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Volume XII

JANUARY, 1915

Number 4

## Coach Meanwell on Basketball

### The New Associate Editors

Nick Grinde

Edward W. Moses

John H. Abbott

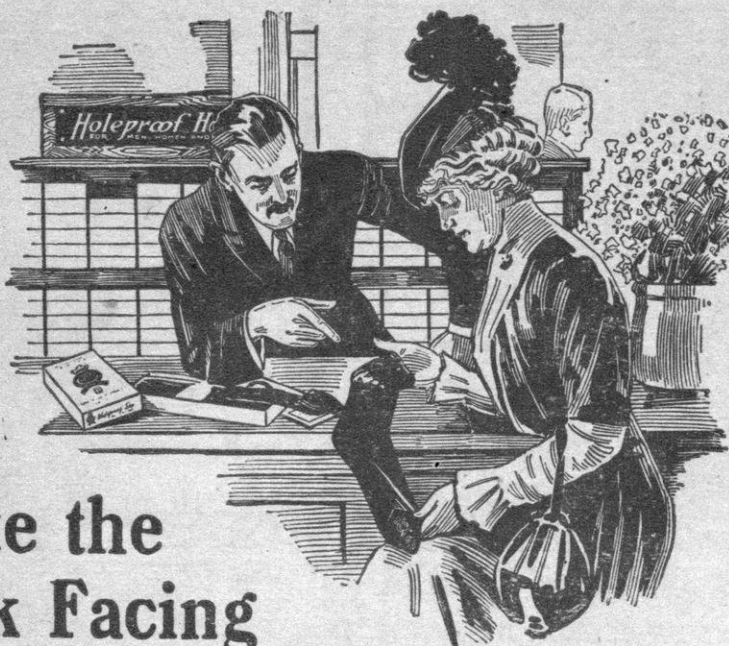
Webb B. White

Iva N. Ketcham

John W. Barrett

Thomas E. M. Helferan

Walt Louderback



## Note the Silk Facing

Over the Invisible Cotton Body

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**Holeproof Hosiery**  
FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN  
**HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY, Milwaukee, Wis.**



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## An Incident of the Siege at Louvain

Crowned with the iron cross he bore,  
Crowned with the cross the Kaiser wore,  
Death in battle  
Hell in battle  
Louvain.

Crowned with laurel dearly wrought,  
Crowned with laurel dearly bought,  
Hero of strife  
Reckless of life  
At Louvain.

Dashed upon the blackened gun  
Dared a battery scarcely won  
Seized the banner  
Crushed the bearer  
At Louvain.

Death's-head horse leaped high and fell  
Torn by a whirling, screaming shell.  
Hussar crept back  
To Teuton shelter,  
Near Louvain.

Cursing the foes of the fatherland  
Broken and bruised—with bleeding hand  
A hero died  
For Teuton pride,  
At Louvain.

A squad of Hussars bore him up  
Victorious squadrons raised a cup  
And drank "lebe wohl"  
To him.  
Louvain.

Crowned with the iron cross he bore  
Crowned with the cross the Kaiser wore,  
Hell in battle  
Death in battle  
Louvain.



# The WISCONSIN MAGAZINE

*"Ipsa scientia potestas est"*

Vol. XII


January, 1915

No. 4

## OUR CHANCES IN BASKETBALL

Coach W. E. Meanwell

Our Basket ball coach who has been so successful in evolving championship teams gives an intimation of what our chances seem to be for winning the western title this year. This article is the first published estimate of the present situation in this sport. Baseball and track will be reviewed in coming numbers of the Magazine.



ESPIE THE fact that nine teams will compete in the conference race, it is not difficult, from knowledge possessed of the various fives, to classify them as to comparative strength, although how much the "break of the game" will affect certain teams more than others and so upset these calculations, is impossible to say. There are more disorganizing factors to be considered in basketball than in any other col-

lege sport. For instance, ineligibility—a most serious danger for conference teams which, like Wisconsin, have examinations in the midst of the season—does not affect other sports after their seasons begin. Ineligibility and loss of a regular in the midst of the season is almost fatal to the prospects of a team which depends on the short pass and close team work. These are secured only after long practice by the same five men has reduced passing, handling and

shooting the ball to a mechanical process. A substitute rarely fills such a vacancy to advantage.

Lack of condition—staleness—is next to be feared, and, as well, injuries and the throat and joint affections so prevalent in the cold months. There are few sports in which the danger of over training is so great as in basketball and the sudden slumps of leading teams in every conference season may usually be attributed to that cause.

Disregarding all these factors and the abilities displayed by this or that coach to pilot his men past, or into, some of the dangers outlined, I would say that prospects are most "rosy" at Illinois and at Ohio State.

Illinois has everything in its favor this year—a splendid student spirit, the most powerful squad on any conference floor, an intact and veteran team and a very capable coach.

Of the team that last year lost but three games, and two of these by but one point each, every man remains. In addition, the strong freshman team is now eligible to play so that at least one of the old men will be displaced by a stronger player. Coach Jones says that the team is 50 per cent stronger than that of last year and consequently it should have little difficulty in landing first honors.

Ohio State is also fortunate and has four regulars back from the last year's team which won five out of six conference games. Two of these players, Graf and Cherry, of football fame, are well over six feet in

height and are of exceptional weight and speed. They form a nucleus for a team of championship calibre. Ohio should be a close second to Illinois, with a good fighting chance for first place.

Chicago, Minnesota, Purdue and Wisconsin are about on par as to prospects and it is hard to say how they will finish. With Northwestern, which has a good team and the easiest schedule in the conference, all named above should be contenders for the remaining places. The presence of Des Jardien in the Chicago line-up will give Page's men a marked advantage, for "Shorty" is by far the best center now in the conference.

Indiana has far better prospects this year than ever, as its team is intact and is now playing together for the third year. Towards the close of the season, this team played high class ball and should be difficult to defeat on the home floor.

I can say for Wisconsin that the prospects are for a good team although not in any manner a championship one. I believe our boys will show speed, fight, and a satisfactory degree of team play when we consider that but two men on the whole squad have ever played Conference ball. Our chief failing is lack of height and that cannot be corrected. We have but one six foot man among the regulars. The remaining men are so short that we cannot hope for a fair share of the rebounds or high passes and will lose many a point in consequence.

At center we have been consistently out

(Continued on page 39)

# THE VALUE OF THE TRITE

E. W. M.

Something about the conventionality of the unconventional and a plea for a few of the old fashioned things are the main themes of this essay. It has the freshness and spontaneity that comes from a man who apparently has a deeper insight into conditions than many of us.



PROFESSOR ROSS, in his great work on "Social Control," has the following to say on the subject of the old and the new: "The halo of prestige is not always the hoar of antiquity. Tarde shows how epochs of custom-imitation alternate with periods of mode-imitation. For a while the course of imitation is between past and present; then the current changes, and the course of imitation lies between contemporaries. To down-transmission or 'social heredity' succeeds cross-imitation or 'conventionality.' In the latter period the old is distrusted and the new has the presumption in its favor."

The present age is one of innovation. To reverence for the old has succeeded a passion for the new. "Novelty! Novelty! Give us something new!" is the cry of the times. The slit skirt follows the directoire; the harem skirt and X-ray skirt are heralded for a time; while the outbreak of a great European conflagration submerges all previous styles in the latest war fashions. Politicians cry their cure-alls for the

evils of democracy; and like women at a bargain-sale, the people eagerly take up one nostrum after another, only to drop it hastily for the next one that catches their attention. Floods of amendments to constitutions are proposed, some of them good, but most of them senseless, or worse, truly dangerous and subversive of stable government.

In literature, as elsewhere, the call is for the new, the startling, the strange. Literary fashions succeed one another almost as rapidly as fashions in dress. Tales of the mountains and backward people, novel of introspection, sex novels pursue adventurous novels, historical novels, society novels across the stage of temporary favor, and plunge into the wings of literary oblivion.

A Chesterton invades the press-room and floods a long-suffering public with a tidal wave of strained paradoxes and "shocking" contradictions of all that has been accepted as true by the ages. Anything — it matters little what — is prized, so it be but unusual and "interesting." Sense is no requisite. The more violent a statement, the more in-



teresting. The only crimes among the Elite — the recognized leaders in thought, the wholesalers of ideas — is to be conventional in what one says. So high has risen this wave of reaction from reverence for the past to passion for the new, that among the cultured, the Elite, it has become the convention to be unconventional in word and thought.

Mode-imitation is a powerful force at the present time, and the near-Elite, the crowd of hangers-on, the would-be artists and writers, imitate the dominating fashion among the Elite and carry it to senseless extremities. By this group, that which bears the stamp of antiquity is vilified because of its age, irrespective of its value; while the new in art and literature is rapturously acclaimed because it is new. The result is such monstrosities as the cubist and futurist daubs — which for the most part resemble a train-wreck viewed thru a kaleidoscope — and, in literature, the ravings of post-Whitmanites, who have caught the faults of their model at his worst, but not the noble rhythm and the liquidity of the master at his best. The near-Elite run frantically hither and thither to each new prophet who falsely cries "Lo here!" "Lo there!" Such subservience to literary and artistic fashion, changeable as the wind, lays the amateur of unstable standards open to the charge of mob-mind, — a charge which should be odious to any reasoning creature who claims to have a mind of his own.

Now all this literary froth above mentioned, doubtless serves to indicate a deep and strong current setting seaward. That

current can be nothing less than a mighty reaction against the limitations of our inheritance from the past. It sweeps thru other fields than those of literature and art. In the political world we call it reform, the new freedom, and the ilk, and it is necessarily accompanied by much experimenting with new devices of government. In the field of literature the urge to revolt is no less strong, and is accompanied by even more serious mistakes, more futile experiments, more fatuous groping for better methods.

It is not the purpose of the writer to disparage any sincere efforts to widen the scope of literature, to perfect the timbre of our instruments, to attain to more subtle modes of expression. If there were no sincere revolts against our traditional inheritances, there would be no progress. However, much of the 'literature' of the day is mere froth — insignificant, fatuous — bubbles to be blown away by the next wind from the caverns of Time. Much of it is insincere; much more is inspired by a mere desire to be clever — not for cleverness' sake, but for the sake of self-exploitation. And with this straining for cleverness, sense has been often lost sight of. The desire of many modern literateurs seems to be solely to "shock" people, irrespective of the truth. Fulminations against all that has been hallowed by Time is the Fashion. That which has been tried and tested by centuries, that which embodies the accumulated wisdom of generations, is by them thrown aside for trash.

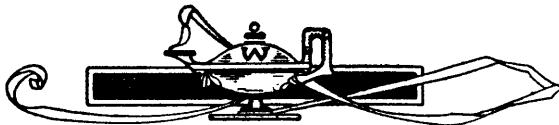
Change fills a need of the world, to be sure. But when the architect sets out to

create a new order, he does not repudiate as worthless all the lessons taught by the Parthenon. Rather, he seeks to incorporate them into his own skill, and to adapt them to his desires. Similarly, to accept legitimate extensions of the field of literature, to adopt new modes of expression which are not inconsistent with high and worthy standards, does not necessarily imply the rejection of that which the past has found to be pure gold, refined in the furnaces of the years. Rather should the author strive to learn all that the past can teach him, and apply it to new needs and new desires.

To fall down and do worship to a thing merely because it is new, or startling, or strange, indicates a lack of mentality and implies unstable standards. To scorn a thing merely because it is old and familiar, to spit upon it as trite and out of fashion, is even worse; for it shows a want of sense comparable to that of a man who casts away his pearls and fills his pockets full of shining pebbles. The chief claim to attention of much so-called literature of the day, is a well-advertised break with the traditions of the past. The false apostles and self-appointed priests of a "new order" consume a great deal of valuable time in loudly defaming the masterpieces of the ages — time which might better be spent in justifying their own productions, which are all too often in sad need of such vindi-

cation. "Homer is old-fashioned," they say, "and therefore worthless. Down with Homer!" Yet which among them can fitly claim that their own efforts will outlast as many centuries as have the Iliad and the Odyssey? Hamlet's soliloquy is trite—probably the tritest lines in all literature—but which of all those who decry Shakspeare, can match that soliloquy with lines as magnificent?

To the writer, at least, the fact that a play or a poem or an author is old-fashioned and trite, is far from being a stigma. Nay, rather, it lends an added lustre to the author's name,—for does it not mean that the ages have sat in judgment upon his work, and that the winds of Time, which winnow away the chaff and the shrunken and shriveled grains from the harvest-heaps of the centuries, have left it upon the threshing-floor for sound and whole-hearted wheat? An acceptance of what is old and tested and proven valuable, does not necessarily preclude one from accepting also the pearls of great price which the present has to offer. Kipling, Alfred Noyes, Rabindranath Tagore may be loved and prized as well today as fifty years from today. But to disparage and to vilify the old merely because of its age — that is the great mistake. It is to exhibit a lack of a proper sense of valuation. It is to forget the value of the trite.



## THE MARTYR

(After a course in Social Service.)

I said that we were young (and then he smiled);  
Life was before us;—not to be beguiled. . . .  
By passing fancies—Pitfalls of Ambition—  
Must be our Aim. (He shifted his position  
And let my head rest cruelly alone.)  
Then I went on,—our hearts must be of stone;  
We must arouse the World,—so Deaf! so Blind!  
Remembering our Duty to Mankind!

I said we could be friends,— I took his hand  
Feeling somehow he didn't understand,  
That Life was Solemn, after all, and Great.  
He rose and said 't'was very, very late,  
And he must go. Then tears came to my eyes  
For I could see he didn't realize  
The Bigness of his Debt to Fellow-men  
And I was grieved—until he stooped,—and then—

## L'Envoi

Oh what a pleasure Love for Man begets,—  
And what a satisfaction,—paying Debts!

Maude Louise Parker.

# UNITY

Jessie H. Reed.

This writer knows well the ways of the "darkies," way down south of the Mason and Dixon's line. "Unity" pictures a prayer meeting of the religious sects in Sandspur, the negro village of the other stories that Reed has published. We like this story even better than his others.



IT WAS Wash Monday in Sandspur. Every fence was draped in white, and the backyards fluttered with sheets and pillow cases, not to mention wearing apparel. Small barefooted pickaninnies felt their way carefully down the sandy road, each with a huge basket of clothes balanced on his wooly head. The sand was hot and the way beset with many sandburs, wherefore each small laborer grumbled exceedingly and rested often.

Aunt Mandy, from her cottage door, was speeding one of these toilers upon her way, and her voice rose shrill in the sultry air.

"Hi, thah!" she shouted. "Peruna Sars'-perilla, ef yo' set dat baskit down 'tween heah an' Mis' Graham's, yo' ain' gwine be able fo' to set down fer a week!"

With this parting admonition, she returned to the back fence and Sister Belinda Brown.

"Dat chile sho' am er lim' o' Satan," she complained. "Ah dunno' what's gwine 'come ob her, ah'm sho,' now dat Brothah Spoonah done gone, an' de Sunday School's

done bus' up," she sighed heavily. "Dey ain' nobody lef' now but Brother Grice, an' he ain' lookin' so powerful healthy hisself."

Sister Brown, however, took a somewhat different view of the matter.

"Ah dunno," she said. "Pears lak he right smaht peart to me. Ah ain' got much use fo' any of 'em, nohow."

Aunt Mandy was properly shocked.

"Howcome?" she asked.

Sister Brown helped herself to another chew of snuff.

"Wall," she began, "Hits jes' lak dis. Dat wuthless husban' ob mine am er Meth'dis', an' Ah'm er hahdshell Baptis' myself, so we has de Meth'dis' preachah ter dinnah one Sunday an' de Baptis' preachah de nex', an' twixt dem bofe, dey jes' eats us ouden house an' home. I'se er b'lievah in Unity, Ah is."

Aunt Mandy pricked up her ears.

"What dat?" she inquired, suspiciously.

"Ah done read hit in de papah what come 'roun' Mis' Leffinweell close," explained Sister Brown. "De Pres'terians an' de Meth'dis' an' de Baptis,' dey all gwine hab

one big meetin' house an' eberybody go ter hit. Den' dey don' hab no ruckus what-somevah."

Aunt Mandy listened doubtfully.

"Hit pears soacht ob dubersome ter me," she started.

But Sister Brown overruled her.

"Ef yo' ain' got no money, yo' ain' got no preachah," she asserted. "An' de onliest way fo' dis heah town ter git one am fo' de chuaches ter unificate. P'raps den ouah preachahs won' look lak pore white trash."

With this parting shot, Sister Brown trudged away, leaving Aunt Mandy meditating on the question.

"Huh," exclaimed she. "Th' impident Baptis' hussy! So Brothah Grice looks lak pore white trash, do he? I'se gwine see Brothah Grice bout dat Unity contraption mahself."

The Reverend Caesar Grice, whose wits had long since been sharpened by the keen edge of hunger, saw possibilities in the new doctrine undreamed of by its originators. For two years now the good reverend had been living, metaphorically, upon a shoe-string. The other preachers had been more fortunate. Brother Spooner, having chanced upon a white acquaintance, had promptly touched him for a five spot. Thereafter Sandspur knew him no more, and the Presbyterian congregation went fishing of a Sunday. Brother Peppergrass, in whose charge the Baptist section of Sandspur had been delegated, had contrived, by desperate begging, to secure a fund for his missionaries in Africa. So he took the fund and departed for that distant country immediately.

But Brother Grice, not having any African missionaries to care for, nor any influential friends among the "white folks", had been obliged to stay on the job. He took what he could get and was thankful.

"Eberyting gwine come ter him what waits," he would remark, "Ef yo' only waits at de right saloon."

And now the Reverend Caesar Grice had a vision. He saw himself preaching to an overflowing crowd of Baptists and Methodists and Presbyterians. He saw himself feasted by three different sets of deacons. Best of all, he saw the contribution plate come in laden with silver and gold. For the past six months it had contained buttons and cigar stubs exclusively, but imagination is a wonderful thing.

He promptly called upon the leading deacon of the Baptist faith.

"Howdy, Brothah Jones," he began, diplomatically. "How does yo' presume ter t'ink yo' feel dis moahnin'?"

Deacon Jones, scenting a request for a loan afar off drew into his shell, and, like the box turtle, closed it after him. But Brother Grice was not discouraged.

"De Good Book say," he continued, cheerfully, "dat we-all mus' tote one 'nother's buahdens."

Deacon Jones was sure it was a loan. So he sat tight and said nothing. Still Brother Grice persisted.

"Seein' as how Brothah Spooner done gone on er 'tracted visit," he said, "I'se gwine hol' some revival meetin's fo' him."

"Huh?" inquired the Deacon. This was a new turn of affairs, and he was unprepared for it.

(Continued on page 25)

# THE FRATERNITY SITUATION

Walter S. Bemis

An article written by the chairman of the Inter-fraternity Council that is as authoritative as one can be on the subject. It is a careful consideration of the fraternity problem and indicates a new spirit of friendly, open co-operation between faculty and student body.



HERE HAS been considerable agitation of late in Wisconsin as to whether fraternities at the State University were justifying their existence. The State Legislature of 1908-1909 appointed a committee to investigate this situation. The committee referred the matter to the Regents who in turn referred it to the University Faculty. The Faculty made an extensive study of the matter in which the scholarship of the fraternity men as against that of the non-fraternity men was chiefly considered.

They found that the fraternity men were a small amount behind the others in this respect but not seriously so—about one per cent. The other two arguments made against the fraternities, their expensiveness and exclusiveness, were also investigated. The final report of this committee stated that the fraternities were justified in existing and the recommendation was made that they be allowed to continue in the University. A bill was then introduced in the Legislature of 1912-1913 by Representative Anderson calling for the abolishment of fraternities. The matter was taken up this

time by a committee of the Legislature who reported favorably on the bill. The bill was voted down in the lower house, however. There the matter rests today.

The question naturally arises as to why there was this agitation against fraternities. "Where there is so much smoke there must be some fire." In order to understand the causes we must go back a little in the history of fraternities at the University.

Up to recently the predominating feature of the fraternity situation here has been the misunderstanding existing between the fraternity and non-fraternity men. This was due mainly to the feeling on the part of the fraternities that they were primarily a secret organization and that their reasons for existing concerned themselves and no one else. The lack of knowledge of the fraternities on the part of the non-members which was the result of this policy naturally produced a class feeling between two artificial elements which never should have existed.

Further, the ideals and aims of the different organizations were not always what they should have been. In too many cases



their only reason for existing seemed to be to dictate the activities of the student body along the different lines through cliques and counter-cliques. When a man was up for office the main question seemed to be whether he was a fraternity man or not, instead of whether he was qualified for the position. Also a man's social prestige appeared to many to be the reason for his membership in a fraternity.

The result of these mistaken policies was a gradual change in faculty, student, and public opinion against the fraternity system. This opinion was shared by fraternity and non-fraternity men alike. Then, as the younger men graduated and began to shape the policies of their different fraternities, they gradually changed the existing condition of affairs in their different organizations. Now the primary reason for the existence of a fraternity at the University is not that of running the under-graduate life of the school but of providing a comfortable and homelike place for the students to make their headquarters during their attendance at the University. As a direct result of this policy men are picked from the standpoint of congeniality with the other members, not because of their social and financial prestige. Further, fraternities have found that they cannot keep the respect of the faculty or even be a financial success if they take in students who are likely to be dropped from school. Therefore the tendency is now to enquire into the scholarship of a man before he is asked to join an organization. This tendency is strengthened by the new ruling of the Faculty that a man cannot be initiated

as long as he is on probation.

The faculty felt two years ago that the rushing season was not all that it should be with the result that it regulated the time and method of pledging freshmen. A month was set aside in the spring for rushing. At the end of this period the men could be pledged. This method proved extremely unsatisfactory and so the time was cut to two weeks. This system also had its drawbacks; so that the fraternities got the Faculty to allow them to pledge men at the time of registration. This last plan was tried out this year and worked very well.

The freshmen cannot board or room at the houses nor can they be initiated until their sophomore year. The trouble with this system is that the fraternities have not the control over the actions of their freshmen that they have had in former years. They can tell a man that he cannot go out until he has studied his lessons but they have no means of seeing that he obeys. Still they are getting along as well as they can. Some keep a check on their men by getting monthly reports from the different instructors. Others depend on weekly conferences with the individual freshmen. Still others employ an advisor system in which each freshman is assigned to an upper classman in the fraternity who in turn is responsible for the man's grades and good behaviour. All of the fraternities have strictly administered house rules controlling the actions of the different members while in their house.

A spirit of co-operation exists between the Student Life and Interest Committee

# THE TROUBLE WITH STUDENT PUBLICATIONS

Professor Willard G. Bleyer

No one is more competent than Professor Bleyer to write on a subject that concerns one of the very important branches of extra-curricular activities. Professor Bleyer, the head of the department of journalism, is a one-time Badger editor and speaks with more than a faculty point of view.



THE LAST two years were undoubtedly the most disastrous ones that the students' publications at the University have ever experienced. All the publications with one or two exceptions lost money. The Wisconsin Daily News Company went into bankruptcy, the 1914 Badger Board is being sued for several thousand dollars, the Sphinx combined with the WISCONSIN MAGAZINE, and two efforts to publish new magazines failed after a few numbers had appeared. Only three non-technical undergraduate publications remain, the Daily Cardinal, the Badger, and the WISCONSIN MAGAZINE. The other two magazines, the Wisconsin Engineer and the Wisconsin Country Magazine, do not depend primarily upon undergraduate support for their success. In view of these conditions it seems an opportune time to consider the whole situation in regard to the publications.

Four evident causes were responsible for

financial difficulties of the publications:

First. Absence of student or faculty regulations made it possible for new publications to come into the field when there was not room for them, and the resulting competition seriously affected the old established publications.

Second. The constant desire of each new board of editors and business managers to make the publication bigger and better than ever before resulted in increasing the size and the cost of the publications when the sources of revenue could not be correspondingly increased.

Third. Lack of continuity in the management of every publication made it impossible for the editors and managers to profit by the experience and the information often gained at considerable cost by their predecessors.

Fourth. The unwillingness of Madison business men to support student publications by their advertising in proportion to the amount of business that they secure

from the students, limited one of the most important sources of income.

Other factors were lack of pride and interest in the publications on the part of the majority of the undergraduates, careless management, and increased cost of printing.

When in 1912-13 some of the students who had been connected with the publications for several years foresaw the difficulties that threatened the publications, they proposed a plan of control by a board composed of students and members of the faculty, similar to that in several other large universities. Although supported by the majority of the publications, the proposed plan met with opposition from others and was defeated. As a result the publications continued without any student or faculty control except as it was exercised by those on the boards of editors and directors of each publication.

Last spring when the financial difficulties in which several of the publications found themselves became acute, the faculty passed several regulations designed to bring about more careful business management. These rules make it necessary for the class or organization to enter into a contract with the business manager in which the financial responsibility for the publication is stipulated. The class or organization is required to secure a bond from the business manager in order to insure the fulfilment of the contract by him. Advertising to be paid for in merchandise, which has been the cause of considerable difficulty is forbidden, and advertisements

not authorized by a written order are likewise prohibited. Provision is also made for a satisfactory system of bookkeeping, and for a complete audit of the books and records annually.

In addition to these faculty regulations, the Madison Board of Commerce last September adopted several rules that affect student publications. In order to solicit advertising from Madison merchants who are members of the Board of Commerce, each publication must secure a card of authorization from the Board. These cards are issued to only such publications as can demonstrate to the satisfaction of the Board that they have good reasons for their existence. A statement of the responsibility of the class or organization issuing the publications, of circulation, of the advertising rates, and of the results of the year's business, is also required annually. This ruling of the Board of Commerce will act as a check upon attempts to establish new publications that have little or no reason for existence.

Despite the salutary effects which will result from all of these new regulations, three obstacles to success still remain: (1) the burden placed upon the business managers of two of the publications, The Daily Cardinal and the Badger, by reason of the amount of business to be transacted; (2) lack of pride and interest in the publications on the part of the students as a whole; (3) lack of general support of the publications by the business men of Madison.

Since the business of the Daily Cardinal

(Continued on page 18)

## OUTSIDE ACTIVITIES

Alfred P. Haake, '14



**M**OST OF us worship the Goddess of "Getting-On." The average freshman comes here with the idea of "pulling down" some big job before he graduates; prestige is measured by prominence, and nearly everybody wants to be somebody and wants, above all, everybody else to know it. Some are so full of "pep" that the class-work offers insufficient exercise, others are natural-born bosses and fully realize their responsibility to the university which they have entered to administrate. A few, showing ability in some activity, are, through no active desire of their own, drawn into additional activities.

From time to time someone sits back and looks us all over. He is amused by the spectacle of scores of students keeping themselves distracted with a thousand and one trivialities. Then he sometimes writes an article: What nonsense it all is! Back to the simple life, and a nine hour schedule of bucking!

And so it may be. Yet there are those of us who see some use in outside activities. Many are worthless, it is true; and some are ill-adapted to the men and women taking part in them. Yet the fault seems to lie not so much in the activities themselves as in the point of view of the active students.

There are many things to be said in explanation of what one ought to do outside the class-room. Suppose, however, we merely suggest three practical tests for the use of those who would make their extra-curricular energies count for something.

First, we should consider the end in view. What is the student here for? What does he expect to do when he leaves the university? Manifestly, one who expects to go into the ministry would not spend all his extra time in heeling the Daily Cardinal, but would devote some time to debating and oratory.

Second, we would do well to estimate the price paid for benefits derived from the activity. One may gain by participating in social activities, for example, but in so doing consume time that would pay much greater dividends if spent in other ways. There is such a thing as paying too much for one's whistle.

Third, it is not what a man does in college that marks him as a success or failure, for there are many who have been prominent in college and disappeared from view as soon as leaving, but rather what he is able to do when he leaves, what his capacity for achievement and service measures by virtue of his four years of college life.

These tests are not completely adequate, but are valuable, and have grown out of experience. It must not be forgotten that all values are relative, that, after all, the ability to enjoy is as valuable as possession of things to be enjoyed. Friendship and fellowship thrive well in the atmosphere of outside activities, and there are few later recollections of college life that are not tied up with "Joe" or "Bill" or "Jack" or in some way "Bess" and the rest of the boys and girls. There is the opportunity for service, just old-fashioned doing of good

for one another, the silent witness of genuine affection.

In a word, that which makes us better men and women, actual and potential, is worth while. So far as the activity aids to that end it should be encouraged; for itself, the activity is rarely worth the time spent upon it. We want to encourage all that makes stronger the love of man for man and woman for woman, the common love for the higher and nobler things of life:—these builders of the true college spirit.

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## NOONTIDE REST

Sun on the hill

And wind in the tree;

Meadow lark singing

His fill on the lea;

And all the wide world

Crying "Peace, heart," to me,

As I lay me down to rest.

Rest, with the sky

Arching blue overhead;

Rest, with the brook

Singing low in its bed;

Rest, with my hungry heart

Content and fed

With the beauty my soul loves best.

Alice Lindsey Webb.

## "WHAT ARE THE PEOPLE SAYING?"

Under this heading will appear from time to time a number of reviews of articles on contemporary student life. They will cover all phases of life and manners in the American colleges. Contributions to this department should be addressed "Editor what Are the People Saying?" in care of the Wisconsin Magazine.

### "RELIGIOUS SHIPWRECKS."

"The devil's own hunting ground," and "hot beds of religious doubt" are some of the epithets applied to the college and university of today because of the supposed tendency of modern scholarship to undermine the Christian faith, but according to Prof. Gerald Birney Smith in a recent number of the *Biblical World* (Chicago) gray haired mothers and orthodox fathers need have no fear that their sons' religion will be corrupted by the teachings of the university.

"The religious shipwreck" of the undergraduate sometimes occurs, but it is not the result of the lecture room or the laboratory, says Professor Smith. On the contrary, scholarship, while it modifies certain ideas of religion makes towards a better conception and justification of religious faith.

"A century ago the incompatibility between traditional beliefs and rational science seemed so great that it was common for college students to withdraw entirely from professed Christian allegiance. Today, however, it is no longer necessary for one to choose between intellectual honesty and adherence to organized Christianity."

True, the old stand-bys of religion which we believed essential while children may be in part wiped away, but in their place comes a clearer understanding of what religion really is, and an honest feeling of belief in Christianity, not as a matter of sentiment but of reason.

### "HIGHER COST OF COLLEGE LIVING."

Do you know that it costs 25 per cent more to go to college today than it did 20 years ago? So says Henry T. Clause in a recent issue of the *Boston Transcript*, and he adds that the increase is still greater when the numerous exactions of the athletic and social world are taken into consideration.

Tuition has grown at enormous rates all over the country, according to Mr. Clause, while the increase in room and board have been equally great. Undergraduates are paying 18 per cent more for their food now than they did 20 years ago.

The difference of the cost of board at different colleges, however, is marked. The increase at Amherst from 1892 to 1912 was 18 per cent, as against 50 per cent at



Dartmouth, 10 per cent at the University of Michigan, and 35 per cent at the University of Illinois. This tends to show that some universities are better equipped to supply food at a small cost than others, that is, that their commons are better.

"The cost of high college living" is the name that Mr. Clause gives to the expense incurred by the undergraduates of today in demanding certain things as necessities which in the old days were considered as luxuries, and he says that this plays an important part in the increased cost of attending college.

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### THE TROUBLE WITH STUDENT PUBLICATIONS

(Continued from page 14)

amounts to about \$20,000 a year and that of the Badger to approximately \$10,000 a year, the task imposed upon the business manager in each case is a greater one than an undergraduate can complete satisfactorily while pursuing his academic work. The Cardinal is undertaking to solve this problem by having a graduate manager this year, but whether or not such a plan will be feasible year after year, remains to be seen. The same plan cannot be adopted by the Badger without changing the fundamental idea of having the book edited and managed by members of the junior class.

Greater loyalty to the publications on the part of the students as a whole is absolutely essential if the publications are to be financially successful, and are to compare favorably with those of other large

universities. Support can be given to the publications in two important ways: First, by subscribing for the publications and by paying the subscription in advance; Second, by urging business men to advertise in them. Unless each publication can show a large bona fide subscription list as evidence of its circulation among the students, it cannot secure rates for its advertising proportionate to the cost of its production. By paying for his subscription, therefore, each student not only contributes directly toward the cost of producing the publication, but indirectly aids the publication to increase its revenues from advertising. Since in college publications as well as in other periodicals the income from advertising is much larger than that from subscriptions, this indirect support is a very important element.

Until Madison business men are convinced that the majority of students know and care whether or not they advertise in the student publications, they are not likely to increase their support.

The advertiser is demanding more and more to be shown the results of his advertisements. When students generally take enough interest in the success of their publications to urge merchants to give these publications their support in the form of advertisements, there is little doubt that the business men will respond more liberally than they have done or do now.

Permanent success for the publications, in short, depends not so much on the editors and managers or on faculty regulations as it does upon pride, loyalty, interest, and support on the part of every student in the University.

# THE POINT OF VIEW

Howard M. Jones

Synopsis of previous installments: A group of college men are gathered around Head's fire, and are giving their several views of what each considers the vital thing in undergraduate life. The football man, Eliot, has spoken, to be followed by Pearson, the debater, who declares that the intellectual mastery obtained in debating means later leadership. Roberts, the engineer, has just finished telling how he came to study engineering and pleading for a practical education because it is efficient.



**T**HAT IS wrong! That is all wrong."

Little David was standing the instant Roberts ceased, running his hands distractedly through his hair, and with such a comical expression of ruefulness on his face that after the moment of surprise, one and all, we burst into laughter at the lugubriousness in his voice. Even Roberts, who might justifiably have been a little nettled at the positiveness of David's cry, turned around, stared, and shouted with the rest of us. Presently David himself was laughing, too. The intensity of his conviction that the engineer was leading us astray, set against the usual mildness of his manner and the diminutiveness of his body, made a contrast so striking that our hilariousness may be excused.

When the fun had subsided and David realized the inappropriateness of his remark, he was all apologies.

"I am sorry—so sorry. I can not pardon myself," he said, so sincerely that Roberts forgave him on the spot—if there was any-

thing to forgive. "Perhaps I—I had better not now speak," he queried anxiously, "after that so great idiocy?"

Cries of "Go on!" "Go it, Davy!" "Pitch into him!" reassured the little German, and as the group cheered him uproariously, he began. He took the chaffing in good part, and presently the skylarking subsided and he was speaking from his very heart.

"That was wrong, that was all — all wrong," he persisted, smiling quickly at Roberts like one who corrects the blunders of a child. "The gentleman—he has not understood what education is. He is what you Americans call 'practical'—ugh!"—he shuddered—"meaning by that, gentlemen who are very stupid, very average, and very un-practical!"

"Hear! Hear!" shouted the irrepressible Ladislav, to be promptly smothered by the pillow which Pearson aimed at him.

"What is it—this so desirable practicalness?" cried David. "I will tell you—I will tell you. It is to spend all day in an office; it is to think of nothing but money, money,

money, money; it is to slave every day, all day, Sundays and holidays, and to wear fancy—what do you call them?—vest-coats, and to eat quick at a lunch counter that you may get back in so fast a hurry and make more money—money all the time! Ach, Herr Roberts, you have forgotten one thing: inside—here—is not a pocketbook, but a soul!”

He stopped, breathless, and scowled determinedly at us, while we clapped our hands and urged him on. Roberts threw back his head in a jovial laugh, and, turning to him, David smiled.

“See! So excited do I get that I forget completely the manners. It is not you, of course, Herr Roberts, whom I speak about. No, it is many, many men not so large-hearted and clear-brained as you. Yet there is danger for you, too, my friend. You must not become like that—not waste your life so! In an office or one of your great, ugly mills. It is not right. Why should you make money all the time, and then have no time to enjoy your money? Why should you make money to support your family that you talk about and then have no time to enjoy your family, because some other man with a family is supporting them faster than you, and you must go down to your office a little earlier and stay a little later to beat him? That—ugh!—that is what you call efficiency!

“Ach! That is wrong. It is your cursed American—what is it that you call him?—O yes, the exhausted American business man. He knows how to make steel rails, but of Shakespeare he knows nothing,

nothing at all. He watches the ticker-machine, but of philosophy what does he know? Again, nothing at all! Human progress—it would not be, if it were left to your efficient American business man. Progress comes, my friend, from the laboratory of the scientist and not from the ledger of a steel-mill!

“But I don’t care anything about Shakespeare,” interrupted Roberts as soon as he could.

David despairingly shook his head. “There, you see,” he said, appealing to the rest of us, “he has become one already. Next he will have your ticker-machine in his bedroom where he may consult it nights, and eat nothing at all!”

When the shout of laughter at this sally had quieted, David spoke with less excitement, but more thoughtfully and earnestly than ever.

“*ABER* I rattle on like an old woman,” he apologized. “You must have reasons. Yes. That is quite right. And reasons you shall have. And now, like Herr Pearson, I shall make points; you shall see how I also can debate. Look you, I will number my points like him.

“Firstly, there is my thumb, and on him sits the objection that Herr Robert’s proposal would leave us no colleges at all. For what is it that Herr Roberts wants? It is to be trained for a business life. And what is it to be trained for a business life? It is to learn to make things, in a shop, in an office, or on what you call a drumming trip—something that people will want to buy. And for that is it that a college is

required? No, my young friend. What you need is an apprentice system, and it is Herr Roberts and not Herr Pearson who is inconsistent. He should have gone into a corporation which runs a school, of which you have so many, yes, and not waste his time in this unpractical university, which even his business man does not like when it tries to teach business.

"And behold my first finger. He is a wise finger, who says to you, Herr Roberts, that you do not understand what a university is for. No. We do not give a soldier lessons in drawing to teach him to fight, as you say, and we do not educate nine-tenths of the world in college. No, we educate the officers, the one-tenth in your universities. And what is the duty of an officer? Is it to fight merely, like a common soldier, to shoot straight, to fix bayonets, to make good *Kannonenpulver*?" No, Herr Roberts, the business of an officer is to know much more than that. Your business men, then I call the common soldiers in humanity's battle upward, for they do the necessary and common things, they supply bread and hold forts for the army.

"But the officer—ach! He is different again. He must see farther than they. He is the student, the philosopher, the scientist. He must see the plan of the whole, he must issue orders for this fort to be taken. He must see not only today's battle, like the workingman, nor tomorrow's battle like the business man, but next week's, next month's, next year's battle, like a philosopher. He must see the whole campaign. He is the one-tenth who leads the others,

who plans, who beholds today's struggle that your business man thinks so important as but a mere incident in a long campaign, the war against Ignorance and Unhappiness everywhere. No, Herr Roberts, you do not understand universities. For where are the modern wise men, and where does the business man turn for new ideas, counsel, and advice? Where does he send his sons and daughters? It is to the scholars, the professors, because they see, as he knows, more clearly and farther than he.

"Your efficiency? *Mein lieber freund*, your so much vaunted efficiency, it is the unreasoning efficiency of the trained soldier, of the petty officer. It has no point, no purpose, no intelligence, except as the officer directs it, and the officer is the savant, the scientist, the man who knows. And what does he do? It is time for another finger to speak.

"This time it is my middle finger who talks to you, and he is a professor, a scientist like me, only much, much wiser and older, and we will listen to him speak a while. What is that this so wise professor says?

"'You business men, you laugh at me', he says, 'and make fun of my absent-mindedness and my unchanged collar and my egotisms and my unpractical ways. You do not pay me much in your kind of money, and call me a theorist, and say I talk hot air, as you call it, and like a fool. But you pay me much in other kinds of money. For it is I, here, in my little laboratory, who know all about you and see clear through

you. It is I have let you build your dynamos and made your telephones, and discovered the chemical compounds you build into perfumes and weaves and drugs and soap and so many alike things. And it is I in my class-room who shows you how the mind works and how to write your advertising and your business letters. And it is I also in my seminar who sees what your trusts have done and what they have not done and what your railroads should earn and how your cities should spend their money. It is I who know these things because I am away from the dust and the noise and I look everywhere around me and behind me and before me and see where the battle wins and where it is being lost, and what the goal of all is!

"‘And you know it is so’, he says further (he is very talkative this wise scientist, but just for today), ‘for you send me your children to teach all these things. And they reverence me even when you do not. And if you do not pay me very much,’—David glanced with a touch of malevolence at Roberts who was sitting very still,—“‘so long as I can live, I do not care. For the glory of power is mine, and the satisfaction of knowledge, and honor from the wisest among you, and relief from the sordidness of your battlefields.’”

David's eyes were glowing and his impetuous utterance held us fascinated as he tumbled on.

"And see you, Herr Pearson," he continued, "here is my fourth finger, who will talk a little to you. And he looks at you a bit pityingly, and says: 'Truly the young

men have come out to judge the old men, as in Job, and to tell them they are fools, and that the air from the young men's mouths is of more wisdom than the counsels of the aged. How long have you set yourself up as arbiter of thought?' he asks, this sarcastic professor. 'Or are you a child, Herr Pearson, that we must amuse you like a vaudeville, and tickle your interest with a straw before you will condescend to learn? Are the old men your slaves, or playthings, my very young man.

"‘How does it stand in your Bible? “‘When I was a child, I spake as a child, but now that I am a man, I put away childish things.’”

"You, Herr Eliot, have spoken of loyalty, but you are loyal to the wrong things. You, Herr Pearson, have seen that the wise men lead, but you need some of your so mistaken friend's loyalty.

"For what is it to lead the intellectual life of which you have spoken? Ah, my friends, you must come half-way. You owe a certain attitude to your university. She is not, like the kindergarten, an indulgent mother, but a severe and Spartan one. You must come to her, my friends, with the flame burning already in you; you must seek her out yourself; you must not wait for the juggler to come into the class-room and amuse you with his vocal tricks. You must concern yourself less with the vessel and more with the liquid so precious therein. You must be willing to think yourself, Ach! in my university there will be no teachers at all, but the master will come

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# PURELY EDITORIAL

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Editor's Note—The columns of the Wisconsin Magazine are open to signed communications regarding affairs providing they are of moderate length. Literary contributions are welcome and should be addressed to the editor-in-chief. The price of this magazine is one dollar and fifty cents for the college year. Single Copies, 20 cents at the news stands.

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Wisconsin's publications have been on the defensive for the past three or four years for a number of reasons—the chief ones are taken up in this issue of the Magazine by Professor W. G. Bleyer. We do

### **“A Board of Control for Student Publications”**

not believe that the Daily Cardinal's Board of Control has been a good thing for the Daily Cardinal or that it is likely to be. We, therefore, urge a new control board—a comprehensive one that will include every Wisconsin publication. A Board of Control of Student Publications, is therefore suggested at this time, not with the degree of thoroughness and

accuracy that a more lengthy study of the situation would have made possible, but in order to start the ball rolling. There may be bad points in the plan which will have to be eliminated. Certainly there are good features which are worth the carefullest consideration. The plan may be outlined in brief as follows:

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



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

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

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

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

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

Further duties of the Board of Control shall be:

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

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

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

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

The Wisconsin Magazine will welcome discussions of this or other plans for publications, provided the length be kept with-

in reasonable bounds.

\* \* \* \*

Seniors will soon be called upon for their summaries. What the policy of this year's board will be toward summary material will not be known until the appearance of the book. The policy of any self-respect-

ing senior should not be hard to define.

**"Badger Summaries"** Gauge the things you

wish to put in your summary by their worth to your fellows.

No item that has aided in the slightest toward Wisconsin's progress is unworthy, be it only a committee appointment. Service is a good qualification to demand.

\* \* \* \*

We write this to our alumni. Since Christmas we have talked and argued with a host of Wisconsin alumni and in part the results were unexpected. The spirit of several old Badgers from our section of the

universe bespoke itself in this wise—"If

**"We Need Alumni Help"** —is retained as

coach, we will travel to no more 'Wisconsin Games.'" (But

happily they were few.) But to the alumni might we remark—You are interested in

things Wisconsin. You come here for a good time, but not for that alone. There is

a closer tie, and the more interest you take in your Alma Matre, as such, the more she

will mean to you.

So in our humble way, may we simply draw your attention to a few things that

deserve your attention. First, it is said that Wisconsin is practically without

alumni, having thousands in fact, but none in spirit. How do you suppose Harvard, Yale, Cornell and Illinois and Minnesota are accomplishing many of the things that bring them to the front without an alumni support such as Wisconsin never has dreamed off.

## UNITY

(Continued from page 10)

"An' dey ain' gwine be no c'lections."

The Reverend Caesar Grice had touched the magic spring in Deacon Jones' anatomy. He loosened up at once.

"Howcome?" inquired he.

As Brother Grice unfolded his plan for Unity, the deacon had a bright idea. Here was a chance to get a preacher and let the Methodists and the Presbyterians foot the bills.

"In couahse, Brother Grice," he remarked, judiciously, "we'se gwine 'spec yo' ter preach at ouah meeting house fust off."

"Sho'ly, sholy, Deacon Jones," agreed Brother Grice. "Ah was gwine fo' ter do dat, anyhow."

Nevertheless he was slightly uneasy as he took himself away. He began to see some difficulties to his little scheme, after all.

When he left Elder Melon of the Presbyterians, he began to see a few more. For the Elder, with narrow-minded stubbornness, had insisted that the first revival be he'd in his meeting house.

The Reverend Grice sat down on the woodpile to think it out. A little question

grew and grew in his worried mind. How was he going to preach the first sermon in three places at once?

"What dese heah niggahs spec me ter be, anyhow?" he demanded, angrily. "Ah ain' no Cerberus, dat Ah c'n speak in t'ree places ter onct!"

Then it was that the Reverend found his inspiration. Down in the freight yards was a tent which the railroad had confiscated from some stranded, one-ring circus. He would get it out of hock for his revival, and fool the deacons. It was yellow with age and mildew but it would hold together for a week or so. After that he wasn't planning.

Forthwith the Reverend Brother Grice got busy. He superintended the setting up of the tent on Sandspur's most important vacant lot; he bribed the skeptical by promising them places in the choir; he placated self-important elders by giving them chairs on the platform. Wherever two or three were gathered together, there too was Brother Grice, his coat-tails flapping excitedly as he argued with his wandering sheep. Yet, busy as he was, the Reverend Caesar Grice was never too busy to accept invitations to chicken dinners. And he never made the mistake of inquiring too closely about the chicken's history.

Like Hannibal and Napoleon, however, the Reverend Caesar Grice made a mistake. In his haste to harmonize the Baptists and the Methodists and the Presbyterians, he left the Holy Rollers out of the reckoning.

\* \* \* \*

The opening night of the revival fell

clear and crisp. Above the low shanties the black pines rose in feathery silhouette against the star-lit sky. The milky way gleamed with a million crystalline lights.

Without the tent kerosene torches flared brilliantly in the still air, and from every crack in the canvas a band of light streamed out across the night. Within all was in readiness. Darkies began to drift in by twos and threes, picking out the most comfortable seats.

On the platform, which ran across one end of the tent, the Reverend Brother Grice shown resplendent in a new swallow-tail coat and celluloid collar. His boiled shirt-front flashed with imitation diamond studs and his ponderous watch chain—borrowed for the occasion from one of the Baptist elders as a token of unity—gleamed in the lamplight.

The Reverend was in the best of humor. Why should he not be? Everything was coming his way. The choir had compromised by taking one hymn from each book. The respective deacons were all lapping out of the same dish, so to speak. To-be-sure, that was because each expected the others to pay for the milk, but what Brother Grice didn't know didn't hurt him any. And he knew his speech by heart. It was a good speech, if he did say so.

So he beamed upon the choir and upon the elders and upon the rapidly filling tent.

The appointed hour was at hand. The crowd craned its neck and shuffled its feet and scattered peanut shells on the floor after the manner of crowds the world over. The elders on the platform whispered noisily to one another. The Reverend Caesar

Grice rose from his place on the front row with all the dignity at his command.

"We will open the meetin' with hymn number two hundred an' four," he announced, in his best meeting house voice.

The piano responded in a dismal tinkle, the choir followed it two stanzas behind, and the meeting was off to the strain of—

"Come let us all of one accord

Adore and mamnify the Lord—"

Brother Grice bringing up the rear without particular regard to time, but with his best Sunday-go-to-meeting bass.

As the last strains drew to a close, the Reverend Caesar Grice stepped forth smiling.

"Brethren' an' Sistern—" he began. "I'se gwine speak ter yo' all t'night 'bout unity. While wese done been a-quarreling 'mong oursel's, de Debbil, he been lyin' low an' laffin' to hisself. He say to hisself, when dey git thru fightin' theyselves dey's gwine ter be too tired fo' ter fight me, an' Ah'll git 'em all." He paused, dramatically, and a chorus of fervent 'amens' echoed his oratory.

"But we ain' gwine fight no mo'. Wese gwine hab unity. An' when de Debbil comes a-snoopin' roun' he gwine be so sprised dat he'll fly away an' not bodder us no mo'."

The Reverend Grice waxed eloquent. He touched upon suffrage and the saloon and the democratic party. He dwelt at length upon the Mexican situation. When at length he drew to a close, it was amid shouts of "glory" and "halleluja" which might be heard three blocks away.

"I'se gwine gib yo' unity," he shouted.

"Whuffo' yo' allus gotta be discomobulat-in' one 'nother? Dey ain't no sense in dat no how. I'se gwine gib yo' unity. Ise gwine speak ter de Methodis' in dere meet-in' house an' de Baptis' in dere's an' ter de Pres'terians in dere's. An' ef any ob yo' b'lievs in de transmogrification of souls, I'se gwine speak ter dem in de school house!"

Amid a final burst of "amens" and "hale-lujahs," Brother Grice retook his chair in the front row, smiling paternally and mopping his shining visage with a huge bandana handkerchief. Everything had gone off splendidly. In a few moments his dream would be realized and he might rest from his labors.

But from the back of the room a voice rose, angrily.

"W'at 'bout de Holy Rollah's?" it said. "Ain' yo' gwine speak ter dem none?"

Brother Grice was startled. He glared at the offending Roller angrily. What right had he to butt in and spoil his meeting that way? The Holy Rollers couldn't properly be called a church anyway.

"How 'bout de Holy Rollahs?" began the voice insistently.

The Reverend Caesar Grice had a presentiment of evil. But he had the biggest voice, and used it.

"Am it the consistency ob dis yeah meet-in' dat we adopt dis unity?" he roared.

A chorus of "amens" drowned out the protesting Holy Rollers.

"Den," said the Reverend Caesar Grice,

"wese gwine sing numbah five hun'red an' twenty."

Again the piano tinkled, again the belated choir followed in its wake, Brother Grice leading in a voice somewhat husky from overwork. No one noticed when the disgruntled Rollers left the tent. The chorus rose strong in the evening air.

"We am all united —

"All one body we.

"One in hope an' doctrine —

"One in charitee — — "

A quiver of excitement passed through the tent. It swayed a bit uncertainly. Then with a snap of severed guy ropes the canvass slowly sank upon the crowd, smothering the song and its singers beneath its heavy folds.

Ten minutes later, out of a confusion of chairs and ropes and canvas, and a babel of angry voices, the Reverend Caesar Grice emerged, and sat down heavily upon a nearby log. Gone was his gold watch chain and his celluloid collar. One shoe was missing, and his new swallowtail coat was helplessly split. He looked like a prophet just emerged from his own country, and he was one.

"De Meth'dists, deys gwine blame hit onter de Baptists," he murmured reflectively to the unsympathetic stars, "An' de Baptists, dey'll blame hit on de Pres'terians, an' de Pres'terians, dey'll blame hit on bofe de oddahs."

And they did.

# "THE UNIVERSITY IN A NUTSHELL"

By Willard M. Sporleder

**Editor's Note**—The general chairman of the second University Exposition explains what the huge affair will be like. This exhibition is the second of its kind projected by any college anywhere.



**THE UNIVERSITY** Exposition; what is it? The members of the Senior Class might be able to answer this question, but even they would be somewhat indefinite in their statements. The first University Exposition was held three years ago, May 5-6-8-9, 1912, and was the first undertaking of this nature ever held in any university. It was something absolutely new and novel, and to the uninitiated, the vastness of the undertaking by a body of students is incomprehensible. This exhibition showed the work of forty-eight departments of the University of Wisconsin, not only in chart form but in absolute working detail. The Letters and Science College put on a wonderful exhibit of the arts and sciences and in showing their exhibits, twenty-five different booths were arranged, filling almost three-quarters of the space in the main gymnasium. The College of Engineering put on a marvelous exhibit of its works; people who never before realized what engineering included, in one short hour saw a comprehensive survey of one of the best engineering colleges in the country. The

exhibits of this college were excellent. Then, too, the College of Music and the College of Medicine also put on excellent and very entertaining and instructive exhibits, while the College of Agriculture rose to the occasion wonderfully. The Agrics occupied three-quarters of the space in the Athletic Annex, and this section of the Expo was always crowded with interested spectators.

But what about the 1915 University of Wisconsin Exposition? As in everything which The Wisconsin Union undertakes, the management of the Exposition has been instructed to make this second show "better and bigger than the last." Whether this can be done remains to be seen, but judging from the progress which has already been made, the prospects are exceedingly bright. Each one of the seventy-six departments in the University has been asked to exhibit, and all but three of these have shown marvelous enthusiasm, and have promised their earnest co-operation. This means that instead of but forty-eight exhibits there will be at least seventy. With the Expo still five months away, the

Engineering and Agricultural colleges already have their parts definitely under way. It is but three weeks since the administration was announced, and with everyone new at the work, still the four hundred students who have the success of the show in hand have been showing wonderful ability.

But how is this great number of students to be managed and how are the needs of each one of these seventy exhibits to be supplied? This is all cared for through the administration. The responsibility of the entire Exposition is centered in an Executive Committee of but nine students, eight of whom are Seniors and one a Junior, the Chairman of which is a Senior appointed from the Union Board by the President of that body. Four of the men on this Executive Committee have direct charge of the exhibits which are grouped under the heads of Letters and Science Exhibits, Exhibits of the College of Engineering, Agricultural Exhibits, and Exhibits of the Special Courses. The success of the Exposition as an exhibit of what the University is, rests with the men who head these committees, and with the two hundred and ninety men who are under them. Then there is the Floor Committee which attends to the staging of the Exposition; to the lay-out of the booths; the supplying of the heat, light and power; the decorations; the transportation, and other details which will arise as the plans continue. Under this committee comes the management of the purchasing for the big show, a department which it can readily be seen will

require a small accounting system of its own in order that the smoothest of administration and the least of confusion will result. When the Exposition is over and the last booth has been removed, it will be possible to state to the penny exactly what each exhibit has cost. Right in line with the Purchasing Committee will be found the Committee on Finance, and in order to have an exact check of one upon the other, the two are kept entirely separate. There is a committee on Program and Special Features which will attend to the general entertainment for the visitors, and will plan features for the two days which the Exposition will run. But the most important committee, the one on which the success of the Exposition really rests, is the Publicity. The men who have this department under their control are carrying on a Publicity campaign which covers the state. Every daily newspaper in Wisconsin receives a story of the progress of the Expo at least twice a week; every weekly newspaper carries a survey of what has been done toward making the exhibition a success. The publicity is carried on in this manner in order to induce the citizens of the state to come to Madison to see that the University is "the greatest in the west," even though an effort has been made recently, to belittle its works. The Exposition comes at an opportune time and will do much toward strengthening the position of the University with the people of the state, if they can only be induced to come and see it.

In the above manner the big Expo is being planned for. In the selection of the



men who are to work on these committees the utmost of care has been taken. The qualifications of every committeeman have been carefully gone over. The men and women who are working on the Exposition are the best that Wisconsin has. They are doing their utmost to make the 1915 University of Wisconsin Exposition "bigger and better." With the present plans carried out, and with the continued co-operation which has been displayed by both students and faculty, there can be no doubt but that the student body of the University and the citizens of the state will see the biggest and most merited function ever undertaken by students of any university.

---

### THE POINT OF VIEW

(Continued from page 22)

into each room and help a little the students in their own researches. They will not need to be amused as here.

"To make men think—does it take your sophomoric debating society, Herr Pearson? Is it that all the colleges are wrong, and your callow literary clubs are right? *Donnerwetter!* No! We want in university only people with brains, and from them is no need of a debating society. Your debating society—it is contentiousness, and superficialness, and much words, and what you call hot-air. There is not truth to be found there. It will make no wise man wiser and no stupid man wiser either. How frothy your debating society it is of

a truth?

David shook his head violently to indicate just how bad it was, and only Townsend's restraining hand held Pearson from a violent speech. But David went serenely on, looking first at his hand as at some astonishing fossil, and then, with a gleam of recognition, holding up his fifth finger for our attention.

"Ach, so," he said placidly, "My littlest *Fingerchen*. Him have I almost forgotten. He is for you all. He is an old professor of mine and once again pushing up his forehead the tortoise shell glasses he will say for me, *Herr David, die Amerikanischen Studenten fehlten an der Philosophie!*" And he is, oh, so true; Here is Herr Roberts who will have us all rush out to a new-patent school where we may be educated in half a day, and then rush to his bull-market and his bear-market. Hurry, hurry, hurry all day long. Herr Pearson, he would have us get so excited with words and Herr Eliot would have us educate our souls by knocking people down! *Hein!* It is not so that the generals or wise men or philosophers are made.

Your life here, it is all hurry. My train, he is in a hurry to get me here, and in a bigger hurry to get me off. My friends they make me eat at a hurry-up lunch counter. This morning I pass on the street a hurry-up funeral, all the horses trotting very fast to the cemetery. And your American minds, they must hurry too—in Congress, everywhere. We must right away elect a president to reform Congress

(Continued on page 37)



## PROM'S HERE

Prom — Prom — Prom — what crimes have been committed in thy name. Prom is an institution, now shortly upon us, that puts us back the price of a good suit of clothes. We write and ask some girl to come up here and shake a leg, on our basketball floor, which has been canopied in the conventional white of purity, and green of our mental condition when we asked her. There is just one chance in a thousand that she will not come, and she misses it and comes. We meet her at the station, and lug her up there to some sorority house and introduce her to the girl that we take to all the mixers. Said girl gives her the once over, and says aloud, "My dear, come right in and I'll show you to your room. Well, you mumble that you'll be back in time to take her out to dinner, and wonder how you'll ever get your graft back again with the local stuff

when "IT" leaves.

Well, your roommate has a cynical look on his face as he sits there smoking his comfortable pipe, and as you get the knees of your dress suit all dirty looking for the cuff button under the dresser. But then you can console yourself with what a good time you are having.

When the night of the big in-door track event comes around, you buy a carriage and shiver around and call for the flowers that you sent her, knowing that she will be pinned to them. She does look pretty good at that; she ought to, she's been doing some tall work the last ten hours. She knows that you didn't ask her up here just to have her dance. One thing that you do discover is that she has a wonderful sense of humor. She laughs at all your jokes and quips. That's the kind of a girl that you like, one that gets the deep stuff. Why, some of

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the stuff that fell flat with the college stuff, gets over fine with her. She's clever. You know what you think when you laugh at your prof's. jokes; well that is what she is thinking. You tell her about the bump in the gym floor and knock the junior play, etc., and then you grab some ice cream that goes to the marrow and is called a prom supper and it's time to go home.

You gather around the bubble fountain in the lobby of the gym and the draft clerk lives up to his name and somebody calls your number and you start your hack work.

You feel honor bound to get mushy, it's a tradition, well you're a devil, and prom only comes once a year, and you hold her hand, and she lets you. My boy, you're getting away strong. You are living. Whoa. Out you get and pull off enough vestibule stuff to get sent to the chair for in the day time. When it's all over and the cold bills come in you swear that you'll never go again. Mind you, we said, "when it is all over." It's not all over yet. It is just going to begin. And you'll be there, and we'll be there, won't we?

## HOW TO BE A DRAMATIC CRITIC

For the benefit of those who would like to find a short-cut to the art of dramatic criticism we recommend the following formula. Fill in the blanks and you will have as good a review as you have read this many a day.

The popular—— street playhouse is offering this week a bill of exceptional merit, and strength. Laughter and tears are happily combined in a way that is sure to please both young and old. The performance is opened by—— and—— comedy acrobats. The most startling feature of this act is when one of the men fall off a pile of tables and chairs, a distinct novelty for these parts, and a feat which should win a place in every playgoer's heart. Second on the program was "——" a magical illusion act by——

assisted by Miss —— . Numerous illusions and startling effects are offered, completely mystifying the audience.

"——" is the name given to ——'s clever one act playlet. It is a strong piece and should appeal to both the men and women as well as the young and old. —— and —— are clog-dancers and patter-mongers extraordinary. They feature a complete change of costume during the act, and their repartie, if not new has at least been proven to be very funny. The performance is closed by the 5———5, sensational European Aerialists. They carry their own apparatus with them, and can't speak a word of English. The prices will positively not be raised for this bill, but will remain "popular" as heretofore.

Joseph M. Boyd, President    H. L. Russell, 1st Vice President    Frank Kessenich, 2nd Vice President  
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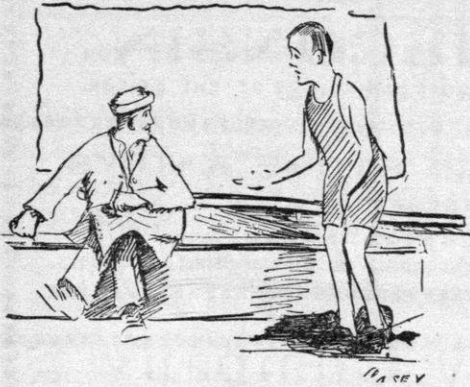
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Student (not wishing to miss swimming class)—May I be excused from swimming today, I've got a pain in my stomach.

Instructor—No, swim on your back.

W W W

STRANGE!!!

Wondrous are the works of nature,  
As I often have admired;  
Perfect are they in each feature,  
All the soul has e'er desired.

Wondrous she created woman—  
With the apple, I suppose—  
Human, sometimes all too human;  
Still my wonder grows and grows.

Time nor change cannot o'ercome her—  
Hardiness was kindly lent her—  
Dresses once too light for summer  
Now are fashions for the winter.

Wondrous works beyond all guesses,  
More than nature's women's are!  
Think! That pile of purchased tresses  
Must be pinned to "some" real hair!

—Pelican.

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WISCONSIN

## THE POINT OF VIEW

(Continued from page 30)

and quick a Congress to reform the president. So it goes. Everywhere it is swish—swish—swish!" He waved his arm to indicate just how rapid American living is.

"Of steady contemplation of truth, of ripe judgment you are impatient. Quick, let us have the bill, never mind the items. Yes, not only the American student, your America is wanting in philosophy. And whence does philosophy come? From the contemplation of pure truth, by serious, purposeful students and very wise men to guide them. Students who want to learn, and do not have to be taught. We must pursue the truth. We must not, like Herr Eliot, always be knocking people down till we find out what for it is that we thus push them in the dirt. We must not like Herr Pearson always argue, till we find that we know enough to argue and why we are arguing. Let us, the one-tenth, Herr Roberts, stop making money, till we find out what the nine-tenths are making money for. We must look for wisdom, for the abstract fact. We are explorers, who seek out new continents here alone with wisdom. We must conquer new continents, we scholars, by staying at home. The professor, he is eventually your leader, Herr Pearson; he makes happiness, Herr Roberts and comfort and wisdom. It is knowledge, philosophy, that we must have!—*Ach, Gott!* I have spoken oh so long."

Thus he sank into his seat, as abruptly as one of his own gestures, nor could any of us say a word to urge him on.

## THE FRATERNITY SITUATION

(Continued from page 12)

of the Faculty and the Inter-fraternity Council that cannot fail to lead to beneficial results in the future. This Council was formed last year by the different fraternities with the primary purpose of helping the Faculty of the University to revise the rushing rules which had been handed them to adopt. Then when this work was finished the purpose of the Council was enlarged so as to include other matters of general interest to fraternity men such as the different means of raising the scholarship of their members and the promotion of a better feeling between their different organizational units. The chairman of the Student Life and Interest Committee usually presides at the meeting and aids in the solving of the difficulties that present themselves for adjustment.

With this new spirit of co-operation with the faculty and with the added attention given to the conduct of their members the fraternities at the University have made a long stride towards their ultimate goal, a University that is democratic in the truest meaning of the word.

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## OUR CHANCES IN BASKETBALL

(Continued from page 4)

jumped by every one so far, and henceforth must go into our games on the defensive from the start—a style of play I dislike heartily, for the best defense usually is a strong offense.

The preliminary games played to date have disclosed many weaknesses—inaccuracy in passing, constant fumbling, and an inability to score from most favorable positions—and the student body wonders why. I can best answer in the words of one of my boys who recently withdrew after two years of earnest service on the squad, "It takes two years to learn Varsity basketball and one to play it." We can hardly expect high class play from a team as green as this until the season is well on its way and the men have learned those lessons which only experience can teach.

"Anyone would think I was drunk," murmured the movie operator, as he reeled away.

—Harvard Lampoon.

W W W

"I get sentimental whenever I see her. There's something about her that reminds me of the past."

"What's that?"

"Her clothes."—Record.

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W W W

First Autoist—"I think that we hit that man."

Second Autoist—"We'd better go back and make sure."

W W W

Motto adopted by the United Usher's Union:

"We lead, Others follow."

W W W

He—"I smell fresh paint."

She—"Sir!"

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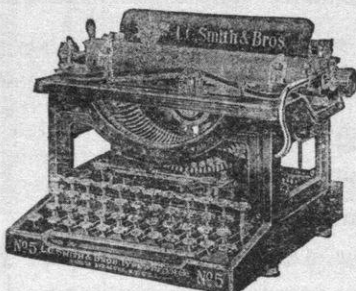
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W W W

## THE DRAFT IN FORCE

Admiral (seeing enemy sink)—"Who fired that shot?"

Old Salt—"The ship's cook, sir. He got the range and stove in her side."—Sun Dial.

W W W

Co-Ed. (emphatically)—"I'd just like to see the man that I would promise to 'love, honor and obey.'"

Stude—"I'm sure you would."—Siren.

W W W

## YEA, VERILY

Flo.—"Do you think a girl should learn to love before twenty?"

Fli.—"Nope! Too large an audience."—Jack-O' Lantern.

W W W

"Mrs. Plangan, what are hiccoughs?"

"Hiccoughs, Mrs. O'Toole, are messages from departed spirits"—Harvard Lampoon.

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MADISON

WISCONSIN



## HOW COULD YOU

He—"I hear your landlady is a hen."

It—"Well, she's laying for me, all right."

(Editor's Note—We were all egged on to this yolk.)

—Yale Record.

W W W

He—"The doctor says I must quit smoking. One lung is nearly gone."

She—"Oh dear! John, can't you hold out till we get enough coupons for that pillow top?"—Awagwan.



Fond Mamma—Are the teachers at your school refined?

Cute Kid—Oh yes, mamma, they use nothing but proper nouns.

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W W W

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W W W

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W W W

Rounder—"Why do all the sports hang around the roof gardens?"

Bounder—"The sky's the limit."—Jack-O'Lantern.

W W W

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