see you again. Please leave me immediately." With lowered eyes and wetting his lips as if to speak, Arnold stood hesitating, but thinking better of his plan, turned slowly, and with unsteady step, walked dazedly from the conservatory. Exhausted and overcome with her emotions, Fran dropped trembling to the floor and buried her head in her arms which she had thrown around the stool on which Arnold had sat.

"And I loved him so—God bless him."

Then she burst into convulsive weeping.

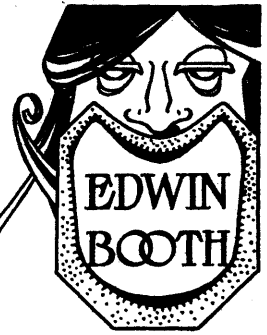
(THE END





OVR STAGE and the DRAMA

THE WISCONSIN
DRAMATIC SOCIETY



THE PROBLEM OF THE WISCONSIN DRAMATIC SOCIETY

William K. Braasch

THE popular play gains public favor through the control which it exercises over the audience. The action, the plot, the scenery, awaken in the spectators either satisfaction or disapproval. The sentiment of the press, likewise, has been governed entirely by the nature of the production.

The Wisconsin Dramatic Society, however, has aimed to reverse this rule of control, has endeavored to educate an audience to the height of real artistic appreciation. The plays produced by the society control the audience only to the extent that the audience has control over the play. The audience must develop a real appreciative sense for the higher type of drama.

The society, in staging drama of the higher type, fully realizes that it has before it the problem of developing a substantial, enthusiastic audience. In order to stimulate the proper line of thought, as well as educate the public, reading groups have been organized in which the plays of pronounced excellence written by such authors as Yeats, Maeterlinck, and Ibsen are read and interpreted. The society also precedes all of its productions with lectures on the psychology and subject matter of the plays accompanied by a general survey of the style of the writings of their authors. Educational preparation, of this nature, is deemed absolutely essential to the proper interpretation and appreciation of the productions.

During the past year the society met

with great success in gaining an appreciative audience. The results obtained were far beyond expectations. A problem, such as this, requires time as well as patience. The great difficulty lies in the varied motives governing the different elements in the audience which has attended the productions, it being divided into actual, temperamental classes such as Real Lovers of Drama of the Higher Type, Educated Readers, Social Tea Gossips, and Popularists.

The Real Lovers of Drama of the Higher Type are in the pronounced minority. They represent the creative aims of the society. Their high sense of appreciation has been unconsciously developed through their natural love of beauty and high ideals.

The Educated Readers, together with those who attend the introductory lectures, form a desirable element in the audience. Even though the genuine, natural love for the drama is not present, the basis for proper appreciation has been instilled in them through education which may lead to a developed liking for drama of the higher type. The child has an inherent love for the ragtime music; but, as he matures, a proper guidance of his sense of musical appreciation often results in real love for classical compositions. The society hopes to create an audience through similar training. We are all capable of being educated to a higher sense of artistic appreciation.

Social Tea Gossips have occupied a noticeable element in the audience. Social Tea Gossips may be considered as those who, without love for the drama, without preparatory education, enthusiastically at-

tend the productions purely because of the prestige gained at social gatherings through ability to converse intelligently concerning the drama. A false shell of this nature is certain to be broken by a lack of interpretive knowledge, as well as deficient power of criticism. The enthusiast, who craves for esteem in social centers, is sure to expose his weakness while witnessing the productions. In several instances members of the audience have laughed at the wrong time, have remained seated after the curtain has fallen, and then have made ridiculous, unintelligent criticisms purely through their own lack of proper preparation. The majority of us claim to have mastered but very little in the way of dramatic appreciation. We must openly and frankly place ourselves in a receptive mood, and aim to educate ourselves, rather than to create false impressions concerning our dramatic knowledge. The film of pretence is certain to break.

Pouplarists have, to a limited extent, been attracted to the productions through the low admission fee of fifteen cents. They have invariably gone away disgusted with the subject matter as well as the length of the production. This uneducated element is self-eliminating. One lesson is sufficient.

Much comment, however, has arisen over the exceptionally low admission fee. Comment of this nature is sought by the society. "Drama at Cost" has been the goal.

Although the directors succeeded last year in staging the productions without loss, they are beginning to realize that the sphere of activity of the society has expanded to such an extent that a larger budget is necessary to carry out the many new plans. "Drama at Cost" is still the motto; but since the extended work requires more financial assistance, the costs of production have risen, and with them the serious considerations for a rise in admission fees.

It is the purpose of the Wisconsin Dramatic Society to present plays at a price that will as nearly as possible represent a return of the expenditure and no more.

The directors do not believe that there is any question between artistic values and

price. They do not believe that harm can be done by insisting on any existing artificial connection. Borrowing an example from an art other than the drama, it is their opinion that Rembrandt's "The Mill," is not a greater picture because half a million dollars has been paid for it, nor that it would be cheapened were it offered for view at twenty-five cents or even for nothing. It is their desire to apply this principle to drama.

It is not now the purpose of the directors to make money for the society directly from the production of plays. Even if experiments are to be made it would be the effort to compel the experiments to pay for themselves through popular support.

The success of any dramatic performance depends largely upon the audience. It is believed that by asking a small fee the society can ask of the audience a greater degree of friendly co-operation than they could ask were larger fees charged. This applies particularly to punctuality in arriving, and to considerateness to others just before the final curtain.

The society is not bound to any one price, fifteen or twenty-five cents. When necessary the price will be changed, always, however, in accordance with the above principles.

At present preparations are going forward to extend the work. No side will be neglected, but the producing side will be developed. Producing groups have been organized in Milwaukee, partly composed of professionals and partly of amateurs, for the production of eight plays during the year. The plays will be staged as well as possible at commercial houses, but always under the cost price principle. A statement of our ideas is appended. Among the plays to be presented this winter are plays by Maeterlinck, Ibsen, Yeats, Bjornsen, Goldoni, Rostand, Villiers de l'Isle Adam, Chekov, representatives of the Dublin and London repertory movement, and of American drama.

We are not opposing professional drama. On the contrary, we wish to assist as far as we are able. We have met nothing but courtesy from professional people, managers, authors, and players. We recognize that whatever advance has taken place in drama in the last fifty years is due entirely

to the business men of the theater and not at all to the artists. But we wish to ally ourselves with what seems to be the new movements in the drama. The Star-Syndicate system which has done more than anything else to keep the theaters alive in English speaking nations is passing away. The new repertory theater is taking its place. This is partly a business thing, as in the repertory theaters of London and New York; and it is partly an artistic thing, as in the repertory theaters in Dublin, those under Granville Barker, the New Theater, in Chicago and New York, and the Chicago Theater Society. The time when dramatic art will be dominated by pure business is past. The art of the stage is now taking its place with the arts of the conservatory of music and of the museum of painting and sculpture.

To accomplish these things it is necessary to build up an audience and a new school of players, in a way that these couldn't be developed under the Star-Syndicate system. It is this work that the Wisconsin Dramatic Society has attacked, in, of course, a humble way.

*THE DRAMA OF INDIA

IF ON the one hand the epic poetry of India rises to such theological abstractions that even our power of imagination is withdrawn in giddiness, if lacerating lines in the Indian lyrics too frequently injure our feelings, then, on the other hand, does the drama of India open to us a blooming garden in which, indeed, exotic shrubs and flowers grow in great splendor and give forth pleasant odors, a garden, however, in which people wanderance in whose hearts feelings and passions pulsate the same as in our own hearts, people with whom we become befriended and in whose sorrows and joys we can participate. The main subject in the Indian drama is love which now is painted in the most glowing colors and then again speaks to us in the most tender and intimate language of the heart, and which combines with the most enchanting sensuality such a delicate perception that the most sprightly phantasy and the purest nature must be equally affected and moved by it.

The drama of India has, to be colloquial, emancipated itself to a certain degree from the meta-physical one-sidedness, the guardianship of the priesthood, in order that it might enter into the realms of human feeling and human civility from a realm of prodigious monstrosities. Without trying to be unbiased and heretical—for they al-



A Brahman

low their heroes largely only to act in behalf of their gods—the dramatists of India exhibit their more progressive, liberal thought in contrast with the old heroic poems in which, after all, the cast of the Brahmin is given greater honor than the gods themselves, in that frequently, in their plays Brahmins appear as cowardly, always avaricious or clownish sneaks. The humorous element, which is by no means lacking in the drama of India, deals largely with the mocking of priests, their bumptiousness, their greed; and as in the extinct middle ages, almost all darts of satire were fired at the monks, the writers

*Editor's note. This is the third of a series of articles translated by the editor from *Scherr's Geschichte der Weltliteratur*. The next translation will treat on the Greek Drama.

of Indian dramas took especially the Brahmins as the targets for their mockery, at all times good naturedly, however. Yet, frequently amusing instances occur, as for instance, a snorting buffalo is compared to an offended Brahmin of noble birth; a parrot, who has eaten too much, screams like a Brahmin lawyer who is chanting a hymn from the Veda; in a droll narration, four Brahmins quarrel before a court for the palm of stupidity. This gives us an opportunity to note that in the Indian drama there already exists that genuine human characteristic which mingles the element of humor with seriousness and pathos, just as it appears later in Shakespeare and Calderon.

The Indians who possess voluminous works on the theory of the dramatic art, place the beginnings of drama in the mythical ages of antiquity, and attribute the discovery of these dramas to a mythical king and sage, Bharata, who had his theatrical plays produced for the amusement of the Indians by *Gandharven* and *Aparasen* (geniuses who compose the princely household of the god Indra). It is true that because of their love for music and dance, for which Greek writers praise the old Indians, the art of pantomime and dramatic songs was produced, already in early times for the enrichment of their worship, and later it developed into the real drama.

Of the older and oldest dramas one can get fair ideas from the so-called *Yatras* (really marches, processions) which are still very popular theatrical performances produced in Bengal. These take their material preferably from mythology or the old heroic legends. Their most popular personages are the god Krishna and the heroes Mahabharata and Ramayana. In their construction, in their scenes and productions, these plays are very similar to our middle-age mystery and miracle plays.

As soon as famous writers took to the drama, drama was no longer needed as the basis of religious ceremonies, but, taking social life as a motive, it appeared upon the scene as an independent art in society and developed into extraordinary heights until it finally, like the entire culture of India, was dragged into the mire by the sword of Mohammedan conquerors. In

this mire the dramatic works of India lay for centuries, and only towards the end of the eighteenth century did they become accessible, by chance, to the Europeans. How greatly important the knowledge of this branch of Indian literature was for the knowledge of the inner life of Hindostan is quite clear. Nevertheless, we need not expect to find such characters in the Indian drama as would satisfy our dramatic conceptions, for instance, no free beings, no characters developing out of themselves standing upon their own merits and battling with circumstances. The Indian nature is throughout one that subordinates itself and tolerates a higher nature, whether this be a god, a sage or a king, and to the acquirement of the highest power and influence only toleration and penance can be influential. But if we keenly feel the lack of the essential nerve, the battle with fate in the Indian drama, we are, however, compensated as much as possible by the enormous richness of natural portraiture, the sublimity and delicacy of the mind, the variegated appearance of the scenery, the fervour of heart utterances. A tragical ending is here not tolerated; for the Indians could not manage to understand a triumphant manly dignity even in an utter destruction, as the Greek tragedy portrays it, and their productions, therefore, end in a joyful mood after seven, eight, nine, and more acts have given scenes of love, sufferings, quarrels, laughter and complaint. Our nomenclatures, tragedies, comedies, dramas, are not fitting for the productions of the Indian stage. Most correctly would their nature be defined if one would call them melodramas. The usual form of the dialogue is prose, which, however, with every lofty sentiment runs into verse, recited or sung. This, together with the interspersion of pantomime dances, gives an operatic air to the plays of India. Up to the present time we know of 180 Indian dramatic writers and 370 plays.

HARESFOOT CLUB

EVERYTHING comes to him who waits, runs the old saw, and it has proved especially true in the case of the Haresfoot Club. Ever since entering the field of comic opera four years ago the

club, with its resultant increased membership and broadened scope of work, has felt keenly the need of some permanent meeting place compatible with the size and aims of the organization. After several years of planning the society has at last secured such a place in the acquisition of the entire second floor of the Smith building, located near University avenue on the triangle of land formed by the intersection of Francis and Gilman streets.

The rendezvous, for such it is, was formally opened and dedicated the Sunday following the Minnesota game. Many Haresfoot alumni were back for the occasion, the suite for the time being becoming a literal galaxy of "stars."

Among those who returned were Milton J. Blair, '10, president of the club for the year 1910; George B. Hill, '08, lyricist and principal of "The Dancing Doll"; Emmett Donnelly, '10, the side-splitting comedian of "Alpsburg"; Gordon Falk, '10, low comedian of "Alpsburg"; John Main and many others who trod the boards in pre-operative days.

Conforming to the general scheme of professional actors' Lofts, the atmosphere of the place has been made as Bohemian as possible. The decorations are extremely tasteful and an air of comfort pervades the place, which will no doubt popularize it as a meeting and lounging place.

The rooms will be used in preparation for the annual opera as places of rehearsal for the principals and smaller chorus work. The size of the suite assures a suitable storeroom for the club's properties and a permanent repository for its memorabilia and library.

EDWIN BOOTH CLUB

"TOM PINCH," a dramatization of Charles Dickens' "Martin Chuzzlewit," which has been chosen by the Edwin Booth Club as their 1911 offering, will be given at the Fuller Opera House on the night of December 9. Rehearsals have been carried for the past five weeks and an enjoyable presentation is anticipated.

"Tom Pinch" will be the first of local events given in memory of the famous English novelist, whose centennial occurs this year. In conjunction with the play

several lectures will be given explanatory of the piece itself and of the life and works of Dickens.

The cast, chosen from a field of eighty-five contestants, follows:

Tom Pinch.....	Clarence J. Cudahy
Mr. Pecksniff.....	Harvey Hartwig
Martin Chuzzlewit, Sr.....	Damaon A. Brown
Martin Chuzzlewit, Jr.....	J. Brewer
Mark Tapley.....	John Elder
Mary Graham.....	Leah Deutsch
Charity.....	Gladys Lange
Mercy.....	Marie Clouer
Mrs. Lupin.....	Mildred Caswell
Ruth Pinch.....	Lili Muench

RED DOMINO

IF PAST experience is any gauge of histrionical ability the cast of "Her Own Way," to be produced in January by Red Domino, has been exceptionally well chosen. The players selected have all acted before, either in university productions or at other schools. Their past work, of course, varies in scope of difficulty. Clyde Fitch's comedy requires, above all, balance in its portrayal, and it is in this respect that the different actors have been chosen.

Unless unforeseen changes are made during the next month the following will be seen at the Fuller the night of the performance next month:

Georgiana Carley.....	Alice Ringling
Mrs. Carley.....	Alida Degeler
Mrs. Steven Carley.....	Marguerite Frear
Lizzie.....	Neven Betz
Miss Bella Shindle.....	Bessie Rood
Richard Coleman.....	Spencer Biddle
Sam Coast.....	William Conway
Steven Carley.....	John Fraser, Jr.
Nioles.....	Douglas Ballard

John Fraser, who will have the leading man's part, is perhaps the best known in university dramatics. Since his freshman year he has appeared annually on the university stage. That year his excellent work as a chorus girl in "The Dancing Doll," won him an election to the Haresfoot Club, and the following year found him one of the fun makers in the Engineer Minstrels. He suped in the junior play in the same year and was a capable Howard Dinsmore in "The Servant of the

People," last February. The role of Steven Carley should prove especially congenial.

Douglas Ballard, Spencer Bissell, and William Conway are strangers to the local boards, but each comes here with an enviable record. Douglas Ballard has appeared in Shakespeare at Oak Park, Illinois; Spencer Bissell has acted the great dramatist at Carroll College, Minnesota, while William Conway, it is told, made a name for himself in classic plays at Indianapolis previous to entering the university.

Miss Ringling has been a Red Domino for several years, appearing at her best last year in "The Servant of the People."

In addition to the above, four children's parts remain yet to be filled.

UNION VAUDEVILLE

DIRECTLY resultant upon the extraordinary success of the Union "Vodvil" held last year have come plans for a show on even a larger scale for this. With the date definitely set as January 10 of the new year a large committee headed by Floyd G. Carpenter, '12, has already begun extensive preparations.

All university organizations have been requested to enter acts and individuals will also be urged to take part.

The following set of rules governs the entries:

Any student, group of students, or organization of the university may enter an act in preliminary tryout.

Acts must not exceed twelve minutes in length.

The number of actors in each sketch is unlimited.

Not more than ten dollars shall be spent in staging and preparing any sketch.

An outline of every act to be entered in the preliminary contest must be in the hands of F. G. Carpenter by December 10, 1911.

Tryouts for all acts will be held in the

auditorium of Association Hall, January 5, 1912.

Scenery for one room will be supplied by the management.

No change of scenery will be allowed.

Players in each act must take care of their properties.

Orchestra will be furnished by the management.

Enough acts will be chosen from the tryouts to make show last two hours.

Three judges will be appointed to decide the merits of the acts.

No person will be allowed to enter in more than two sketches.

All sketches must be original.

* * *

The National Country Life Conference has offered a prize of \$50 for the best play written by a university student upon present day farm life. Plays submitted must deal with the better side of farm life and should touch upon those influences which go to improve rural life and conditions. The most stringent requirement is that farm life shall not be ridiculed.

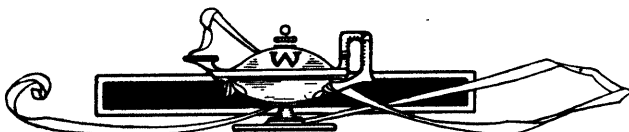
The winning play will be judged by the directors of the Country Life Conference and will be produced at its national convention to be held in Madison in February.

Prof. Thomas H. Dickinson should be addressed for further particulars.

* * *

Breaking a precedent of many years standing the Junior play this year will be given the night preceding Prom instead of the night after. It is hoped thereby to insure to the Prom guests a better enjoyment of the play as they will come to it fresh rather than worn out by the exertions of the promenade dance itself. It seems that many of our fair visitors are too heavy-eyed to really appreciate the subtle lines of our Prom show humorists.

Under the new arrangement the Prom show will come Thursday, February 8.





WHEN I WAS at COLLEGE

"Geringes ist die Wiege
des Grossen"



FACULTY LIGHTS

"When I Was at College," is meant to be primarily an organized effort to gain some definite idea of our professors when they occupied the same position that we do now. The main outcry against the large universities of today is the complaint that they do not permit the personal relationship between teacher and pupil that sweetened the recollections of college life in "the good old days." To some extent this is true. It is hoped that this department may serve in a measure to supply the missing link.—Editor.

STEPHEN WARREN GILMAN—Professor of Business Administration, LL. B. Wisconsin 1899. Phi Delta Phi.

Professor Gilman was a member of six different classes on the Hill, the original one being 1873. He never took a Hill degree, but came back after twenty years of business experience in Chicago and took a degree in the law shop. Many of the students of his day were farmer boys, who lived in the dormitories on the campus during the week, and worked on the farm Friday and Saturday. There was no football. Baseball was the only form of athletics to which attention was given. He played baseball, sang in the glee club, and was a member of the Hesperia literary society. These institutions, however, were operated on a much smaller scale than they are now.

Professor Gilman selected Wisconsin because his home was only six miles from Madison, and the proximity allowed him to go home and work on Friday afternoons

and Saturdays. He never considered going anywhere else to college.

His most pleasant recollection of college was his association with President Bascom, who was a personal friend of the family. Dr. Bascom used to visit the farms around Madison and lecture to the farmers. Another pleasant association was with Professor Alexander Kerr, who had charge of all the undergraduates. He had a strong personal sympathy for the new students, and delighted in relieving the troubles of shy and bashful freshmen. Professor Gilman believes that in spite of the greatness of the university, the professors can still maintain that intimacy with those students whom they have under them if they only wish to, on account of the perfection of the organization. This will eventually solve the problem of the big university.

He would choose Wisconsin again if he had it to do over, because he cannot conceive of any rivalry between this and other schools regarding democratic ideals. Although there have been fundamental economic changes in the organization of Wisconsin, it is only natural, because such things should naturally progress. The president of a small school has a pre-eminent personality over the students, but the great organization is well arranged in complete and intricate parts.

His ideals and ambitions took no more definite form than did those of the other students of his time. It was customary to idealize the professors and upper classmen. He wanted most of all to be a business man.

Everyone knew everyone else, and there

was no formality. Consequently many strong friendships were formed. Every one was on the same plane, and nearly every one worked at least part of his way through school.

Professor Gilman had always wanted to adopt a business career. Everything he did was directed to that end, and he grew into it naturally. It attracted him as a magnet does the iron filing, and he took up the coal business as the first door that opened. After twenty years of this life he studied law, practiced a while, and eventually became connected with the school of commerce.

If he were to take his college course over he would select a curriculum which dwelt strongly on the vocational studies, with a generous intermingling of culture work. He believes that the young people of today are virtually ironed out by nauseating culture courses without the reinforcing wires of vocation. Adequate preparation requires training in technique as well as culture.

MAX MASON. Professor of Mathematical Physics. B.L. Wisconsin 1898. Ph. D. University of Goettingen, 1903. Psi Upsilon—Sigma Xi—Gamma Alpha.

Professor Mason was a member of the track team for three years while in college, and took second in the conference high jump twice. He belonged to the mandolin club which took the first long trip in 1895. This trip caused a deficit in the club treasury of \$1,500, and broke it up for about ten years. The trip included Wisconsin, Iowa, Illinois and Minnesota.

During these years Wisconsin was put on the map in football. It was the first year that they defeated Minnesota, on the lower campus. This was the first of a succession of championship teams, on which the most notable were Richards and O'Dea. His class was the first one to occupy the new gymnasium. Athletics in all branches were strong. Wisconsin's crews used to fight for first, and one year had the berry crate experience. At one time six of the nine crew men were his classmates.

Professor Mason lived in Madison, and

stepped from high school to the university without a break. His era was different in that it did not give so much attention to public politics, and the advertisement of achievement in preference to the achievement itself. One of the evils of the modern regime is the publicity and advertisement which men seek to give themselves, rather than to try to serve the university for the good they can do for it. One of the things which the west must learn from the east is more conservatism in this line. In Yale, for instance, men work for Yale, and make no fuss about it whatsoever. Any man who tried to advertise himself would be ostracized. The tradition is instilled in the preparatory schools. There a man would never dream of changing his college to get a better chance. It is for the college, not for personal advertisement. The lime light policy is tabooed. In the east college spirit is never mentioned at the college itself. The spirit is the way the outside world regards the achievements of the college and the way they are done. At Wisconsin we attempt to ape the political life of the nation.

Professor Mason's pleasantest recollection of school life was the comradeship it gave him for men who were engaged in some outside activity with him apart from the college life. Such work gets men acquainted with each other, by their common interests, in a way that they could never succeed on the hill or even eating together. This is really the greatest thing that can be gained from college life.

One day Professor Mason played a game of golf with one of the most enthusiastic mathematicians he had ever met. When he finished the game he decided to take up mathematics as a life work. He had always wanted to go into some subject allied with engineering.

His greatest ambition at one time was to jump six feet. His most serious ambition was to make good in his line of work. If he were to take his college course over again, he would follow practically the same line of activity, because for him the proposition has not changed much. He believes that at least half of the benefit of a college course is derived from work apart from the class room.



Wisconsin
First

at

Ben's
Lunch
Room



425 State Street

Phone 1131

JOHN REA WOOLLEY
PORTRAIT PHOTOGRAPHER

509 STATE STREET, MADISON, WISCONSIN

H O M E P O R T R A I T U R E

Get Your Rebate When You Need It

WITH EACH SALE YOU GET A CHECK

BRING BACK IN CHECKS . . . \$ 5.00	AND GET IN TRADE . . . \$.35
10.00	1.00
20.00	2.50
25.00	3.50

ANY TIME. YOU DON'T HAVE TO WAIT TILL SPRING

USE YOUR CHECKS WHEN YOU NEED THAT NEXT BOOK

COLLEGE BOOK STORE, 712 State Street

**13
Years**

of

**Annually Increasing
Student Patronage**

That is

“The Hub” Record

Today, as it has been for many
years, Madison’s leading
Clothing and Shoe Store

THE HUB
MADISON, WIS.

William Owens

PLUMBER

Estimates on all kinds
of Plumbing Work
gladly furnished



118 N. Pinckney Street

MADISON :: WISCONSIN

Buy Her a “Glad” Iron

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

Electric Flat Iron

Madison Gas & Electric Company

Phone 144

120-126 EAST MAIN STREET

The Jordan Market Company

Retail and Wholesale dealers in

MEATS

and all kinds of

Fish and Oysters



We make special prices to large buyers and
solicit your patronage

KENTZLER BROS.

Livery

MADISON, WISCONSIN

Telephone 85

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

LADY FINGERS AND MACAROONS A
SPECIALTY

....*EAT*....

Heilman's Quaker Bread

It's a Very Wholesome Loaf

121 EAST MAIN STREET

PHONE 1109

OLD STUDENTS KNOW CARL THOMAS, PHOTOGRAPHER

BADGER CREAMERY

*Pasteurized Milk
and Cream
Fresh Creamery Butter*



610 University Avenue
Telephone 778

Nelson & Polk

Decorators

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

*Window Shades
Picture Frames, Etc.*

218 EAST MAIN STREET

This is the Time

when an inventory of your wardrobe discloses a need for a new suit or overcoat. You want a safe place to buy, where you can get the latest weaves in the most popular colors, such as browns, grays, or Yale blues. We have all these, including the new bas et weave, and most respectfully invite your attention

Suits from \$20 to \$45

And Satisfaction Guaranteed

*We also do repairing, cleaning
and pressing*

Telephone 2211

Archibald
228 STATE ST.

E. C. TETZLAFF, Mgr.

NEW STUDENTS ARE INVITED TO THE THOMAS STUDIO

JOHN P. MURISH FOR FINE FURNISHINGS

Conklin & Sons Company

MADISON, WIS.

GUARANTEE

We unreservedly guarantee "PITTS-
TON" Hard Coal to be full weight,
exceptionally high in heat units and
free of impurities. If not entirely sat-
isfactory in every way, no matter what
the cause, we will replace it, or, if de-
sired, will remove it free of expense
to you, and refund the amount paid
without argument. Simply notify us
in writing within ten days of date of
delivery. We intend to make every
buyer of "PITTS-
TON" Coal a per-
manent customer.

Telephone 25

YARDS { Linden and Winnebago Sts.
614 West Main St.
214 South Baldwin St.

Capital City Fruit Store

SIMON BROS., Proprietors

*Wholesale and Retail
Fruits and Vegetables*

402 STATE STREET

Phone 732

WALTZINGER'S

FOR DELICIOUS

*Lunches
Ice Cream Sherbets
Confectionery*

MADISON, WIS.

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

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

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

Bank of Wisconsin

MADISON, WIS.

*Capital, \$300,000.00 Surplus, \$60,000.00
Additional Liability of Stockholders, . \$300,000.00
Highest Interest Consistent with Legitimate Banking*

Accounts of Individuals, Firms and
Corporations solicited

We give personal attention to the financial
needs of our patrons

DIRECTORS

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

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

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

JOHN P. MURISH FOR FOWNE'S GLOVES

W. J. HYLAND



PRACTICAL PLUMBER AND GAS FITTER

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

Jobbing Promptly Attended to

TEL. 710

212 EAST MAIN ST.

Findlay's Dry Roast Coffees

SURE TO PLEASE



Try a Sample
and be Convinced

Shoe Shining Parlor for Ladies and Gentlemen

Hats Cleaned

ARTHUR PAPAS

302½ State Street 228 King Street

Swedish Massage Treat- ments and Chiropody

Satisfaction Guaranteed

E. L. BUMP

Phone 2940

Over Fair Play

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

Ask for Book
"Who Inherits Your Property"

CENTRAL WISCONSIN TRUST COMPANY

MADISON, WIS.

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

Alexander
Kornhauser
& Co.

=====
Dry Goods, Millinery
Cloaks and Suits
=====

14, 16, 18 and 20 West Mifflin Street
MADISON, WISCONSIN

Association
Dining Hall

740 Langdon

For Ladies
and Gentlemen

*Private Dining Room for Small
Parties in Connection*

—
The Greatest of Care in Arrang-
ing of Menus

PIPER BROTHERS
WHOLESALE *and* RETAIL GROCERS
MADISON, WISCONSIN

Telephone 561

31 NORTH PINCKNEY STREET

**The Joseph M. Boyd
Company**

of Madison, Wisconsin

Capital \$100,000

**MUNICIPAL, TIMBER AND
PUBLIC SERVICE BONDS**

NET 5 AND 6 PER CENT

HAVE THE LITTLE RED HOSPITAL CART CALL FOR YOUR SHOES



EVERY HUSKY FARMER

harvests his wheat, and every husky school boy thrives upon it when his mother cuts his share of it at every meal. For strength, health and economy, buy

Weber's Bread

and you're harvesting for the future.

THE MENGENS RED CROSS PHARMACIES

26 West Mifflin St. 829 University Ave.
1726 Monroe St.

MADISON, WISCONSIN

J. F. SCHADAUER & CO.

The China Shop

Dishes Rented for Parties and Receptions

126 STATE STREET

Prescriptions Accurately Compounded

...at...

Lewis Drug Store

507 State

C. J. EHRMAN

Delicatessen



Groceries and Home-Made Goods

302 State Street
Phone 1591

The University of Wisconsin

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Special Courses in the College of Letters and Science

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A Long-Felt Student Want
A First-Class
Sanitary Barber Shop

NEAREST AND NEWEST

Service—Our Motto Sanitation—Our Aim

Complete in Every Detail
Courteous Treatment—Shoe Shine and Porter Service

OTTO F. BOCHER
Proprietor

THE WISCONSIN

716 University Avenue

Have your Clothes
Cleaned and Pressed at

**Erickson's
Cleaning & Pressing Shop**

1327 University Ave.
Phone 1027

*We call for
and deliver*

No need to travel up
town for your dress needs.
just come over and get
acquainted with us.

We Specialize in
Clever Haberdashery
and
Exclusive Tailoring

For Men who Care

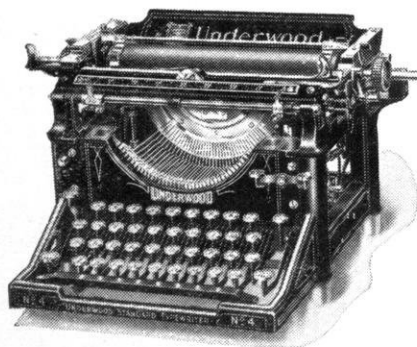
Endres & Conlin

De Luxe Furnishings
University Ave. 710

Underwood Typewriter

The Machine You Will Eventually Buy

Underwood Typewriters
RENTED



Underwood Typewriters
REPAIRED

Underwood Typewriter Co.

Phone 896

MADISON, WIS.

*Good Things to
EAT at
Keeley's "Pal"*

110 State Street

Electric Shoe Repairing
"Work Done While You Wait"

**Goodyear
Shoe Repairing Company**

Work Called for and Delivered

Telephone 3326 **209 State Street**

For
**Bags, Suit Cases and
Trunks**

Go to

J. W. ALVORD
227 King St.

Special Prices to Students

Fancy Prices?

*Not at O. C. Olson's
State Street*

*Style and Workmanship?
None Better*

**GRIMM'S
BOOK BINDERY**

FLAT OPENING BLANK BOOKS

**MAGAZINE BINDING
AND LIBRARY WORK**
A SPECIALTY

Telephone No. 469

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

The Photo Shop

W. L. McKILLOP, Mgr.

1912 Badger Photographer

Phone 1468 or 4543
513 State Street



- ☐ Amateur Finishing**
 - ☐ Flashlights**
 - ☐ Group Pictures**
 - ☐ Enlargements**
-

Sectional Book Cases

This case of three sections with base and top and glass doors, complete in any style finish, for **\$15**

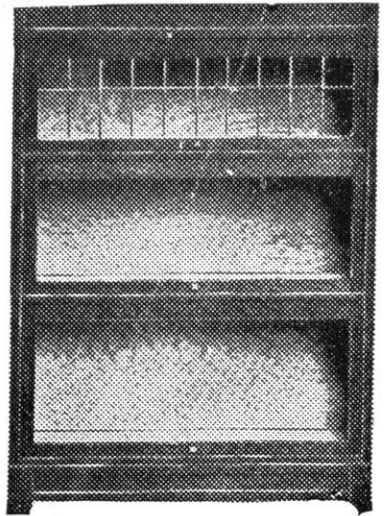
This is something entirely new in a book case. It folds and a case of four sections can be folded into the size of one for the purpose of packing if necessary.

Start your library with one, two, three or more sections and add to it as your library grows.

Come in and see our splendid line of these sectional book cases.

Buy one of these cases and if not satisfactory after 30 days, we will refund your money.

Roll Top Desks of every kind at prices never touched in Madison



The Bailey Furniture Store

(Better Furniture for Cottage or Mansion)

426 STATE STREET

Telephone 4178

Telephone 4178

J. L. BARRY & COMPANY Electrical Contractors



Agents for the

Richmond Suction Cleaner Eats Dirt

The price is \$65 with attachments, f. o. b. your home, and rents for \$2 per day—\$1.50 for half day.

SPECIAL

Central Station for

Acme Electric Flat Irons

A 6-pound flat iron for \$4, with a guarantee for two years; also

The Combination Stove and Toaster

Will be glad to demonstrate any of these articles at any time.

207 KING STREET : : :

MADISON, WIS.

POOL—COLLEGE BILLIARD HALL—225 STATE STREET

WM. HUPPRICH, Manager

Telephone 920

CUDAHY CASH MARKET

The Best of
Fresh and Salt Meats

Club and Fraternity Trade Solicited

111 West Mifflin Street Madison, Wis.

Reuter's Make-Ups Are Good

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

HERMAN REUTER
Costumes and Wigs

45 Juneau Avenue MILWAUKEE

The
Fashion Livery

E. S. BURWELL, Proprietor

The Largest Stable in the City
Closed Carriages and Light Livery
a Specialty

STUDENT AND CITY TRADE SOLICITED

Cor. East Washington Ave and Butler St.
Phone 333 Madison, Wis.

U. W. SHOE STORE

108 University Ave.

JOSEPH DUNKEL, Prop.

All Styles of
Up-to-date Wear

The nearest Shoe Repairing Shop to
University. All modern machinery

**Hammersmith Engraving
Company**

"The College Publishers"

DESIGNS, HALF TONES, ZINC ETCHINGS

116 Michigan Street, MILWAUKEE 501 S. Dearborn Street, CHICAGO

MEET ME AT THE COLLEGE BILLIARD HALL

Printing: The act, art, or practice of impressing letters on paper, cloth, or other material; the business of a printer; typography. —Webster's Dictionary

We bring to bear upon our work the experience of over a quarter of a century. We have maintained an "up-to-date" equipment throughout all these years. We offer buyers of printing the business-like attention to their orders which this experience and equipment assures them

**S. E. TATE
PRINTING CO**

385 Broadway, Milwaukee

ASK FOR

Teckemeyer's Chocolates

If You Want the Best

THEY CAN'T BE BEAT

The Pantorium Company

The Students' Most Satisfactory Place for Cleaning
Pressing and Repairing

New Location, State Street

Phone 1180

We Call and Deliver

YOU will be pleased to know that the name of OLSON & VEERHUSEN COMPANY is synonymous with the highest art CUSTOM TAILORING. Unusually attractive are our fabrics for Autumn and Winter. Garments we are making are of the season's most approved styles. Inspection means conviction.

7-9 North Pinckney Street **Olson & Veerhusen Company**

DRESSMAKING absolutely the best in the state in charge of Miss D. Edgington—place your order for “Prom” at once, and be sure.

**Cloaks, Suits, Party Coats
Party Dresses, White Serge
Suits and White Polo Suits**

Anything for ladies in ready-to-wear goods “we have it at prices that are popular for high-class goods.”

**WOLDENBERG'S CLOAK
CORNER**

32 East Mifflin Street

Mayer **HONORBILT
SHOES**

Perfection in footwear is now obtainable if you wear Mayer Honorbilt Shoes, because they embody to the utmost degree every element of style, wear and comfort.

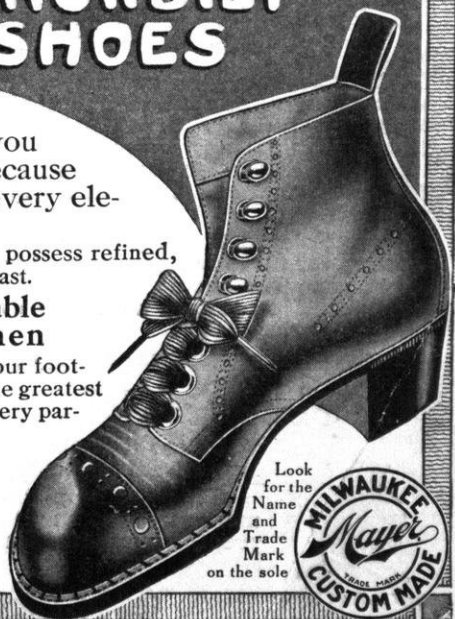
They are made from the finest materials, possess refined, distinctive style and hold their shape to the last.

**Made in a variety of fashionable
styles for men and women**

No matter how fastidious you are about your footwear, Mayer Honorbilt Shoes will give you the greatest satisfaction because they are made right in every particular—they are “built on honor.”

To be sure you are getting the genuine, look for the Mayer Trade Mark on the sole. Sold by leading shoe dealers everywhere. If your dealer can't supply you, write to us.

F. MAYER BOOT & SHOE CO., Milwaukee, Wis.



Look
for the
Name
and
Trade
Mark
on the sole



A Wonderful Saving On Hosiery

Six pairs of Holeproof Hose are guaranteed to wear without holes for six months. For \$3 a year you can be free from *all* holes and all darning. Common hose, costing twice as much in a year, must be darned every week or two after buying. Isn't the guaranteed way the best?

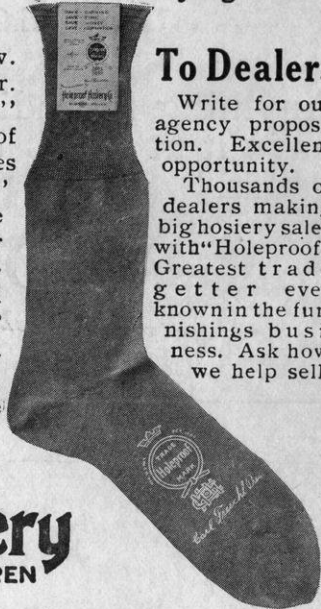
There's only one way to buy hosiery now. Get a guarantee of the wear from the dealer. You can get one of dealers who sell "Holeproof," with every six pairs. Buy *only two boxes* of "Holeproof" a year and you'll *never* have holes in your hose—*never have to darn*. "Holeproof" are made for men, women and children, so the whole family can have this advantage. Over nine million pairs will be sold this year. A million people are wearing them now. Don't you think, if they suit so many, that they will suit you?

We have had 38 years of experience. "Holeproof" were the first guaranteed hose made. They are soft and stylish, and they come in the lightest weights if you want them.

To Dealers

Write for our agency proposition. Excellent opportunity.

Thousands of dealers making big hosiery sales with "Holeproof!" Greatest trade getter ever known in the furnishings business. Ask how we help sell.



FAMOUS Holeproof Hosiery FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

We pay for yarn an average of 70c a pound, though yarn can be bought for 30c. Ours is Egyptian and Sea Island cotton. There's nothing finer. We spend \$55,000 a year for inspection—to see that each pair is perfection. You can't buy a poor pair.

Try "Holeproof" today. But get the genuine, for there are hundreds of poor imitations. The genuine only are soft and light. No common hose were ever made better.

Insist on this signature on every pair.

Carl Freschl, Pres.

Unless it is there the hose are not "Holeproof."

Six pairs of plain or mercerized cotton "Holeproof," guaranteed six

months, cost \$1.50 up to \$3.00, according to finish and weight.

There are twelve colors, ten weights and five grades for men. Seven colors, three weights and three grades for women and two colors, two weights and three grades for children. Silk hose for men cost \$2.00 for three pairs, guaranteed three months. Three pairs of women's silk hose cost \$3.00, guaranteed three months. The genuine are sold in your town. We'll tell you the dealers' names on request, or ship direct where there's no dealer near, charges prepaid on receipt of remittance. Write for free book, "How to Make Your Feet Happy."

Holeproof Hosiery Company

000 Fourth Street Milwaukee, Wis.

Holeproof Hosiery Co. of Canada, Ltd., London, Can.,
Distributors for Canada
Tampico News Co., S. A., City of Mexico, Agents for Mexican Republic



Reg. U. S. Pat. Off., 1905

Carl F. Freschl, Inc.

Are Your Hose Insured?