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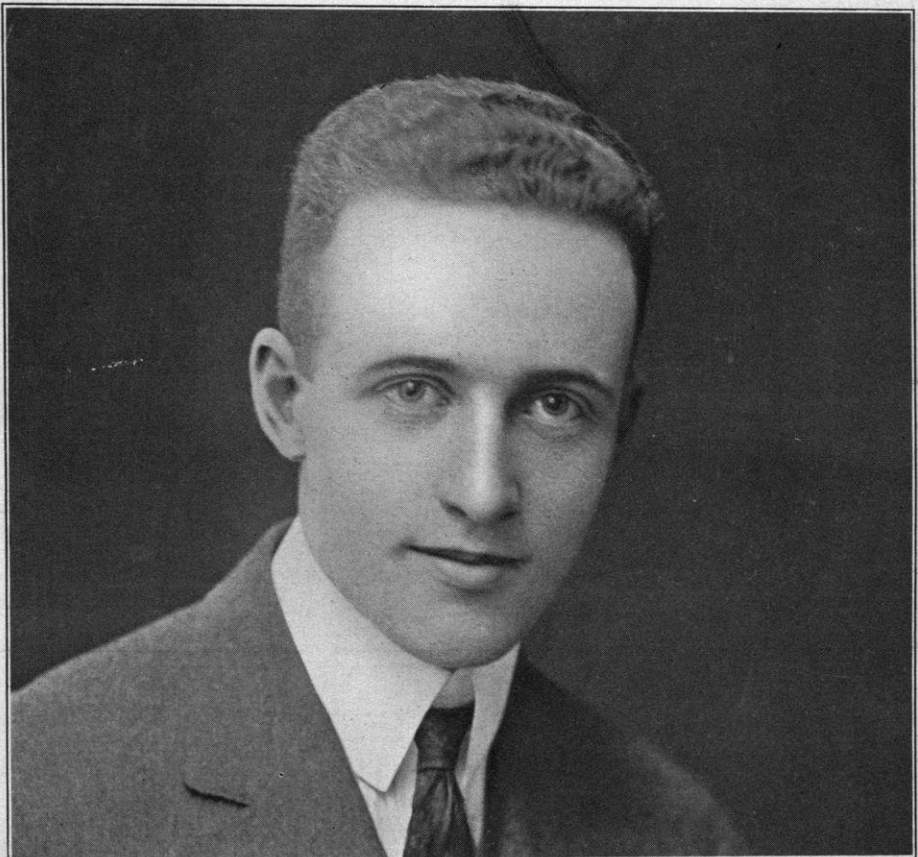


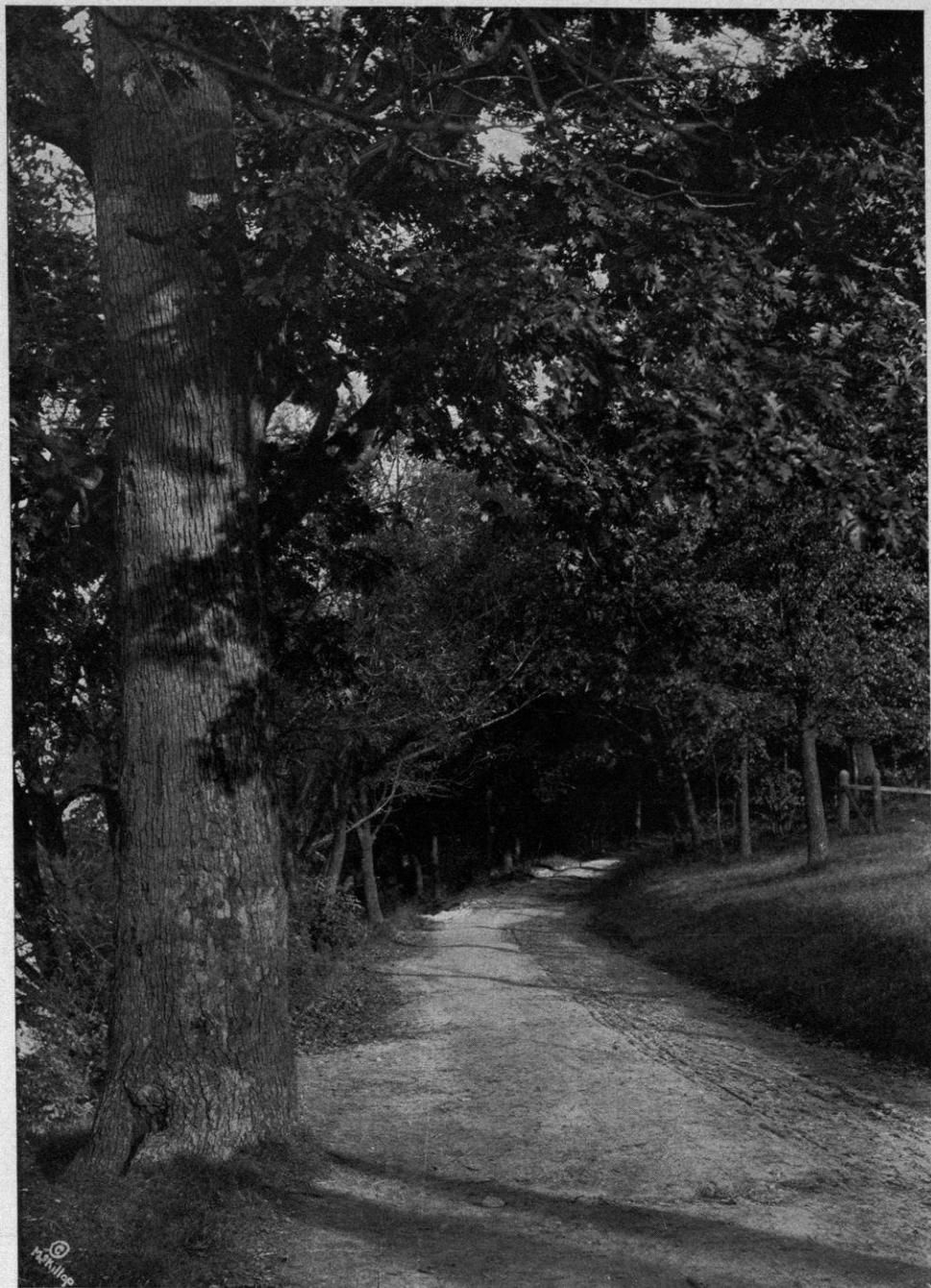
**THE
WISCONSIN
MAGAZINE**

Volume XIII

January, 1916

Number 4





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DREAMS

Upward curling, curling,
From the short-stemmed opium-pipe,
Come fantastic dreams and visions,
Fancies pleasing,
To enrapture and delight.

Dancers whirling, whirling,
Sylph-like maidens clad in gauze;
Piles of gold, and jewels glinting;
Music wanton
The dulled senses over-awes.

Voices calling, calling,
To the feast of love and wine;
Luring voices, onward leading,
'Till, enchanted,
We lose record of the time.

Softly falling, falling,
Into dreams too sweet to last—
Dreams of Present and the Future,
So exotic
One forgets the mundane Past.

—Kathryn Morris.



The
**WISCONSIN
 MAGAZINE**

"Ipsa scientia potestas est"

VOL. XIII

JANUARY, 1916

NUMBER 4

OPPORTUNITIES FOR COLLEGE MEN IN PUBLIC SERVICE

By Joseph E. Davies



HE editors of The Wisconsin Magazine have asked me to write an article on the opportunities for college men in public service.

Despite the pressure of official work, I cannot find it consonant with my obligation to the University of Wisconsin to refuse to answer the call. For the limitations of this article, I can only plead that it was dictated under pressure of much work, and without oppor-

tunity to give the subject as much care and thought as I would desire.

Speaking broadly, the opportunities for college men in public service are more extensive than ever heretofore. The legislative, executive and judicial branches of the Federal Government are made up, in the main, of college men. Certainly no more splendid exponent of the finest type of intensive, specialized, intellectual quality that is characteristic of what we usually think of in connection with a university man could be found than in the present Chief Executive of the United States.

The standard of intelligence of the country in public affairs is such as to

EDITOR'S NOTE:—The Honorable, "Joe" Davies is chairman of the Federal Trade Commission, at Washington, D. C., and is one of the "big" young men in the nation's service today. This is the second paper of the series by prominent Wisconsin graduates.

exercise a constantly increasing discrimination both as to the qualities of character and intellectual capacity of its servants who aspire to enter the public service. This condition is one of the hopeful signs in democracy; and it is my belief that it will constantly grow. If so, college men will have still further usefulness in public service.

The obligation which a university man, particularly a graduate of a state institution, owes to the institutions of our country in the matter of public service I need not dwell upon, in view of the spirit which I believe has existed, and still exists, in the University of Wisconsin. There are some classes of university men who are inclined to look upon the political field as something of a gross and undesirable character, that tends to reflect upon either the capacity or good judgment of college men who might engage in public life. That is rather the attitude of the social and intellectual dilettante. It is not of the spirit that made our institutions. It never has existed to any appreciable extent in the universities of the West with which I have come into contact. It is losing force even in some of the more exclusive and so-called society circles of the eastern institutions. The obligation which college men owe to do that which they can to preserve and develop representative democracy is being felt to a constantly greater degree, and more and more college men are engaging in and participating in the rough and tumble life of politics. Certainly, if college men do not appreciate this obligation, and act upon it even at some cost of their personal fortunes, the future for democracy as an agency in civilization is not hopeful. University of Wisconsin men

have felt keenly their obligation in this respect, and it is one of the most distinctive and finest attributes of the culture of our Alma Mater.

What the editors had in mind with their query, however, was, I presume, not so much the opportunities in public service due to political preferment, as to what opportunities are afforded as careers to men of intensive, collegiate training in lines of public service that are not achieved through political advancement or preferment, but by reason rather of their intellectual and scientific qualifications and attainments. The sphere for such service is also, I believe growing in the Federal Government. The tendency of modern life seems to be towards centralization; and the tendency in the country seems toward the centralization of action in and the extension of the influence of the Federal Government. It is a tendency that has come, I believe, to stay. Nor is it incompatible with democracy. On the contrary it is one of the most hopeful signs of the efficiency of democracy and gives one of the greatest promises for the perpetuation of that form of government.

The executive departments of the Federal Government are yearly becoming agencies for greater practical helpfulness to the community through the extension of scientific departments for the use and benefit of society. The Department of Agriculture is a most striking illustration of that kind of service rendered by the Federal Government. The Bureau of Pure Foods, the Bureau of Animal Industry, and the Office of Markets and Rural Organization all require, as chiefs, men of first-class scientific training and equipment, and in the personnel of these organizations,

the departments themselves insist upon obtaining only first-class material, that is scientifically equipped to get the best results. Politics are practically divorced from these activities because the instinct of self-preservation demands it. In the last analysis, the measure of the service will be the quality of the service rendered, and that can only be assured by the very best abilities being devoted to the work that are available entirely regardless of political connection. Thus, Dr. Thomas N. Carver, of Harvard University, was called in for expert service on agricultural economics, at the Department of Agriculture. Dr. Charles J. Brand, likewise, is an expert on the question of the economics of marketing, and so on, too, through the different activities of this department will these conditions be found to obtain. A similar condition is also marked in the Department of Commerce. Dr. Edward E. Pratt, who is at the head of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, was chosen solely because of his qualifications as an economist and his knowledge of the subject. The same is true of Dr. S. W. Stratton, Director of the Bureau of Standards, and of Dr. E. Lester Jones, who is at the head of the Bureau of Fisheries. In the Department of Labor, Hon. Louis F. Post, was secured as Assistant Secretary, beyond a doubt, by reason of his knowledge of labor conditions and his expert qualifications as an economist. Dr. Balthasar H. Meyer, of our own State, and of our University of Wisconsin men, who is a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission, is probably the most prominent exponent of this peculiar class of service. His appointment was undoubtedly due to his very broad and

extensive equipment and technical training in matters pertaining to transportation and rates. This side of government might be developed to still greater length, and many other similar situations described. It serves to illustrate what I intend to convey, and that is that there are branches in the



HON. JOSEPH E. DAVIES.

Federal service which require men of scientific, economic, intellectual and specialized attainments; and that the sphere of this character of service is constantly being extended in the Federal activities.

In all of these different technical and scientific branches of the executive departments of government, there is a need for first-class training and equipment among the lesser officials. The

former Bureau of Corporations was reputed to have had a larger proportion of college men and honor Phi Beta Kappa men than any other agency of government. Speaking from personal knowledge I can testify to the unusual quality of ability and service which has been rendered by college men of excellent training, in posts of responsibility and power, who have not had the lime-light centered upon them, but who, nevertheless, are rendering efficient and unusual service to the government. Among these, it occurs to my mind, are two old Wisconsin men, Dr. Ernest S. Bradford, who is now at the head of the Division of Corporation Reports, in the Federal Trade Commission, and Dr. William F. Notz, who is now in charge of one of the most important foreign trade investigations of the same body.

In the Federal Trade Commission, in the Interstate Commerce Commission, and, I believe, also in the Federal Reserve Board organization, there is a definite policy that seeks to recruit its forces and build up its organization through obtaining honor men of character and ability from the different universities of the country, with a view to having them grow up into the work of the organization and receive their specialized training therein. The Interstate Commerce Commission has been unusually successful in this practice, and some of the strongest examiners and specialists of that organization have been developed out of men who came into the organization directly from their collegiate course.

The Civil Service requirements have tended to give greater security and attractiveness to work of this kind for college men. There are different classes of examinations under the Civil Ser-

vice which contemplate securing the services of men of extraordinary qualifications and fitness for certain classes of work. Thus, for instance, so-called assembled examinations are given for Civil Service appointment for different lines of special work. In these examinations, the factors that go to make up the Civil Service standing and status of the applicant are, first, the collegiate training and equipment; second, some piece of original work which the applicant has done; and, third, the estimates of the capacities and abilities of the applicant from special experts in the particular line of examination. These examinations have proved to be very satisfactory and have brought into the public service some of its strongest and best men.

There is no doubt but that the very strong and vigorous manner in which the protection of the Civil Service has been extended to men of this character, through the vigilance and upstanding strength of the President of the Civil Service, Hon. John A. McIlhenny, together with his confreres, has served to make this kind and class of service secure for the experts who have been brought into the service, and attractive for them and others as a line of life work.

Work of this kind has advantages, in that it affords a measure of security and an opportunity for creative and constructive work in the public interest. It does not offer financial return commensurate with the character of work rendered. The compensation must be obtained from the satisfaction of being part of forces that are working out the destiny of a nation, and in doing a piece of work intensively and thoroughly. (Continued on page 26.)

THE BRUTE

By Marjorie Kinnan

BRUTE FRIEDSEN was standing before his wedding-altar, amid the odor of lilies and the rustling of gowns; it was Easter morning. The chimes pealed from the belfry as he paced down the aisle, towering above the girl upon his arm who was become his wife. The sunlight greeted them as they reached the door, dazzled them. To Brute it was the welcome of Life, Life as he had never known it before, never dared to know it, and he fondled the hand in his as a child caresses a gift that has been for a long time in the realm of dreams. A bundle of rosiness and laces was cooing honey and nothings towards his bride, who answered with further nothings. Brute reached out his hand, slipped it along the plumpness of the baby's neck, murmured a word or two. The child turned at the touch, gurgled, then, as it saw the giant's face, startled, shrank, hid its eyes on the mother's shoulder and began to cry.

Through the man's brute-form, through every inch of six feet eight of virility, passed a shudder. A cloud skipped across the sky, and for an instant the sun darkened and disappeared. The man lifted his wife into a cab, giving no heed to the crowd that tittered and stared and gossiped. A quantity of rice showered through the air; the carriage clattered away over the asphalt.

Inside, Brute covered his face with his hands, the face that had the scar across the left half, that had the jaw

and mouth that carried one back for thousands of years, to an age when giants won food and dwelling and wife alike, by the club of stone. His body was shaking.

"I hate it—I loathe it!" he panted. "This body—this face—they're afraid of them! I love them—the children—all the little things, the tender things—but they don't trust me—they cry when I look at them—the dogs—even the dogs, the puppies in the streets, snarl when I try to be kind to them! The men—my friends, fawn on me if they've made a mistake. They don't dare prove the Brute. I've always been called so, the Brute! I hate it!"

The girl slipped her arms about his neck. He made no motion to take her to him.

"You—you aren't afraid—any more?" It was a plea.

"No—I'm not afraid, I—" but she gasped a little, shivered, as she had never ceased to do when she saw the ugliness of that animal-face above her, and felt the power of that body close to hers. The man saw, winced.

"I will not be afraid!" she said. "My dear, I love you so, I will not. I know, oh thank God, I know, the goodness and the tenderness of you. Your heart, I think, must be that of a woman."

The Brute took her in his arms, not with passion, but with the adoration, the worship, of a child. His kisses

"Perhaps it is so," he said, "my heart must be that of a woman."

"Do you remember? Five years ago today we were married."

"What a memory you have, my dear! So few men remember the little things." The wife smiled across the breakfast-table.

"The little things! It's the biggest thing in my life—my marriage—you—what you have meant to me."

"Yes?" encouraged the woman.

"Don't I tire you, telling you about it? But your sympathy hides even that. You have always understood. You let me bubble over as much as I choose—"

The words tumbled out with the enthusiasm of a child's, and the woman laughed, so that the man's heart, and the room, were warmed with the sound.

"You must relax somewhere, musn't you?" She leaned across the table and patted his hand. "Your heart is one of love, love that cannot restrain itself, that craves a return, in sympathy, and more love. I give you that return, I let you pour out all the love within your soul—here. Out there," and she waved her hand towards the window, through which could be seen the tram-cars, the taxis, the swarm of life, hurrying along in the rain, "out there, they are brutes. Of you, of you especially, such as you seem, they expect brutality, that shall outreach theirs."

She rose.

"You must go. And wear your great-coat this morning. You dread the rain, and you must not take cold."

"No. It—it chills me, out there." But he was not thinking of the rain.

Pushing his way through the crowds, he repeated to himself, "Such as I am, they expect it of me—brutality." His face had taken on a gloom and a coldness.

And the people turned, and stared.

"What a brute!" they said. And the

women would add, "Can he have a wife? Poor thing! I pity her!"

He walked into his office. The French windows, three stories above the street, had been opened, and framed in one stood a clerk, glaring upon an urchin of the gutter, who sobbed and pled beside the clerk's bundle of laundry that he had dropped in the mud and wet. The angered clerk, in the midst of maledictions, clenched one fist, and with the other seized the gamin by the throat.

It was the sympathetic woman-heart of the Brute that gave the cry of horror, but it was the man-strength behind the arm of iron that caught the clerk between the eyes. Under the force of that blow he wilted like a child, plunged, face down, onto the floor, and lay without a sound or motion. Brute passed a hand across his forehead. The stillness of the room surprised him. And then he looked at the figure lying there on the floor. For the first time in his life he had struck a man. Flecks of gold danced before him. The figure on the floor became that of his wife, and she was saying, "You have killed a man. And now, more than ever, they will expect brutality of you." The flecks of gold whipped into his face. He drooped, and lunged backward, through the French window that opened into the grey and drizzle of the rain, and on down to the pavement, where the crowds were swarming to and fro.

III

Brute was readjusting his mind to the world that had evolutionized within a month. At present, that world was bounded by four walls, in one of which was a vista that gave a peep into fairyland. There were parks there,

and fountains and trees and birds and children, all the paraphernalia of fairyland, and out beyond all that, a bit of the harbor, blackened by ships and smoke, had been placed, lest the fairyland work enchantment. The characters within the world were a nurse and many doctors, one of whom was just coming into the world of four walls and a vista. He walked across to the bed.

"Today," said the Brute, "today you will tell me—many things. You will answer the questions I have asked you, even in my delirium."

"The clerk," began the doctor, "is dead."

"Yes, I knew." "How, may I ask?"

"I knew, as I saw him lying there, without a motion. I know my strength. Go on."

"The coroner has dismissed the case. The boy, you remember, was a witness of the incident. But you—you will never use that strength again."

"Why not?"

"Your limbs were paralyzed by the fall. It would have been the neck if it had not been that."

"Go on."

"You will be able to keep up your office from a wheelchair, if all goes as it should from now on."

"Yes?"

"Your wife—"

"Yes, go on! Tell me, man, has—"

"A few days after your accident, a son was born to her. She will be here—"

"Yes?" "Tomorrow."

The four walls of the world seemed to stretch out and away, so that an eternity was enclosed therein.

"The son has the beauty of his mother. And now we can take you

down into the park, in the wheel chair."

Some minutes later, the doctor left him beside a fountain, in his chair.

"I'm afraid he'll be a madman when I get back. Think of caging that body and that strength! The brute of him will rage against his weakness. A brute in chains! Poor devil!"

Across the fountain, a mite of some five years was studying the face in the chair. All of its ugliness had been softened by pain, and the network of lines, under the hair streaked with the white of suffering, seemed the map of a heart, all gentleness, kindness and love. The child edged up to the chair, rested one hand on that of the Brute.

"Nice man?" she queried.

The Brute scarce breathed, fearing to frighten the vision away.

"Nice man!" she answered for herself.

He slipped an arm about her, tingled at the warmth and closeness of her. She rested her head on his shoulder.

"Nice man!" she sighed.

"It seems as if I had waited all my life for just today," he breathed. And the child unburdened her soul to him as to a mother.

"They will never expect it of me again—brutality," he said to himself, "they will not fear me anymore. And I have a son! A son—who will love me, and will not be afraid of me."

The doctor had come back. He patted the man's shoulder.

"Much of a fight, eh? You've got my sympathy, friend."

The Brute smiled.

"I don't need it, sir; don't need it."

But the doctor shook his head.

"Poor devil! Poor devil!"

SINGIN' IN THE CHOIR

The year Bill Brown was twenty-four,
And Marthy Jones was one year more,
They made arrangements—her and
Brown,

To couple up and settle down.
But somehow things just run along
Until she asked him what was wrong
And so Bill told her, good and strong,
“Yer singin’ in the choir.”

Bill sez he wouldn’t go through life,
And set in church without no wife;
’Twas bad enough fer single guys
To set alone with longin’ eyes,
So if she cared fer him a bit
She’d better show her woman’s wit
And tell the preacher she had quit
Her singin’ in the choir.

But Marthy only got enraged
And told Bill he was disengaged;
She hinted there was other men,
And sez he needn’t call again.
Well, time slipped by—almost a year,
Till Christmas time or pretty near,
And then Bill took Grace Stone to hear
Her singin’ in the choir.

Then later on they went to shows,
And loved! how, goodness only knows,
Till finally Grace wore his ring
And soon was underneath his wing...
Bill liked to go to church with Grace
Fer standin’ in the same old place
Was Marthy with a martyr’s face
A singin’ in the choir.

The years have come and swiftly gone
And still their same old smiles shine
on;
They’ve trudged along with hope and
trust;
They’ve breathed the sunshine and the
dust,
So when they climb the golden stair
And reach that place so bright and
fair,
They’re hopin’ they’ll join Marthy
there
A singin’ in the choir!

—Ralph E. Nuzum.



CHINA—MONARCHY OR REPUBLIC?

By Stewart E. S. Yui

YOU have probably heard of the European War. But, have you ever paid any attention to the situation in the Far East? Do you know what is now happening in the country whose territory exceeds that of the United States by one-seventh, and whose population is almost four times as large as that of the United States? (China Year Book, 1914.) Only about four years ago she was still the oldest absolute monarchy on earth. Since then she has been the youngest republic in the world, a sister republic of the United States on the other side of the Pacific. Probably beginning with some time in 1916 she will again become a monarchy, and a constitutional monarchy.

This change, however, is by no means sudden. When the Revolution broke out in October, 1911, both the Imperialists and the Republicans demanded the service of Yuan Shih-Kai, now President of the Chinese Republic. Finally, Yuan decided to join the Imperialists, and soon proved to both parties that he was the "man of the hour". The civil war was put to an end in less than six months. A conference was held to determine the form of government for China. Only the old and conservative, especially those

who had served under the Manchu despotic rule, preferred to retain the monarchy, while all the rest were inclined to favor a government of the people, by the people, and for the people. In February, 1912, the republic was decided to be the form of government for China, the Manchu emperor abdicated the throne, Sun Yat-Sen resigned the provisional presidency, and Yuan was unanimously elected Provisional President of the Republic by the members of the Advisory Council at Nanking. Later, he was also elected President by the members of Parliament at Peking.

Even when Yuan had just been elected Provisional President, there was already a rumor that, not Yuan himself, but many of his favorite generals, were thinking of offering him the crown. Fortunately, most men who had been high officials under the Manchu monarchy were then in retirement, and a large majority of the members who were active in politics were comparatively young and progressive. The common people, as a whole, did not as yet put their full confidence in Yuan who had favored the monarchy before the abdication. Under such circumstances Yuan could not become an emperor even if he had had the ambition.

But, unfortunately, the young and progressive element soon went to the extreme and turned out to be too radical. The party in power was the Kuomintang, or the People's Party, which is now still in existence outside China. For fear that the chief execu-

EDITOR'S NOTE:—Stewart E. S. Yui is a Chinese graduate student in political science, a young man who is recognized by his compatriots at Wisconsin as a clear thinker and an intelligent interpreter of the vast political movement now agitating the Far East. We consider ourself particularly fortunate in securing this enlightening paper from Mr. Yui.

tive might get too much power and become despotic, they tried every means to check his powers and make him a mere figurehead, although Yuan could never be made one. Too much time had been wasted in Parliament and elsewhere in criticizing the government's policies that very little actual good was accomplished during the session, and the people were somewhat disappointed.

Later, the party made another attempt to curb the President's power. They tried to organize a cabinet government with Sung Chiao-Jen, one of their leaders, as the first prime minister. But Sung was assassinated on his way to Peking. Although Yuan was suspected by many to be connected with the crime, yet no substantial proof has been found to prove the fact. With Sung's death, there came a break between Yuan and the party, and the break soon became irreconcilable. Preparations were immediately made by the party for a second revolution. It was an open secret. Yuan did not prevent it partly because he wanted to wait for the support of the people and partly because he wanted to show the party what he could do under such circumstances.

In the summer of 1913 six of the provinces, under the influence of the party had a majority in parliament, a short time, however, the rebellion was put down, and the rebels were forced to take refuge in some foreign countries. Finding that the popular support was behind him, Yuan dissolved the People's Party within three days. As the party had a majority in parliament, the parliament had to adjourn. Seeing no opposition from the people, Yuan subsequently dissolved the parliament.

With these political appendices cut off, he had now a free hand in government.

When the Administrative Council, and later the Council of State, came into existence, many old and conservative officials, who had served for years, and some for tens of years, under the Manchu despotic rule, were called to administer the affairs of the republic—a form of government quite foreign to them. What could we naturally expect from these gray-haired, and to some extent absent-minded, officials of seventy or more? But Yuan preferred to work together with old blind conservatives rather than with young blind radicals.

It is certainly a matter of impossibility to rule a young republic with old imperialistic officers. Either the republicans must rule, or the monarchy must be restored. So, in 1914, a group of the oldest officials petitioned to restore the Manchu monarchy. But that was not the monarchy Yuan had in mind. So he expelled them from office, and said that he was in duty bound to preserve the republic.

In the beginning of 1915 Japan presented the twenty-one demands to Yuan. The whole country was excited. Telegrams and cablegrams were sent by the Chinese people in various parts of the world urging the central government to resist Japan to the last, even at the expense of a big war. Chinese merchants in many places pledged to back up the government financially. Finally, the negotiations came to a peaceful end, after some concessions having been made by both parties. The people as a whole were undoubtedly glad of the prevention of a war that might seriously disturb the status quo of the Far East, but were at the same

time becoming conscious of the personal ambition of the President. But it was already too late. Almost all the important places in the central government, in the provincial governments and in the army and navy were occupied by pro-Yuan men. Soldiers loyal to Yuan were stationed in the progressive and doubtful provinces. The people knew what was coming, but had no way to prevent it after the parliament had been dissolved and the old and conservative had come in power.

Having proved in various ways to the people that he was the strongest man in the whole country, Yuan now decided to take the last step. But he would not undertake the work himself. In August, 1915 one of his flatterers, Yang Dau, and a few others, started a Peace-Preserving Society whose avowed object was to discuss all political questions without any actual interference with the government. But they soon proposed to change the form of government. Yuan did not drive them away as he had done those who had petitioned to restore the Manchu monarchy. Encouraged by his purposeful non-interference, local associations were formed in all the provinces. In a short time there came in over eighty petitions from all the different local associations, and a large number of the generals, civil governors, educational associations, boards of commerce, and many other organizations urging the restoration of the monarchy with Yuan as its first monarch.

But, did these petitions really represent the popular opinion. From various Chinese newspapers we read that in many cases the educational associations and boards of commerce were forced to call meetings, and, when they

met, they were forced, either directly or indirectly, to come to certain conclusions. In several cases names appeared in petitions without the knowledge of those who bore them. The generals, as I said before, were mostly pro-Yuan men, and so were many of the other officers. But the opinions expressed by our people who are staying outside China and who are beyond the influence of the government are very different. Merchants, workmen and students have all sent back cablegrams urging the retention of the republican form of government. The Chinese Students' Alliance, representing some fourteen hundred Chinese men and women students who are now studying in the various colleges and universities in this country, sent back in the beginning of November, a petition stating the general attitude of our students toward the change of the form of government. All these will be sufficient to show that the idea of a republic has already captured the Chinese imagination, and is not to be obliterated by the use of mere force.

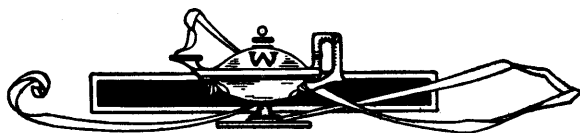
In September, 1915, the Government issued a mandate for a Citizens' Convention, recommended to meet in each province so as to decide the question the more quickly. In October the elections for representatives to the National Legislature or Parliament took place. But the electors, both for the members of parliament and for the members of the Convention, were taken from a list prepared by the Government, and so consisted of many Government officials and employees. As a result, fifteen out of eighteen provinces were found in favor of the monarchy. Yuan accepted the throne of China tendered to him by the Council of State

in December, but the coronation will not take place until some time in 1916 or until the end of the European War.

Recently it was reported that five of the provinces had already declared their independence. This is sufficient to show that at least one fourth of the provinces are not in favor of a reversion to the monarchical form of government. But there are other provinces which are against the change but not in a position to rise up. The Chinese people in places other than China hate the change, but are not ready to take any effective action. From now on there may be further indications of revolts or declarations of independence. But eventually they will not amount to anything. In spite of all his faults and contrary views, Yuan is decidedly the strongest man in China today, and has some of our best and ablest men to co-operate with him. He is the proper man to handle the present critical situation in China. There is probably not going to be any serious trouble at least during his lifetime.

But, does this return to a monarchical form of government signify a return to the old corrupt Manchu rule?

Will this change undo all what has been and is being done during the past four or five years? Are all reforms that have been carried on very successfully along political, social, educational and other lines going to be abruptly discontinued? Will opium-smoking and foot-binding be revived? Will female education be discouraged? These and many other similar questions are often asked us by our foreign friends, but they are no problem to an intelligent Chinese. We are not sure whether Yuan will be very despotic or not, but we do firmly believe that he will not only continue, but also emphatically encourage, all wise and necessary reforms. Perhaps better than anybody else, he knows the inherent causes of China's weakness and is most fitted to regenerate the country which has a territory of over four million square miles and a population of some four hundred millions. What China is now in sore need of is time. Give her sufficient time, and she will rise up and cast in her share in bringing about better international relationships and international justice.



THE LONE MAN

By Mary F. Lerch

The Lone Man of Silver Spring in his poor cabin squatted before the dying movement of fantastic figures enacted, to his eyes, the great tragedy of Man. There again he saw his wife during his life which had made him the Lone Man. There again he saw his wife dying, in another man's arms; he saw his son kill himself on account of another man's wrongs. These years that he had lived alone with his books, what did they amount to? He wanted to kill, to kill! He wanted—a step outside and a knock at the door broke his train of thought. He did not rise immediately to admit the man outside. He waited for the first intenseness of his desire to ebb away.

In the interval between his knock and the opening of the cabin door Chester Langley reviewed the queer circumstances which had suddenly, at dark, brought him up to this dimly lighted cabin. It seemed strange that he had been at home yesterday, in a life-imbued city. It seemed even more strange that he had found in his grandfather's desk, undiscovered before, a letter containing a description of the hiding place of some rare jewels secreted during the Revolution. A fondness for vacation and improbable adventure had led him here, after half a day's steady walking from the village railway station.

The light from the opened door shone out across the gravel. The Lone Man, candle in hand, gazed into the clear blue eyes of Chester Langley.

"Good evening, sir," Langley said with a tired smile. "Could I find lodging here for tonight? Your inns seem few and far between."

"It is rare that I have the good fortune of companionship. Come in, for you are welcome," the Lone Man replied with dignity.

Langley entered the cabin. Upon the addition of dry pine wood the fire brightened the room, and he looked about him, peering past the shadows. There seemed to be books everywhere, upon the table, upon home-made shelves on the walls, but they were arranged with order. At either end of the cabin there was a wide and box-like window seat, one of which was furnished with bedding. From the low beams above the hearth hung strings of onions and small, dried peppers. This much Langley saw before his host threw on the last armful of wood and straightened up to address him.

"I have only broth, bread, and wine, but perhaps you are hungry?"

Langley was hungry, and as he ate, in his frank way he disclosed to the Lone Man the object of his coming.

"The letter seemed to describe this part of the country. Now what I am looking for is a circular stone wall higher than a man, with a ring of holly trees inside, and—"

"And in the center a spring that overflows into a sort of well, or deep pit," concluded the other.

"Why man, how did you know?" asked Langley.

"Just such a place as you have de-

scribed lies hardly a stone's throw from here. On still nights I can hear the trickling of the water as it runs down the rock's side. It's a queer place, whose brooding air has always haunted me. I have often wondered why it was built and planted as it is, although the superstitions of the country offer an explanation. They say that many years ago the Indians built that circular wall around the grave of a murdered wizard chieftain, and that over night a ring of holly trees sprang up, and a fountain gushed forth whose waters were fatal to drink. At the present day the spring falls into a deep well where water mosses choke its life, and little Indian-pipe plants lend their ghostliness to the enchanted circle."

"Well, I am glad to have found the place. In the morning we shall see what its present use may be—at least I suppose I must wait till morning."

"Yes, it is wiser to wait till morning," the Lone Man hurriedly advised. "And now, friend, if you are ready, your bed is ready on the window seat."

The two men retired; the dying fire brought the shadows nearer to itself until the room was almost dark. Langley slept. But the Lone Man gazed into the embers with their seeming movement of fantastic figures, and saw again the great tragedy of his life enacted.

The Lone Man rose, and from a shelf, buried by books, he drew forth a dagger. As he approached Langley, the struggling moon freed itself and shone

in upon them both. Wild determination gripped the Lone Man; he raised the dagger and leaned forward; the moon was reflected in the steel as the weapon swiftly descended and struck into a man's heart. The Lone Man fell dead.

A FANCY OF H——.

The haze in my room is heavy and blue
 After the fellows have gone away,
 And I lay in my pillowed arm chair
 and dream

True, my one dream at close of day.

Two eyes I see
 Which sparkle at me
 Through willowy lashes of jet,
 Two arms that stretch
 Towards me, poor wretch,—
 And a dream ne'er proved false to me
 yet.

Wavy black hair
 Flings me a dare,
 "Come smooth this brow with your
 hands."

Can I resist
 Those lips still unkist
 Making their sinless demands?

Cheeks frame a rose
 Which long to repose
 Soft on my shoulder in love.
 Is all this true?

Then say that you do,
 And are, and will be what I'm dream-
 ing of.

H. R. W.

THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY UNION

By Edward S. Drake, Ohio State, 1910*



One student, Aaron Cohen, '10, is due a great deal of the credit for the fact that the Ohio State University has a Union building. Early in his college life he was impressed with the possibilities and the necessity of a Union. He talked to the faculty, alumni and students until all were enthused. Then he appeared before the state legislature explaining the need, and organized committees of students to do the same. The result was that the legislature appropriated \$75,000 "for a building for the students of the Ohio State University".

Faculty, alumni and students contributed to a fund to provide furniture and equipment but the building was ready for occupancy before the fund was completed. The sum of \$130,000 was borrowed and the building was opened May 1, 1911. To provide for the payment of this debt and for the up-keep of the building, the male students voted to have an "Ohio Union fee" of \$1.00 per semester collected by the University at the time of registration. This fee and the profits from money making departments have enabled the

Union to meet the annual payments on the debt, pay all running expenses and increase the equipment.

As the social center of the campus and a place of usefulness, the Union building has exceeded the hopes of those who worked so hard to obtain it.

Before making any statement as to the number of activities it may be well to digress long enough to give an idea of the rooms and facilities in the building. It was erected on the slope of a low hill, giving a ground level entrance to the basement on one side and to the floor above on the other side.

The basement contains a large dining room, a small private dining room, a cafeteria, a large kitchen, the equipment of which has been gradually brought up to modern standards by expenditures from the revenue, a barber shop and mens' lavatories.

The first floor contains a large lounge or lobby with an open fire place, a billiard room with seven tables, offices for the manager and bookkeepers, check room and reading and writing rooms.

The next floor contains a large reception room and dressing room with lavatory for women, and a large number of offices which are used, rent free, by the following organizations:—Y. M. C. A. and student pastors, three rooms, en suite; the Alumni Association, two rooms; the Makio, which is the Junior annual, and the Student Council one each. On this floor there are also three large rooms, two of which can be thrown together. These are available for meetings at any time to any Uni-

*EDITOR'S NOTE:—The following paragraph out of a letter from "Jack" Wilce, '10—now football coach at Ohio State University—is self explanatory:

"I have been unable to find any time to write an article of the kind your request myself and information from one who has been in the closest possible touch with the Union since its inception will be of much greater value. I enclose herewith an article of the kind you request, written by Mr. E. S. Drake, an old Ohio State student, class of 1910, who has been manager of the Union, I understand, from the beginning."

versity society, committee, or individual making application to the manager of the building.

The principal feature of the third floor is a large hall with stage, open to any University organization, free of rent for meetings but subject to a rental charge for dances. This floor also contains five small rooms, one of which is used as an office by the dramatic society, two by the monthly agricultural publication, the other two being reserved for meetings of committees or small societies. Eight small bed rooms for the use of guests were provided on the third floor, but in a city the size of Columbus, with good hotels, they were so seldom needed that they have been rented for some time to students employed in the building.

A statement as to how much and by whom all these rooms are used is now pertinent. In the year 1914-1915 one hundred and seventy-five organizations and eight individuals used them for 521 meetings, ranging in size from small committees to gatherings of 150 people. Practically all of the dramatic and musical organizations except the girls' glee club use rooms in the Union for rehearsals. Of these 150 were held there last year. In the dining rooms 219 banquets and special dinners were served and in the hall there were twenty-one dances. Ten "open houses", corresponding to the Wisconsin mixers were held.

Use of the privileges of the Union increases astonishingly with each succeeding school year. The meetings and social affairs listed above total 921. From the opening of school on September 21, 1915, to the beginning of the Christmas vacation there have already been 414.

The question may be asked, "What special features does the Union promote and what does it furnish in the way of entertainment?" Perhaps the thing which reaches the most people is the "open house". When these are held, orchestras for dancing are stationed in the dining room and dance hall. At the door an admission charge of twenty-five cents is made to the men. This fee entitles them to the privileges of the dance floors, pool and billiards, and refreshments. Girls are admitted to the building without charge and are encouraged to come in groups. Ohio Union membership cards or University fee cards must be presented at the door but a student may bring one outside guest. It can readily be seen that at such a small admission charge, these affairs are not given for profit, but it is the intention to have them self supporting. The ten given last year netted a profit of \$2.57. This year they have been made a weekly Saturday night feature. If the customary charge for the dance hall is made against the open houses a profit of \$36.00 has been made on the nine given so far this year. The attendance is usually 500 and 550, about 55 per cent of whom are men. They have proven great mixers, being attended by men and women from all colleges, and by fraternity and non-fraternity men in numbers so nearly equal that they are hard to determine. On basket ball nights they do not begin until the game is over. When any event of general interest, such as a glee club concert, is scheduled, they are omitted. Thus they do not conflict with, but enjoy the hearty co-operation of all campus organizations.

Last year the Board of Overseers authorized the purchase of a Victrola

at a cost of \$200. The key is kept in the office and is given to any member on request. This feature has been very much appreciated, with no abuse whatever.

Another purchase last year was an electric football score board, designed and built by an alumnus. This board shows every possible play, the name of the player, yards gained and to go, in fact every detail that is desired. After two seasons use we have no changes in construction to recommend. It is operated for away-from-home games only. For these a telephone line is rented from the field to the Union and the plays are shown on the board as fast as they are made. Only one play has been missed in two years and that was when the yells of the enthusiastic crowd after a touchdown prevented the Union operator from hearing whether a goal was kicked.

Tables for games are placed in the lounge where some supervision can be maintained. Cards, checkers, chess and dominoes are furnished and the tables are in constant use.

In the dining rooms the Union endeavors to furnish the most wholesome and well cooked food at the lowest possible price.

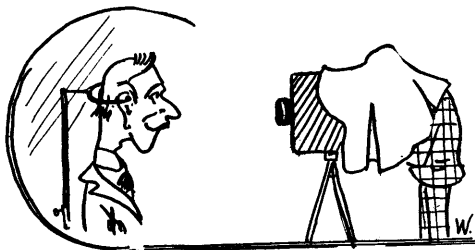
The management of the Union is vested in a Board of Overseers consisting of seven members, four of whom

are elected for terms of one year each by the student body. The Faculty, University Trustees and the Alumni each elect one of their number to represent them. The term of each of those is three years and one is elected each year. This Board elects a Manager, who looks after the business details and acts as secretary of the Board, the election being subject to the approval of the Board of Trustees of the University. The constitution provides that the president of the Board of Overseers must be elected from among the four student members.

From a business standpoint the size of the Union may be gauged by the cash receipts, which in 1914-1915 amounted to \$48,000, one tenth of which was dispersed as wages to student employes.

Very often, when an alumnus comes into the building about seven o'clock, on an evening when five or six meetings are about to convene,—as many as fourteen have been accommodated in one evening,—such a question as this may be heard: "How did we ever get along without the Union?"

The possibilities of the Union are infinite; it is hoped they will never be reached so that there will always be some more advancement for which to strive.



COLLEGE MEN AS SOLDIERS

33,000 STUDENTS GIVEN MILITARY DRILL

By Wallace Meyer

MARCHING, counter-marching, digging trenches, crawling in the muddy marsh water, charging across acres of muck, firing thousands of rounds of ammunition, fighting all day long in a cold, drizzling rain—almost within rifle range of the University of Wisconsin—that is the annual experience of 1200 student soldiers of the University. And at perhaps a score of other American universities and colleges a similar program is carried out some time during the year. These young Americans, vigorous, intelligent, many of them preparing for professions or for positions as leaders in business life, are being trained in the art of war that they may aid in preserving peace.

No less than 30,465 students in higher institutions of learning throughout the United States were given instruction last year under officers detailed from the United States Army. During the coming year the total will probably reach 33,000, for each year the number is increasing.

The United States Government not only encourages military training in universities, colleges, military academies, and other institutions of learning, but in pursuance of a policy laid down in 1866, the Government gives financial aid. It also donates the services of trained army officers.

The young men who serve two years in the student regiments are in no way bound to serve the Government which supplies their training, neither during their membership in the cadet corps nor afterwards. The theory under which they are drilled four or five hours every week is this: That by instructing educated young men in military service, there will be disseminated throughout the nation thousands of individuals who will be capable of assisting the officers of the United States Army and of the various National Guard organizations in the organizing and drilling of local volunteer forces.

Take for example: If the President were compelled next week to call for a million volunteers—the Government could not possibly enroll them between “sunrise and sunset,” however beautiful that idea may sound—it would prove a Herculean task to organize them. Military men are agreed that it requires six months at the least to convert a private citizen into a capable private soldier. They are also agreed that, in order to train any large army of volunteers, the small regular army of the United States would be reduced to impotence if enough of its trained officers and men were to be detailed to mobilization camps to whip the raw recruits into shape. This would mean that while the six-months’ training period of the volunteer army was in progress the regular army would be out of business, and an invading power would have almost as little opposition as fiction writers have pictured.

Republished from the Boston Transcript, December 17, 1915.

It would be in such an emergency as this that the Government would expect to realize a return upon the money it had invested in the training of university and college men. The graduates of student cadet corps, now active and perhaps influential citizens, in ten thousand cities, towns and villages, would be able to aid in sorting out, enlisting, and in teaching the volunteers the rudiments which they themselves had learned under the officers detailed from the regular army while they were in school. They could not, however, be expected to turn out finished soldiers for the reason that they are not themselves finished soldiers, their training, as has been said, having been necessarily restricted to elementary military work. But even that much would prove of material, of salutary aid to the Government.

Military training in colleges does more than provide trained individuals in every community to assist in drilling volunteers, and educate the public mind as to the true condition of our fighting forces. It places thousands of young men of character and education in positions from which they may safely be graduated to officership in the great volunteer army upon which this country would be forced to rely in the hour of danger. For these young men, having had two years of instruction in military science, would have a decided advantage over the young men who have never handled a rifle, who have never obeyed an officer's sharp command.

The work at the universities and col-

leges consists principally in close order drill. During the winter months it is confined almost exclusively to the armories, save in the more southern States. During the autumn the awkward squads are drilled on the campus, and the "veterans" are also given outside work. In the springtime, after the student soldiers have been fashioned into well ordered companies, regiments and battalions, they are put through strenuous work on campus, over roads, and in the hills, fields and woods.

Practical military work under field conditions was substituted during the last year for close order drill in most of the schools, and while the official reports of the detailed officers are not yet available, it is not to be doubted that today the student forces are working harder and being taught more than ever before. There is greater emphasis on target work, both gallery and range. Extended marches are held. Actual scouting duty is given. Sham battles are fought under discouraging conditions. Hospitals are set up and cases attended to. Bridges are disabled, rebuilt, or built new. Signal corps send messages across miles of country. The wireless corps sets up its plants and transmits messages from field headquarters to forces miles distant.

There are ninety-eight schools of various classification which give military training. Of the sixty-five institutions of university and college type, twenty-eight have military science and tactics in their curricula.

FORENSICS AND THE STUDENT BODY DURING THE WAR

By S. D. Stephens

UNIVERSITY history during the Civil War is a period of marked transition in student life, containing perhaps the greatest and most lasting changes of any half decade in the history of the institution. The great questions of the war generated new interests in the debating societies and other places where discussion was more than frivolous, while the innovations in the conduct of the University itself, notably the beginning of co-education and the growing movement for an Agricultural department, caused great agitation and opposition among the students. Before beginning to detail these changes, however, it might not be amiss to attempt a picture of the material University of that day.

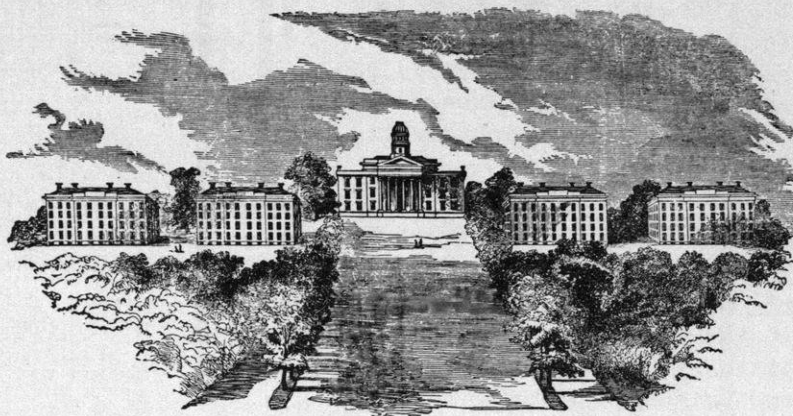
There were three buildings. North Hall was the first, a "penitentiary-like building" as Bayard Taylor called it, occupied in 1851. Soon afterward South Hall was built. In the year 1859-60, Main Hall, or rather what is now the central portion of Main Hall, was finished. It was the original plan to build two more buildings, like North and South Halls, one north of the former and the other south of the latter, making four similar buildings in a straight row, with the domed Main Hall in the center at the crest of the hill. We who enjoy the beauties of the present campus may well be thankful that this original plan was given up.

Main Hall Is Cold.

The literary societies met in the south part of North Hall until Main Hall was completed, when they entered the two halls prepared for them and provided with adjacent rooms for their libraries. We find Athenae ordering her representative to choose the north room if he won the choice. Evidently Athenae won when the coin was tossed, or Hesperia preferred the other room, for the elder society got the room of its choice, and the Hesperians moved into the room at the south end of the corridor. An elaborate meeting was held to dedicate the halls; they were decorated for the occasion by feminine friends of the societies, special music was obtained, and addresses were given by members of the societies and prominent state officers. During the winter the societies were forced to go back to North Hall, but except for such disturbances the halls have heard the voices of earnest debaters practically every Friday night for the fifty-five years since that time, and, needless to say, the rooms are filled with memories and traditions.

Tallow Candle Lights

North Hall was used partly for recitations, partly as a dormitory for men students, while South Hall sheltered the professors and their families, and later the women students. The rooms in these dormitories cost about fifty-five cents per week per student (two students in each room) during war



An Early Sketch of the University as It Was Proposed.

time, or ten dollars and a half for both tuition and room for a term of thirteen weeks. Each room was visited daily by a member of the faculty. The student provided his own furniture and lights, though later furniture could be rented, by the women at least, at one dollar per term. Lights were tallow candles, though about 1860 the literary societies assumed the dignity of oil lamps, consuming oil which, according to the treasurer's books, cost seventy-five cents a gallon. Board could be secured for from one dollar and a half to two dollars a week, though by boarding themselves in their rooms students reduced the price to eighty cents per week, while John Muir, in his *Story of My Boyhood and Youth* speaks of practicing such economy that he lived on fifty cents a week—and this in war time! Professor Sterling, residing in South Hall, furnished board to many students at one dollar and seventy-five cents a week. At these prices, the menus probably gave little chance for an exhibition of one's knowledge—or ignorance—of French.

Co-education Begins.

South Hall, as has been said, was the home of the faculty, and of the girls when co-education was begun. Women did not enter the University amid shouts of welcome. James L. High, speaking in 1877 of the beginning of co-education, said: "They came with bewitching curls and dimpled cheeks and flowing robes and all the panoply of feminine adornment, and, *worst of all*, they came to stay." (The italics are our.) There was on all sides, says Butterfield in his history of the University, "an apprehension that the standard of culture would be lowered" in consequence of co-education. One of the literary societies often invited the new students to visit its meeting, while the other ignored them entirely. There is strong reason to believe that Hesperia was the society gallant. Moreover, women did not take advantage of their opportunities very eagerly, and, though they could have entered earlier, the first of which we have record were in 1860, and on March 16, 1863, they entered the newly re-organized normal

department. The demand for women to take the place of the men teachers at war was probably one of the important reasons for the influx of women students. In 1864 there were over one hundred on the campus

Castalia Formed in 1863

No sooner were the women comfortably situated than they began to desire a literary society, with the result that the present Castalia was formed in the winter of 1863-64. Tradition says that she was a union of two former societies, one called Castalia and the other Aegeria, though no reference to Aegeria, nor to an older Castalia, can be found in the records of that time. However that may have been, on December 28, 1863, the organization was perfected, and the first literary meeting was held in South Hall on January 8, 1864. Miss Anna Moody, the preceptress of the Normal Department, led at the organization and was the first president. The motto chosen was "Uebung macht den Meister", which was later changed to "Fortiter, fideliter, feliciter". A manuscript newspaper, *The Pearl Gatherer*, later *The Castalian Monthly* was started at the meeting of January 28, 1864, and continued for some time. Like the other literary societies Castalia began to build a library, which in a short time had assumed proportions worthy of comparison with those of the men's societies. Castalia's programs were varied, including reviews, debates, essays, readings, declamations, and music, while in the winter of 1865-5 she produced a play *The Rebellion* in the chapel of Main Hall. This then was evidently Castalia's first public appearance.

Students to the War

But, if this is to be an article on the University in war time, it might be best to say something about the war before the space is exhausted. The question of slavery made little commotion in the student body during the fifties. We find one or two debates a year, beginning about 1855, on such questions as the right of secession, the morality of slave holding, the natural place of the Negro, the suffering of the Negro compared with that of the Indian, the rights of suffrage of free blacks, and various other topics. One or two debates a year on a general question do not however, indicate an overwhelming interest in it, when they are mixed in with questions on dozens of other subjects, including philosophy, religion, science, theology, education, and even mathematics. The war did not strike the student body until the first shots were fired. When the first company was organized at Madison eight students enlisted, and before the end of the year nine others were in the ranks. The students who remained formed a military company and drilled under one of their own number who had seen service. This was the germ of the present military department. Other enlistments from the student body occurred at every call for men. On May 11, 1864, at the Hesperian anniversary (of moving into Main Hall) Samuel Fallows, '59, appealed for hundred day men—that is, men who could serve for one hundred days only—and thirty or forty are said to have responded. Before the end of the war about one hundred students were enlisted and of the fifty alumni of the University in 1864 twenty-five were in the field.

Debaters Shoulder Muskets

An eastern college president, speaking recently of the popularity of athletics, said that during the Civil War the athlete went out to defend his country while the debater stayed at home, and consequently the athlete has since been more popular than the debater. This may have been true of the decadent colleges of the east. It was not true of Wisconsin. The students who led on the field were the leaders in the society halls. We need mention only Colonel Fallows, later made brevet Brigadier General, R. R. Dawes, commander of the sixth infantry, Lt. Col. Bull, Major R. W. Hubbell, and Captains Hall, Gillet, Leahy, Bradley, Norcross, Stone, Miller, Remic, Botkin, and Tredway, all of them Wisconsin students or alumni, and nearly all men who were not merely members, but active members of either *Hesperia* or *Athenae*. All of the class of 1864, with one exception, were in the field, and no commencement was held in that year. Degrees were given later, however, to many students who, on account of enlistment, could not complete their college course.

However, the great change wrought by the war upon the University occurred on the campus itself, among those students who, for reasons either good or bad, did not go into the field. It is needless to say that questions relating to the war were predominant in the student mind. In the first year the

societies discussed those questions which related directly to the war, such as the right of secession, the advisability of emancipating the slaves, and the authority of the conscription. Later, however, the more remote questions connected with the rebellion were considered. These included problems of public finance, of English neutrality, of the military right of the president, of the doctrine of popular sovereignty and the rather abstract question of the justness of compelling a citizen to obey laws of which he does not approve. Questions relating to the propriety of the procedure of historical characters became fewer and fewer; the present furnished an ample supply of subjects for discussion. The students were too busy struggling with existent problems to seek to justify the actions of men who were dead and gone. The literary societies took on new interests, they breathed a new spirit, and, though some of the things cast off might well have been retained, yet the things gained have had a vital part in shaping the sentiment of the University, and in checking the whirl of frivolity which engulfed the student bodies of so many institutions at the return of prosperity after the Civil War.—But that belongs to another article.

EDITOR'S NOTE—The third article of this series will deal with the Reconstruction period, until the beginning of President Bascom's administration in 1874.

Low, High, Higher, and Low

By Dorothy Hart

Low, high, higher and low; it was the laughter of a woman who was not happy. It was soft, musical, but as the sounds echoed in the mind, its very melody while attracting one's attention, chilled the senses. It attained to merriment, and, to some, might seem the expression of gaiety, but to the man who was talking with the woman on the veranda of the hotel, it seemed to tell of hidden sorrow.

The French windows of the hotel were opened to admit the night air to the ballroom, white with lights, reverberant with music, chatter, and dancing, and cubistic in its many colors and constant motion. The lawn was lighted by the moon and was white in the open spaces and black where shrubs and trees cast shadows giving an impression of cold illumination, unseen depths, and stillness. The laughter of the woman who was not happy was allied to both scenes. The man's soul followed the laughter, low, high, higher, and low; he wished to laugh with her, to throw off his melancholy by laughing, laughing to forgetfulness,—until his spirit was laughed to subordination. But an attempt to cover his sorrow with gaiety made him more depressed as the effort it caused him showed how far removed he was from happiness. He was moved to confide in her, perhaps by the bond that exists between those in sorrow. He told her of his love for a woman who loved him and of her father who had married her to another man. In describing their happiness together his face brightened, but when he progressed to their part-

ing, his mood of bitterness returned. Time had not as yet eased his pain and he told his story effectively.

As the woman listened to him, her face lost color, sharp lines of pain edged her mouth, and her eyes closed. As he ended his story, the man looked up at her and noticing the change that had come over her, proffered his sympathy. She protested that his story had made too vivid an impression upon her, and as she saw her husband come up the steps of the veranda and approach them, laughed at the thought of her being unhappy.

Low, high, higher, and low; it was the laughter of a woman who was not happy. The music in the ballroom ceased, applause followed, and the dancers passed through the French windows onto the lawn. The ballroom was quiet. Without, couples walked on the garden paths, and influenced by the moonlight, spoke in low tones. Low, high, higher, and low; the night winds blew the sounds upward and conveyed the knowledge of hidden sorrow.

OPPORTUNITIES FOR COLLEGE MEN IN PUBLIC SERVICE

(Continued from page 6.)

It is my judgment that the degree of preferment that comes to men of this class of work and equipment in the Federal service is dependent upon the same qualities of intellectual power, capacity for insistent work, good judgment, character, and personality that contribute to make success or failure in any other line of work.

JOSEPH E. DAVIES, University
of Wisconsin, 1898; Law,
1901.

CURRENT DOINGS IN DOGGEREL

Prof. Otto has been "called" again
For stepping on religion,
And yet he keeps as tranquil as
The calm and peaceful pigeon.
We hear Miss Deming sassed a Prof.
And called him proud and haughty;
We can't believe
That Genevieve
Would do a thing so naughty!

Miss Julia Wales and John Frazee
Both took Hank's invitation
To sail with him across the pond
With schemes of mediation.
Potential schoolma'ams got this tip
Last week in "Mental Devil",
"Don't get passee,"
Said Prof. O'Shea,
"Stay with the midnight revel!"

It seems that Philomathia
Is rather hard on chickens;
They grabbed Athena's fighting cock
And hurt it like the dickens.
The lectures of Professor Hall
Are full of blood and thunder;
He still lauds George
At Valley Forge,
And thinks Bill Taft's a wonder.

Professor Cool says kids at school
Should all get wise to Spanish
Because the cuss words that one learns
Make one so strong and mannish.
Jim Woodson, from the bloomin' south,
Finds there are some occasions
When men can't bluff
About such stuff
As feminine invasions.

Next month we all will have to write
Some tough examinations,

But after these are over with
We're done with tribulations.
The Glee Club Concert comes the tenth,
The Prom the ev'ning after,
And so with songs
Our griefs and wrongs
Will change to smiles and laughter.

Coach Juneau has at last resigned;
We're going to get another,
And maybe clean athletics up,—
Oh break the news to mother!
Miss Mason says that every girl
Who leaves at graduation
Should learn to know
Where she can go
To find an occupation.

Some students still consume Lake
Trout,
Without so much as guessing
That it is just Mendota Carp,—
Now isn't that distressing !
Our teachers still keep pointing out
Our mental limitation,
But still we hope
Our mental scope
Will keep us off probation.

The Union has been coaching up
An awkward squad in dancing,
And all except the engineers
Are rapidly advancing.
Anita Pleuss is some swell cook;
Her fudge is simply dandy;
We've never seen
A girl so keen
For stuffing men—with candy;

—*Ralph E. Nuzum.*

EDITORIALLY SPEAKING



"Humanum nihil a me alienum puto."—
TERENCE

"GREASY SPOON" DAYS

Rush, a constant effort to catch-up with the list of things-which-must-be-done, characterizes the life of the average student while the University is in session. Most of us never enjoy a taste of that old mysterious classic—scholarly repose, or studious reflection.

But there is a time when the University may be discovered in a new and interesting light, a mellow light like that which floods the town sometimes after a bad afternoon storm. The time is during the Christmas recess. But few students enjoy it until their thesis year—and then, because they remain to work in the library they are not apt to expect anything but further grind.

It is, however, an utterly different place, this University, during the recess period. There are no classes; no meetings; no practices; no rehearsals; no routine. Each person who stays is completely free to adopt what the

economics teachers might call a *laissez faire* policy in regard to his own time and conduct. Late sleeping is indulged. Most tables are discontinued, and so the student frequents one of those masterpieces of economy, both of time and money, one of those public service institutions which are familiarly and affectionately styled "The Greasy Spoon." Different food, and counters instead of tables, add to the relaxation.

And during those days when the Greasy Spoon supplies the bodily nourishment your student works as he never worked before. The working does not weary him. He revels in it. It gives him the pleasure of a game to see his pile of accumulated tasks decline before continued attacks. The secret of his enjoyment is his freedom from distraction, from interruptions by his friends.

He comes to haunt the library. The books he wants are usually in—not hidden. He reads for hours and enjoys them; browses through works which he would not have time to glance at during the session, and he is apt to complain that the library closes at five o'clock.

He discovers, too, that the quiet fellow who rooms across the hall is not a "snob," nor a "bore," nor a "crab." He lacks the time for the usual associations. More than that, he is deeply concerned over a trouble at home—a mother who is seriously ill. In short, the other fellow comes to be understood. He is a first rate chap—really one of the best that one has met in four years at Wisconsin.

The Greasy Spoon days are not the least enjoyable, not the least valuable of the college course.

PUTRID PUBLICITY

Unbelievable as it may seem, some friends of the University about the state—and perhaps in different sections of the country—have accepted the suggestion contained in various special articles which were sent out from Madison following the football season, articles which, intended as a defense of the football coach, exceeded the bounds of decency (to which Mr. Juneau certainly would have restricted them had he been consulted) and insinuated that the student body here at Wisconsin lacked the traditional Wisconsin loyalty.

Many a student who went home for the Christmas holidays was astonished at such questions as, "I see that you under-graduates 'laid down' on your team last fall. What's the matter in Madison, isn't there any of the 'never quit' spirit left? Aren't you men enough to stand by the team when the team loses?"

One of the leading state papers published several articles, written, or at least signed by persons who were supposed to possess correct information as to the status of the football situation here. Not the least conspicuous, and certainly not the least false and harmful, was an article which foolishly and without ground berated the student body for "quitting" the team. The author wrote ostensibly in defense of the coach, who was being subjected to criticism. But far from confining his remarks to a fair defense of the man whom all Wisconsin students respect and admire as a true friend of his alma mater—a man who places the welfare of Wisconsin above his personal advantage—the writer insisted that the cause of the season's defeats

lay in the criticism and cold-blooded desertion of the rooters.

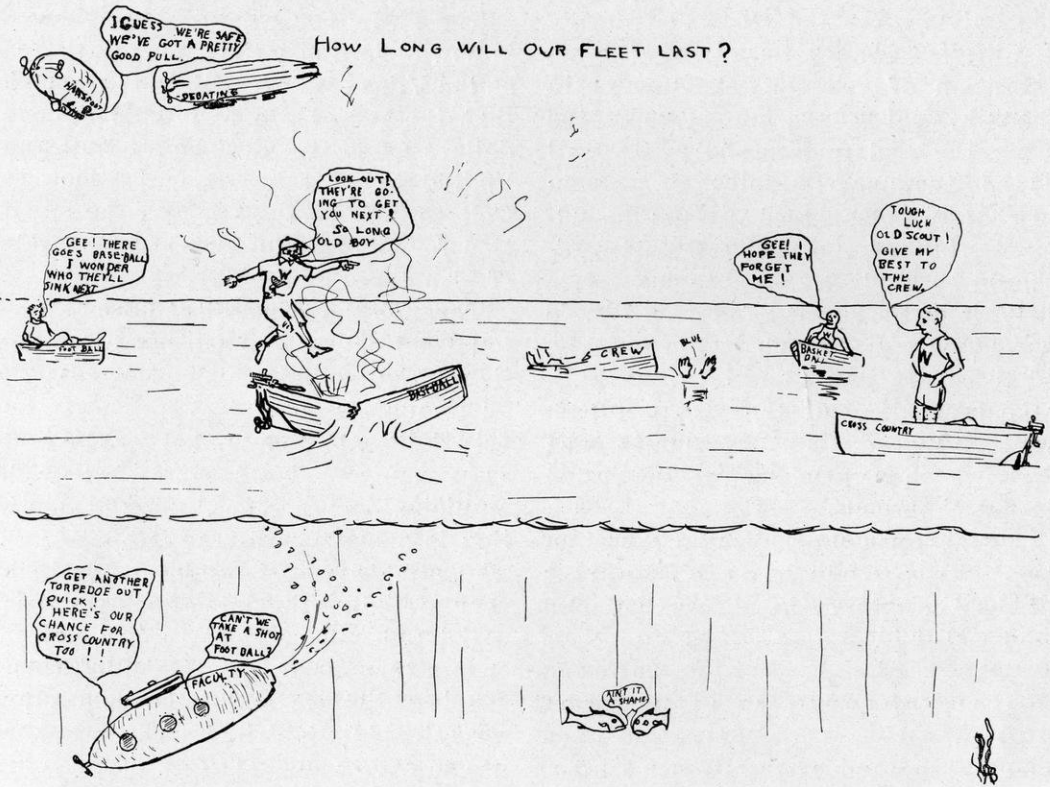
That is the sort of thing which hurts. It is so contrary to Wisconsin traditions as to anger the alumni and the people of the state, who look to the student body to uphold the spirit of fair-play and sport-for-sport's-sake.

And that it is pitifully false is perhaps best shown by recalling the occasion of the team's return from Illinois. The team was defeated at Illinois for the second time in the season, and the defeat meant finally that Wisconsin would not win the high honors which even the unexpected reverse at Chicago could not have prevented, had the team triumphed at Illinois and over Minnesota.

It was a nasty, cold, drizzling morning, the Sunday when the men came back from Urbana. The train was due at seven or shortly after. And the Sunday morning seven o'clock is seldom seen by the average student who on that day of all the week, enjoys a late sleep. Yet at seven o'clock five hundred students, men and women, had gathered at the station on the opposite side of town, waiting for the team to come in. By the time the belated train arrived there were perhaps seven hundred students at the station, and an improvised band made up in enthusiasm what the nipping cold prevented in musicianly technique.

The train rolled in; the players left their cars, expecting to make a silent retreat to their rooms.

But there was no silence. Instead, one of the most enthusiastic, certainly one of the most cordial demonstrations of loyalty which any Wisconsin



This pointed drawing was made by a freshman, whose father, a prominent alumnus, says, "There seems to be a good deal of truth to the idea." Fortunately at the late meeting of the Regents, things appeared to have taken a better turn.

team has ever received upon its return from foreign fields. Even the return in 1912, when the men brought home from Minnesota the western championship to Wisconsin, did not see a finer reception than this Sunday. The men were piled into a carry-all which was drawn, not by horses, but by a hundred eager students through the town, across the square, out to the lower campus, where, in spite of the cold and the drizzle, the captain was required to make a "speech" and several other players called upon, before the crowd broke up.

Such publicity as misguided inspiration often develops and spreads broadcast through the daily press is most deeply to be regretted, especially when it is so far from the mark.

MAKE IT THOROUGH

It is sincerely to be hoped that the regents' investigating committee will go to the bottom of the subject in its study of the athletic situation here.

Certainly there is a mountain of evidence to be sifted, and the job cannot be accomplished in a week, or a month. The football business is not

the only matter up. The correlation of different branches of sport, the co-operation of various departments in the physical education system, the sympathy and understanding as well as the fitness and capability of the men in charge, not only of various departments, but of the entire department, should be studied.

Whitewash is out of date. People nowadays see through it too quickly. If there are bad planks in the hull, take them out. If they are not bad, well and good. But Wisconsin men and women everywhere are interested in the examination. It ought to be a thorough one. Perhaps the examination will result in an O. K. for most of the timber now in place; that may very well be.

MANY PRIZES AVAILABLE

Some unusual opportunities are now being offered to university students in the way of prizes for original work in literature and political science. The William F. Vilas prize contest is perhaps the most notable, because of its local interest. This year the Vilas prizes, of fifty and twenty-five dollars for the first and second awards, will be granted for original work in literary criticism. The field is limited to an appreciation of some poet of the last twenty years or to some minor author or movement of the nineteenth century. No restriction is made to English or American writers, and the contestants are free to treat a suitable topic in any foreign language or literature. All essays intended for the Vilas contest must be within six thousand words and must be in the hands of Professor R. E. N. Dodge not later than Monday, April 24.

The Halle Steensland essay contest is now open under the same conditions as the Vilas contest, with the exception that the prizes are forty and twenty dollars respectively. The subjects are limited to "The Permanent Value of College Life", "College as a Preparation for Citizenship", and "The Habit of Exactness as Mental Discipline".

Through the generosity of Hon. Morton Denison Hull of Chicago, the National Municipal league has established an annual prize of two hundred and fifty dollars to be awarded for the best essay on a subject connected with municipal government. The competition is open to post-graduate students who are, or who have been within a year preceding the date of competition, registered and resident in any college or university of the United States offering distinct and independent instruction in municipal government.

A prize of special interest to students of national military problems is being offered by the National Society of Scabbard and Blade for essays of less than two thousand words on the subject, "Military Training in American Colleges and Universities and its Relation to National Defense". The prizes are twenty-five, fifteen, and ten dollars for the first, second and third awards. The competition is limited to students in the following schools: Wisconsin, Minnesota, Cornell, Purdue, Illinois, Missouri, Penn State, Washington, Michigan Agricultural school, Kansas State Agricultural school, Ohio and Iowa State. No member of Scabbard and Blade can compete in the contest. Two copies of each essay should be mailed not later than March 1, 1916, to Lieut. Col. H. E. McIvor, West Lafayette, Indiana.

BENEATH THE FOOT LIGHTS

By Roy A. Brendel



HE audience sat entranced as the heroine struggled in the last throes of death. The intense stillness was emphasized by the subdued yellow light on the stage. Suddenly, without any intimation of warning, a brass cymbal crashed to the floor of the orchestra pit, rolled around, making spasmodic efforts to rise upon its edge, and with a defiant bang, settled back on the floor. A titter arose in the audience, the spell was broken, and the scene spoiled.

The average theater-goer does not give the orchestra more than passing notice except when a glaring mistake is made. The glitter and brilliancy of the world back of the footlights holds the audience as in a trance, making it oblivious to everything but the stage. What relation exists between the people under as well as behind the footlights probably is never given a second thought by the average person. Yet sometimes it is asked, "How does a strange orchestra accompany a large chorus with such perfect ease and unison?"

A heavy production, like the "Enchantress" or "Rose Maid," carries not only a leader but some of the orchestra as well. Twenty-four men, three times the ordinary number, is not unusual in an "augmented" orchestra. The importance of the leader in a big musical production cannot be over-estimated, he is the keystone between the singers and the orchestra. Not long ago a company arrived in Milwaukee without its

leader. He had missed the train. The manager at once telegraphed to Chicago, had a special train made up regardless of expense, and the leader arrived a few hours later. Without him that show could not have been given.

The minute the music arrives, the orchestra rehearses it, the leader explaining the proper tempos, cues, and a thousand and one things that arise in the show business. The grain of a musician's experience is shown in a musical production where different songs have various encores. Some encores start at the introduction and take the chorus at once, others repeat the chorus without the introduction. Still others start at a "vamp" and skip to the dance. It is chiefly to learn this that rehearsals are held. An experienced orchestra will grasp peculiarities at once.

In a small town, with an ordinary production, the leader fills in the missing instrumentation by playing piano. A large show will often play a one-night stand in order to break a long jump between cities. At such an engagement it happened that the traveling leader had called for a three o'clock rehearsal. At the time appointed, every one was present but the bass player. After a twenty-minute wait, the leader grew anxious about his coming.

"It all depends on the weather," explained the local men. "If it rains he'll be here at once. If not, he'll arrive by five o'clock sure."

"How's that?" asked the leader.

"He drives the city sprinkling cart."

Occurrences like this are frequent in a small town where inexperienced men are the only musicians available. This is especially noticeable in a show which has several musical numbers which are, however, not of sufficient importance to warrant carrying a leader.

In such a show, one of the cues was, "In my automobile." The leader of the house orchestra was warned that alertness was all-essential in catching this cue. That evening, when the significant line was spoken, no music followed. Instead, the leader was enjoying the show with the rest of the audience.

"I took her out *in my automobile*," repeated the actor. Still no music.

"Yes, at the time, she was *"IN MY AUTOMOBILE."*

Even that did not affect the leader. So, walking to the center of the stage, and bending over to the orchestra, the actor said, politely, and with a smile.

"Would you mind favoring me with a little selection entitled, 'In My Automobile?'"

With a start, the leader grabbed his violin and sawed away at the introduction, leaving the rest of the orchestra to catch up as best it could. Fortunately, the audience thought it a part of the show and the applause proved that it had made a hit.

It is said that in the same town a leader had given instructions in regard to a vamp of a piece designated as "Number 4." This vamp was to be played while the comedian told funny stories. If the audience was appreciative, he would continue, if not, he would return to his song. It may be necessary to explain that the purpose of the vamp is to give the singer the

proper key in which to return to the song. This particular night, the audience applauded so roundly that the orchestra continued to repeat the few bars of which the vamp consisted. However, the bass player was working away vigorously playing all but the right notes.

"Number Four," whispered the leader, meaning the vamp alone.

The base player nodded, playing all the while.

Turning to the violin player, the leader said, "Tell that confounded fiddler we're playing number four."

The bass player, in a stage whisper, replied, "Tell that confounded leader I've played number four through twice and I'm starting over again for the third time."

Needless to say, the leader taught him the meaning of the word "vamp" after the show.

Music in the drama, also, is quite essential. That played between acts is not significant to the play itself,—a good overture and several selections being given. It is the "cue" music, incidental to the acting, which has the same power of lending "atmosphere" as the scenery.

Those, who have seen James Grady present his vaudeville sketch, "The Toll Gate," remember how, in the struggle between the man and the girl, the mind of the audience is unable to immediately grasp the pathos of the scene. The psychological phase of music is here shown. As the orchestra softly plays a few bars in a minor key, the proper "atmosphere" is created and the lines of the author are correctly interpreted.

Some companies carry their own music with a special director even though

the show is entirely dramatic. "Ben Hur" has little or no singing, yet the music is quite "heavy," for it is an important adjunct to the play. The ordinary drama which carries "cue" music has no leader. This music is often written by some leader and composer like Leo Feist of New York, who wrote Katrine's song in "The Return of Peter Grimm."

Everything is subject to change and "cue" music is no exception. Years ago, the entrance of an actor, from the "star" down to a servant, whose lines consisted of "My lord, the carriage waits without," was accompanied by a chord such as is played at the conclusion of an acrobatic act in vaudeville today. "Cues" of this sort are not found in the productions of today. Only those which work on the mind of the audience in connection with the play are deemed necessary.

There is, perhaps, one phase of an orchestra's work which is apt to be overlooked. Many a panic has been averted when a lively march reached the ears of a terror-stricken audience. In Minneapolis, recently, "Macbeth" was being produced. The audience sat silent and impressed as the witches chanted around the bubbling cauldron in the center of the stage. Suddenly a tiny flame leaped up from beneath the cauldron, curled its tongue about an overhanging piece of scenery, and as quickly fell back. In an instant, the audience was on the alert. There was an intense and ominous silence which made the witches' chanting more weird than before. A draft from the stage carried a whiff of smoke into the theater and a woman's scream did the rest. The rustling of the audience was heard as the people quickly but quietly

rose to their feet. For an instant, no one moved. It was a critical moment. Suddenly the lights were turned on and the orchestra struck up a lively march. All that remained was for the stage-manager to appear and assure the audience that the danger was all over. Had there been no orchestra, it is probable that many lives would have been lost in a panic.

The men beneath the footlights are not immune from disagreeable work any more than these back of the footlights. Occasionally an early noon rehearsal necessitates an inconvenient dinner hour. Were the rehearsal to begin at once, this would not mean much, but perhaps a late train delays the music so that the rehearsal may not start until two or three o'clock. If the music is difficult, the men are kept through the supper hour, perhaps, even to the overture call, when they will start in on the evening performance. And all this work might be for a show with a one-night stand in that particular town.

A good orchestra represents in its individual members, great training and experience. Two or three years, long enough in some professions to rank one among the average, is, in music, too short a period in which to acquire the skill necessary to render, with sufficient ease and delicacy, many of the standard selections played in the average theaters. A single mishap overthrows the best efforts put forth by the whole orchestra, the snapping of a violin string or the squeak of a clarinet will produce such a contrast as to divert the mind of the most profound listener. Here is at least one profession where mistakes can not be buried.

THE CHARGE

By C. R. Grasser



NOTHING unusual was imminent, and save for a few desultory booms of distant cannon, like thunder in a far off valley, and the occasional burst of a German rocket high in the air, which illuminated the seemingly desolate fields for miles around, all was quiet and dark outside.

At one end of the large table in the rude headquarters of the second division, sat its commander, the grim-visaged, war-hardened General Von Goltz, with the air of one who is either recollecting the awful past, or anxiously contemplating a terrible future, smoking his inevitable cigar. He appeared to be squinting at his aide-de-camp through the rings of smoke slowly rising. In reality, however, he was looking far beyond anyone in this simple, yet picturesque room, and was seeing again the short, furious, but victorious charge of the day before, as he saw it from his position on the hills above Ypres. In the last few days the indomitable Germans had struck hammering blows at their enemies, blows that had made war-ridden Europe tremble. It was in this unmilitary posture that he planned his famous battles. Now and then, when obstacles would present themselves, as indicated by the deep scowl which would come over his face, he would smoke fiercely, bite his cigar, and in his mind crush the obstruction by the sheer power of his iron will.

Major Longman was at the other end of the table, tracing some red and black lines on a war map in front of

him, and making notes in his report. Sergeant Schmidt sat before his telegraph instrument, as if he were awaiting the order of his relief. Two staff officers, Generals Hartung and Steckebauer, stood beneath the sputtering, yellow lamp, reading a rather lengthy dispatch from the "War-Lord."

Although everything was quiet, and despite the fact that he had been on duty for five hours already, the erect, well-mannered guard at the door was thoroughly awake. He looked quizzically from one face to the other, and seemed to wonder what the rest were thinking about.

One could hear the guards outside slowly pacing about in thoughtful and measured step.

Private Reimer had been sent to deliver the dispatch to General Hartung, and was now sitting beneath the window, hoping that an answer would not be ready for some time, for he was very tired and desired to rest for a while.

In these gory days of almost unbelievable history in the making, events followed each other in kaleidoscopic fashion before the eyes of that Great Person, who could witness, from Olympian heights, the horrors taking place in the valleys of murder and strife below.

That very evening, only a few hours before, the German Joan, Frau Theresa Von Meyer, had not only secured a most important bit of news, but also effected the capture of one of Russia's most valiant fighters, Count Troubetzky. Theresa, with the aid of her

wondrous beauty and the true French blood coursing in her veins, was able to secure a position in the world-famous establishment of Mme. Beaucahier, the Parisian modiste, who was now engaged in making some gowns for Lady Lucille, one of England's fairest, and whom the Count was engaged to marry in the coming fall. It so happened that the Count and Marie, as Theresa now called herself, were on the same boat crossing the channel and that he fell in love with her and decided to run off with her, for of late his feelings toward Lucille were not as ardent as formerly. But instead of running off with her, Marie really ran off with the Count, for by use of an assumed innocent demeanor and child-like questions, she not only learned the important information concerning the Count's forces, but also led him into a German trap in which he was easily captured.

The news that the Count was captured, that the Russian expeditionary force was composed of five hundred thousand instead of only fifty thousand men, and that they were going to make a decisive move on the next day, was quickly flashed to the war office. An aide was also sent to report the news to Von Goltz.

This most important capture of both man and news had taken place on this very day. No one could hazard a guess as to the results of to-morrow's warfare.

Suddenly Major Longman's face lighted up with an expression of amazement and discovery.

"General Von Goltz, in looking over this map I have found that the—"

"Halt! Who's there?" exclaimed one of the guards, with an audible click of

his musket. "What's that? Who did? Franz! Come here quick! Help me carry this man inside. Says he's got some news."

Together they bore the wounded form before the officers inside who were already on their feet, facing the door expectantly.

"Lay him on the bed! Hot water—bandages—alcohol—quick!"

"Got—me—this time. Caught—they thought—I—I—was dead," jerked out the utterly exhausted man in a hoarse whisper, his hand clutched over his chest as if to hold back the life blood, slowly ebbing away.

"Crawled — here — from —. Water —oo—oo—ugh!"

Immeasurable pain clouded the poor fellow's ghastly features as he tried to raise himself in the bed. The great veins of his temples stood out thick and blue. The blood could not hide the deathly pallor of his face. He did not have very many minutes to live.

"Water!—Wa-a-a-a—," the last drawn out into an unintelligible groan, as he sank back on the pillows.

"Rub his hand; give him some brandy; do something, quick! He's got something to tell us or he wouldn't come here!" exclaimed Von Goltz impatiently, in the gruff voice of a hardened veteran.

"Said he heard about an offensive movement of Roberts tomorrow," said the guard.

The soldier opened his eyes again and looked about him.

"Came here — from — Friederick — Troubetzky captured — by Theresa Von Meyer — Russian Force — five five hundred thousand — attack to-morrow — left flank — three o'clock — g-got — seven — th-thou — ugh! ugh!"

Steckenhauer gave the unfortunate man another drink of brandy and tried to ease him somewhat.

"Seven thousand did you say?"

A nod and then, "Se-seven thousand—cannon—oh—oh—"

A smile appeared on his face, but with a final lispng gasp and a convulsive shudder, horrible to look at, his frame relaxed. He was dead.

It was almost unbelievable! To-morrow at three o'clock Troubetzky's forces of five hundred thousand men would come to the help of Roberts, the English commander, to make a concerted attack upon the German lines.

Von Goltz stood there, petrified and haggard.

"Five hundred thousand attack the left flank at three to-morrow! God, we're done for!"

With a determined characteristic snap of his great jaws he quickly formulated a plan of action.

"Schmidt! send this to Mensdorff: 'Roberts will attack left flank to-morrow at three with five hundred thousand. Send reinforcements. Answer immediately.' Hartung! Steckenbauer! You know your business!"

Then to Reimer, "Report to your captain at once! And not a word, sir!"

Reimer departed, only to spend several sleepless hours in his dug-out boulevard, "Unter den Linden," as his companions familiarly called their trench. Weary though he was,—for war does not respect human qualities—he was awakened at six by the stir of his companions. No one except he knew what was to happen. Not a sound of shooting was heard during the whole forenoon. The men wondered and ached to get into action.

"Don't be so restless, you'll get all the action you want," said Lieutenant Herman.

"What does he mean?" thought the men.

The air was calm and the sky cloudy as it had been much of the time for the last two months. There was nothing unusual about that. About noon, however, telephone bells along the lines began to ring, and preliminary orders flashed from trench to trench. Reimer, anticipating trouble, wrote a few last lines to his aged mother, and was just tucking the note away in his shirt when the order came.

"Prepare for immediate attack!"

"What's that?" thought the men. "Attack? They haven't got the forces—they're crazy—they'll be wiped out. But maybe—maybe—they have."

Then it came. First a few volleys from one side, then a few from the other, then several from the center, and as a finale, from all three together. The Germans quickly returned the fire. They were first to open with their heavy artillery. No answer from the enemy, only their rifles. The battle grew fiercer; volley after volley of spiteful, crackling shots like hail on a window-pane, came whistling at the Germans. Then the English big guns opened — their intermittent booms grew into a continual murderous rumble. Great holes were dug before the trenches on both sides — the men were exposed. Shrapnel screaming hideously, streaked its fiery path each way, bursting just above the men. Each side had the range perfectly.

Von Goltz and his staff watched the scene from their fortified position back of the line.

"If we can only hold out until Mensdorff comes!" he exclaimed anxiously.

"What's that over there, the English pounding our right! That's all right; they want to fool us. Soon they'll start on the left!"

Sure enough! Von Goltz looked at his watch.

Five minutes to three.

Boom! A volley of thirty centimeters.

"Himmel. Where's Mensdorff — we can't stand up under this much longer!" cried von Goltz frantically.

Then it seemed as if the earth itself opened and belched forth its sanguinary fire. A concerted force of hundreds of cannons, the gatling guns, shrapnel, and siege guns hurled death-dealing missiles at the Germans with a withering, sickening attack. The English swept over everything like a great tidal wave. They could not and would not be stopped.

Then came a final attack. One could hear their officers yell, "Charge! Charge!" and the men scream at the top of their voices frantically. The whole world was insane. Was there no end?

And charge they did. Like a hot flame they swept over the field and razed every living thing, insensible themselves to shot and shell. They seemed to be charmed.

Reimer was just about to pull his trigger on his man, when an Irishman madly inflamed by the sight of blood all about him, made a furious jab at him, and he fell. He lay there like dead, and heard the piteous groans of those about him. It was enough to make the strongest man sick. Would they never fall back?

As he rolled over to ease his leg, he

saw another war-maddened member of the Irish Guards, with raised bayonet, just about to jab into him. He raised his arm as if to ward off the blow.

"Oh! I....."

Reimer awoke with a start, his arm raised and elbow bent as if to protect himself from an unseen enemy. Cold beads of sweat stood on his brow. The blankets lay on the floor and he looked as if he had just emerged from a wrestling bout. The day was breaking, and as he sat up in bed, the clock struck five. With a thankful sigh, he drew his hand across his brow to wipe away the frightful scene from his memory.

THE UNIVERSITIES AND RELIGION

(Contributed Editorial)

Do the universities pollute the religious instinct and tend to make their students non-religious? If so, philosophical discussion and scientific theory are opposed to God. Recently this old problem was the sensation for a day here at Wisconsin. And even harsh, unkind words were said against a certain course, entitled "Man and Nature" offered at the University. Moreover, investigation was started to study the advisability of continuing this study another year. And already the ones who love "academic freedom" have come forward to support the professor who gives the course.

The problem, however, continues to be whether or not the teaching of the schools of today leads to atheism. Are the geologists and the biologists atheists? Are these men leading a scientific life six days a week, and another life, a religious life, on the seventh day? Herein lies the question.

There are still some who believe the story of Jonah and the whale. If this story is untrue, then, to them, the Christian religion is all a fake, a mere humbug. Two distinct classes are thus naturally, though not subjectively organized; those who believe the Bible literally, and those who believe the Bible figuratively. If you meet a good, pious woman of the old school of theology, who thinks every "the" and "an" placed in the Holy writ by the hand of God, and ask her if she really thinks the whale swallowed Jonah, she stiffens her back bone, hesitates, and answers that she believes every word of it. That's all right; every one has a right to his or her opinion. But how about the youth who comes into contact with science for the first time. What is his problem? Either he has to believe science, discrediting the word of God, or oppose the best thought of the last century. That's the way it seems; but it only takes a little open-mindedness to see that science only makes Christianity the more wonderful. The real trouble with those who oppose science as arraigned against Divinity is largely the miraculous element. Here is the stumbling block.

Now, the Bible, as a matter of fact, is not the foundation of Christianity, at all. The Bible was written after Christ preached his gospel, that is, of course the new testament. The Bible or that portion of it containing the four gospels and the acts of the apostles is as much a record, a matter of history as the old testament. Whether we believe Christ an actual son of God, or merely a good man really makes little difference as to the influence of Christianity in history. We must be-

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lieve that there was a Christ, if we are to believe ancient history at all.

The miraculous, nevertheless, is a matter of much concern in the old testament, the story of the creation, the flood, and the whale story. The key to an understanding of this question lies in the fact that the Hebrew literature is very figurative. The Jews of long ago were not a scientific people. Explanations had to be made on another basis, and they were. The story of the creation, for instance, is in reality a great epic poem. It tells a story of the beginnings of things. The earth is here, whether it was created in six days or in six hundred thousand years. It is still a great, wonderful unknown. Science only makes it the more wonderful. Science is teaching us new facts about the world, and is constantly making man more effective in his endeavors to go forth and conquer the earth. The more we learn of the world processes, the more respect we have for the Power which is the cause of all. Religion is the feeling in a man that causes him to see how small and powerless he is and to throw the great questions of life on an unknown something—an unknown God; but, better still, God. No one can deny that there is more than the human mind back of all reality. The Christian simply calls this something God. The Christian loves and believes God, because God showers so many blessings on mankind.

—*Frank Thayer.*

A LITTLE PET SCHEME

Professor Dennis is responsible for one of our pet ideas. He gave it to us one forenoon in March, three years ago, when he said that if his classes in

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English history would get down to work during the raw weather, he would like to "let up" on the assignments for May.

The point is this: That it is much easier to put on a bit of extra pressure during the indoor months than it is to try to make a full-speed finish in May and June, when the windows are open, and the song-birds outside are spinning spring dreams in one's drowsy mind. The wise man (or woman) will do the real digging and get the foundation laid before the lake shore weather arrives. For it is a most fearful strain on one's strength of mind to settle down to a delayed job of "bucking" in May. In many cases it simply cannot be done.

O SAD COLD MOON—

O sad cold moon that glimmers dim on
high,

O'erweiled with misty storm clouds
drifting by,

O winds that blow in fitful gusts and
vain,

With sweeping force on wooded hill
and plain,

O leaves that dance and whirl and play
in glee

Like eerie elves in midnight revel free,
I would that I were thee.

To shine afar in spite of sorrow's pain,
With light that darkening storms
might never wane,

To vent my sleeping passion's primal
might

In force of storm and winds of preg-
nant night,

To dance in nature's spritely fantasy,
To drown my sadness in a moment's
glee,

I would that I were thee.

—*Eve Pennyfield.*



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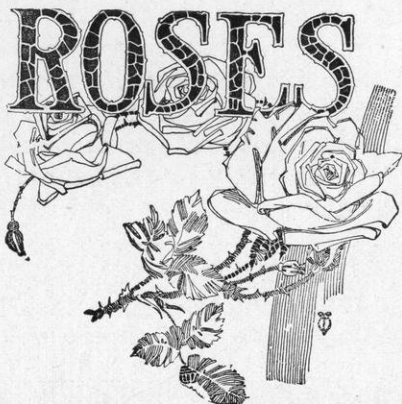
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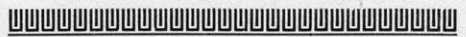
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